THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust[rated] Weekly
Founded A° [Ben]j. Franklin

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Beginning

THE FALSE FACES—By Louis Joseph Vance

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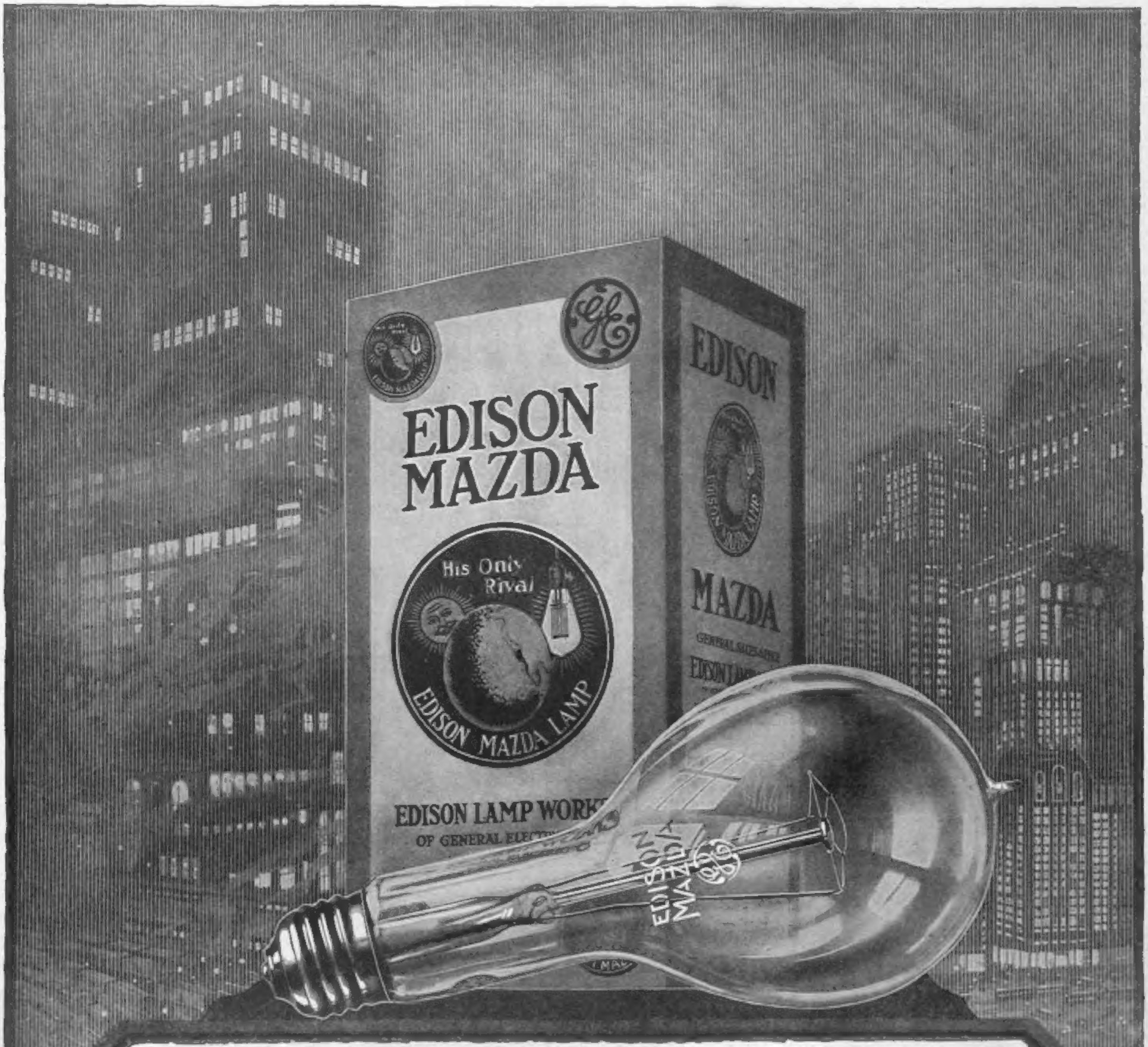

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THE FALSE FACES

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE LONE WOLF

He Peered Intently Into That Mud-Smeared Countenance. "I Seem to Know Your Voice," He Said

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ON THE muddy verge of a shallow little pool the man lay prone and still, as still as those poor dead whose broken bodies rested all about him where they had fallen months or days, hours or weeks ago, in those grim contests that the quick were wont insensately to wage for a few charnel yards of that debatable ground. Alone of all that awful company this man lived and, though he ached with the misery of hunger and cold and rain-drenched garments, was unharmed.

Ever since nightfall and a brisk skirmish had made practicable an undetected escape through the German lines, he had been in the open, alternately creeping toward the British trenches under cover of darkness and resting in deathlike immobility, as he now rested, while pistol lights and star shells flamed overhead, flooding the night with ghastly glare and disclosing in pitiless detail that two-hundred-yard ribbon of earth, littered with indescribable abominations, which set apart the combatants. When this happened the living had no other choice than to ape the dead, lest the least movement, detected by eyes that peered without rest through loopholes in the sandbag parapets, invite a bullet's blow.

Now it was midnight, and lights were flaring less frequently, even as rifle fire had grown more intermittent—as if many waters might quench out hate in the heart of man!

For it was raining hard, a dogged, dreary downpour drilling through a heavy atmosphere whose enervation was like the oppression of some malign and inexorable incubus; its incessant crepitation resembling the mutter of a weary, sullen drum, dwarfing to insignificance the stuttering of machine guns remote in the northward, dominating even a dull thunder of cannonading somewhere down the far horizon; lowering a vast and shimmering curtain of slender lances, steel bright, close ranked, between the trenches and over all that weary land. Thus had it rained since noon, and thus—for want of any hint of slackening—it might rain for another twelve hours, or eighteen, or twenty-four.

The star rocket, whose rays had transfixed him beside the pool, paled and winked out in midair, and for several minutes unbroken darkness obtained while on hands and knees the man crept on toward that gap in the British barbed-wire entanglements which he had marked down ere daylight waned, shaping a tolerably straight course despite frequent detours to avoid the unspeakable. Only once was his progress interrupted—when straining senses apprised him that a British patrol was taking advantage of the false truce to reconnoiter toward the enemy lines, its approach betrayed by a nearing squash of furtive feet in the boggy earth, the rasp of constrained respiration, a muttered curse when someone slipped and narrowly escaped a fall, the edged hiss of an officer's whisper reprimanding the offender. Incontinently he who crawled dropped flat to the greasy mud and lay moveless.

Almost at the same instant, warned by a trail of sparks rising in a long arc from the German trenches, the soldiers imitated his action and, as long as those triple stars shone in the murk, made themselves one with him and the heedless dead. Two lay so close beside him that the man could have touched either by moving a hand a mere six inches. He was at pains to do nothing of the sort; he was sedulous to clench his teeth against their chattering, even to hold his breath, and regretted that he might not mute the thumping of his heart. Nor dared he stir until, the lights fading out, the patrol skulked onward.

Thereafter his movements were less stealthy; with a detachment of their own abroad in No Man's Land the British would refrain from shooting at shadows. One had now to fear only German bullets in event the patrol were discovered.

Rising, the man slipped and stumbled on, in semicrouching posture, ready to flatten to earth as soon as any one of his many overshoulder glances detected another sky-spearing flight of sparks. But this necessity he was spared; no more lights were discharged before he groped through the wires to the parapet, with almost uncanny good luck finding the very spot where the British had come over the top, indicated by protruding uprights of a rough wooden scaling ladder.

As he turned, felt with his foot for the uppermost rung, and began to descend, he was saluted by a voice, hoarse with exposure, from the black bowels of the trench:

"Blimy, but yer back in a 'urry! Wot's up? Forget to put perfume on yer pocket 'andkerchief—or wot?" The man's response, if he made any, was lost in a heavy splash as his feet slipped on the slimy rungs, delivering him precipitately into a knee-deep stream of foul water which moved sluggishly through the trench like the current of a half-choked sewer—a circumstance that neither surprised him nor added to his physical discomfort, who could be no more wet or defiled than he had been.

"Monsieur Duchemin!" She Cried in a Voice Sharp With Doubt

Floundering to a foothold he cast about vainly for a clew to the other's whereabouts; for, if the night was thick in the open, here in the trench its density was as that of the pit; the man could distinguish positively nothing more than a pallid rift where the walls opened overhead.

"Well, sullen, w'ere's yer manners? Carn't yer answer a civil question?"

Turning toward the speaker the man replied in good if rather carefully enunciated English:

"I am not of your comrades. I am come from the enemy trenches."

"The 'ell yer are! 'Ands up!"

The muzzle of a rifle prodded the man's stomach. Obediently he lifted both hands above his head. A thought later he was half blinded by the sudden spot light of an electric flash lamp. "Deserter, eh? You *kamerad*, wot?"

"*Kamerad!*" the man echoed with an accent of contempt. "I am no German—I am French. I have come through the Boche lines to-night with important information that I desire to communicate forthwith to your commanding officer."

"Strike me!" his catechist breathed, skeptical.

There was a new sound of splashing in the trench. A third voice chimed in: "'Ello? Wot's all the row abaht?"

"Step up and tike a look for yerself. 'Ere's a blighter wot sez 'e's come from the Germ trenches with important information for the O. C."

"Bloody liar," the newcomer commented dispassionately. "Mind yer eye. Likely it's just another pl'yful little trick of the giddy Boche. 'Ere you!" The splashing drew nearer. "Wot's yer gime? Speak up if yer don't want a bullet through yer in'ards."

"I play no game," the man said patiently. "I am unarmed—your prisoner if you like."

"I like, all right. Mike yer mind easy abaht that. But wot's all this 'important information'?"

"I shall divulge that only to the proper authorities. Be good enough to conduct me to your commanding officer without more delay."

"Wot do yer mike of 'im, corp'ril?" the first soldier inquired. "'Ow abaht an inch or two o' the bay'net to loosen 'is tongue?"

After a moment's hesitation, in perplexed silence the corporal took the flash lamp from the private and with its light raked the prisoner from head to foot, gaining little information from this review of a tall, spare figure clothed in the familiar gray overcoat of the German private, its face a mere mask of mud through which shone eyes of singular brilliance and steadiness—the eyes of a man of intelligence, determination and courage.

"Keep yer 'ands 'igh," the corporal advised curtly. "Ginger, you search 'im."

Propping his rifle against the wall of the trench, its butt on the firing step just out of water, the private proceeded painstakingly to examine the person of the prisoner; in course of which process he unbuttoned and threw open the gray overcoat, exposing a shapeless tunic and trousers of shoddy drab stuff.

"'E 'asn't got no arms—'e 'asn't got nothink, not so much as 'is latch-key."

"Very good. Get back on yer post. I'll tike charge o' this one."

Grounding his own rifle the corporal fixed its bayonet, then employed it in a gesture of unpleasant significance.

"'Bout face!" he ordered. "March! Yer can drop yer 'ands—but don't go forgettin' I'm right 'ere, be'ind yer."

In silence the prisoner obeyed, wading down the flooded trench, the spot light playing on his back, striking sullen gleams from the inky water that swirled about his knees and disclosing glimpses of coated figures stationed at regular intervals along the firing step, faces steadfast to loopholes in the parapet save as they turned for a moment to stare at the pair or to chaff the corporal inquisitively.

Now and again they passed narrow rifts in the walls of the trench, entrances to dugouts betrayed by glimmers of candlelight through the cracks of makeshift doors or the coarse mesh of gunny-sack curtains.

From one of these at the corporal's summons a sleepy subaltern stumbled to attend ungraciously to his subordinate's report and promptly order the prisoner taken on to the regimental headquarters behind the lines.

A little farther on captive and captor turned off into a narrow and tortuous communication trench. Thereafter for upward of ten minutes they threaded a labyrinth of deep, constricted, reeking ditches, with so little to differentiate one from another that the prisoner wondered at the sure sense of direction that enabled the corporal to find his way without misstep, with the added handicap of the abysmal darkness. Then of a sudden the sides of the trench shelved sharply downward, and the two debouched into a broad open field. Here many men lay sleeping, with only waterproof sheets for protection from that bitter deluge which whipped the earth into an ankle-deep lake of slimy ooze and lent keener accent to the abiding stench of filth. A slight hillock stood between this field and the firing lines—where now lively fusillades were being exchanged—its profile crowned with a spectral rank of shell-shattered poplars, sharply silhouetted against a sky in which star shells and Verey lights flowered like blooms of hell.

Here the corporal abruptly commanded his prisoner to halt and himself paused and stood stiffly at attention, saluting a group of three officers who were approaching with the evident intention of entering the trench. One of these loosed upon the pair the flash of a pocket lamp. At sight of the gray overcoat all three stopped short.

A voice with the intonation of habitual command inquired: "What have we here?"

The corporal replied: "A prisoner, sir—sez 'e's French—come across the open to-night with important information—so 'e sez!"

The spot light picked out the prisoner's face. The officer addressed him directly:

"What is your name, my man?"

"That," said the prisoner, "is something which—like my intelligence—I should prefer to communicate privately."

With a startled gesture the officer took a step forward and peered intently into that mud-smeared countenance.

"I seem to know your voice," he said in a speculative tone.

"You should," the prisoner returned.

"Gentlemen," said the officer to his companions, "you may continue your rounds. Corporal, follow me with your prisoner."

He swung round and slopped off heavily through the mud of the open field.

Behind them the sound of firing in the forward trenches swelled to an uproar augmented by the shrewish chattering of machine guns. Then a battery hidden somewhere in the blackness in front of them came into action, barking viciously. Shells whined hungrily overhead. The prisoner glanced back; the maimed poplars stood out stark against a sky washed with wave after wave of infernal light. Some time later he was conscious of a cobbled way beneath his sodden footgear. They were entering the outskirts of a ruined village. On either hand fragments of walls reared up, with sashless windows and gaping doors, like death masks of mad folk stricken in paroxysm.

Within one doorway a dim light burned; through it the officer made his way, prisoner and corporal at his heels, passing a sentry, then descending a flight of crazy wooden steps to a dank and gloomy cellar, stone-walled and vaulted. In the middle of the cellar stood a broad table at which an orderly sat writing by the light of two candles stuck in the necks of empty bottles. At another table, in a corner, a sergeant and an operator of the signal corps were busy with field telephone and telegraph instruments. On a meager bed of damp and moldy straw against the farther wall several men, orderlies and subalterns, rested in stertorous slumbers. Despite the cold the atmosphere was a reek of tobacco smoke, sweat and steam from wet clothing.

The man at the center table rose and saluted, offering the commanding officer a sheaf of scribbled messages and reports. Taking the chair thus vacated, the officer ran an eye over the papers, issued several orders inspired by them, then turned attention to the prisoner.

"You may return to your post, corporal."

The corporal executed a smart about-face and clumped up the steps. In answer to the officer's steadfast gaze the prisoner stepped forward and confronted him across the table.

"Who are you?"

"My name," said the prisoner, after looking round to make sure that none of the other tenants of the cellar were within earshot, "is Lanyard—Michael Lanyard."

"The Lone Wolf!"

Involuntarily the officer jumped up, almost overturning his chair.

"That same," the prisoner affirmed, adding with a grimace of besmirched and emaciated features that was meant for a smile, "General Wertheimer."

"Wertheimer is not my name."

"I am aware of that. I uttered it merely to confirm my identity to you; it is the only name I ever knew you by in the old days, when you were in the British secret service and I a famous thief with a price upon my head; when you and I played hide and seek across half Europe and back again—in the days of Troyon's and 'the Pack,' the days of De Morbihan and Popinot and ——"

"Ekstrom," the officer supplied as the prisoner hesitated oddly.

"And Ekstrom," the other agreed.

There was a little silence between the two; then the officer mused aloud, "All dead!"

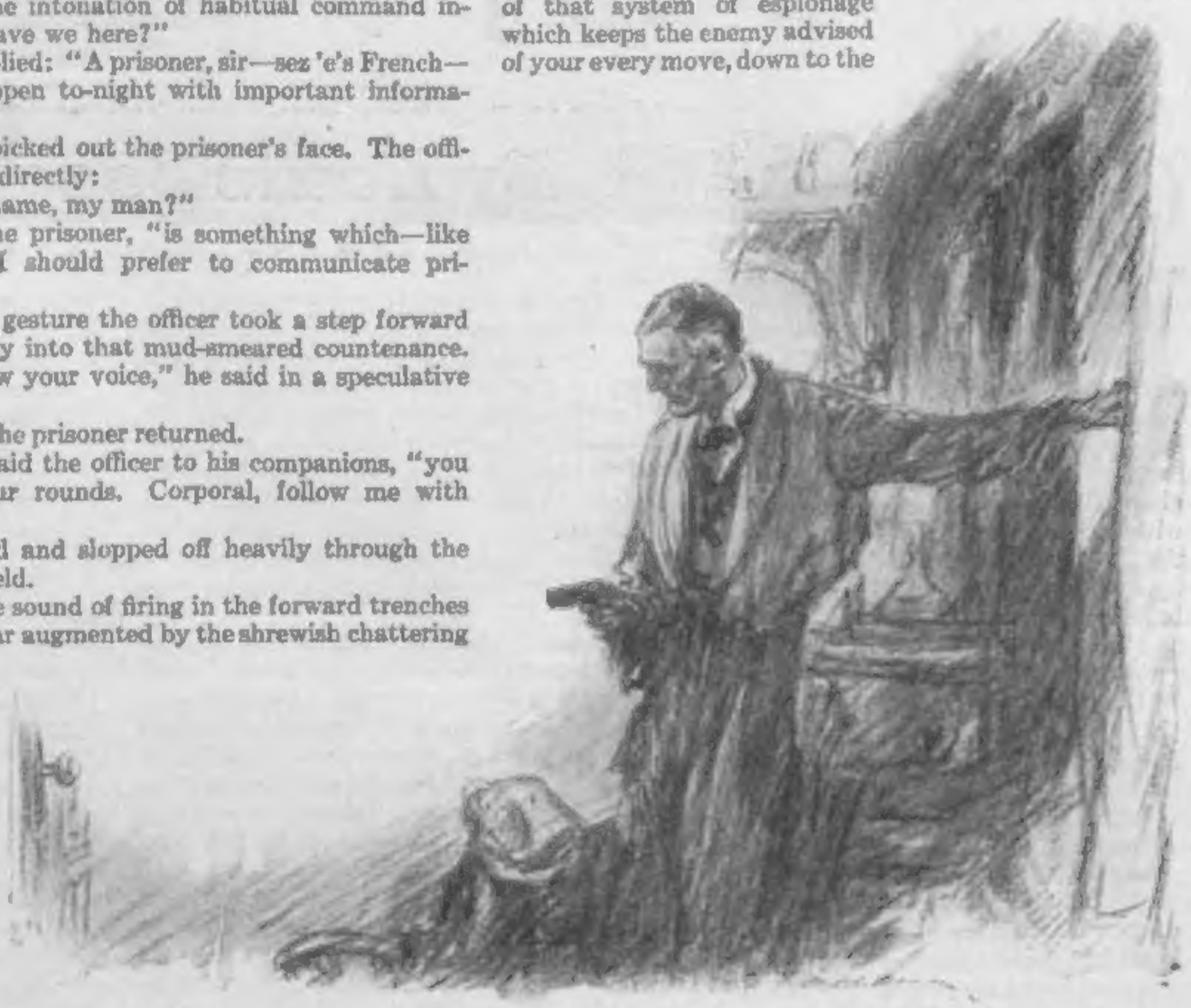
"All—but one."

The officer looked up sharply. "Which ——"

"The last named."

"Ekstrom? But we saw him die! You yourself fired the shot that ——"

"It was not Ekstrom. Trust that one not to imperil his precious carcass when he could find an underling to run the risk for him! I tell you I have seen Ekstrom within this last month, alive and serving the Fatherland as the genius of that system of espionage which keeps the enemy advised of your every move, down to the



The Nickeled Knob Was Being Tried With Infinite Precaution

least considerable—that system which makes it possible for the Boche to greet every regiment by name when it moves up to serve its time in your advanced trenches."

"You amaze me!"

"I shall convince you; I bring intelligence that will enable you to tear apart this web of treason within your own lines and ——"

Lanyard's voice broke. The officer remarked that he was trembling—trembling so violently that to support himself he must grip the edge of the table with both hands.

"You are wounded?"

"No—but cold to my very marrow, and faint with hunger. Even the German soldiers are on starvation rations now; the civilians are worse off; and I—I have been over there for years—a spy, a hunted thing, subsisting as casually as a sparrow!"

"Sit down. Orderly!"

And there was no more talk between these two for a time. Not only did the officer refuse to hear another word before Lanyard had gorged his fill of food and drink but an exigent communication from the Front, transmitted through the trench telephone system, diverted his attention temporarily.

Gnawing ravenously at bread and meat Lanyard watched curiously the scenes in the cellar, following as best he might the tides of combat; gathering that German resentment of a British bombing enterprise—doubtless the work of that same squad which had stolen past him in the gloom of No Man's Land—had developed into a violent attempt to storm the forward trenches. In these a desperate struggle was taking place. Reënforcements were imperatively wanted.

Activities at the signalers' table became feverish; the commanding officer stood over it, reading incoming messages as they were jotted down and taking such action thereupon as his judgment dictated. Orderlies, dragged half asleep from their nests of straw, were shaken awake and dispatched to rouse and rush to the Front the troops Lanyard had seen sleeping in the open field. Other orderlies limped or reeled down the cellar steps, delivered their dispatches and staggered out through a breach in the wall to have their injuries attended to in the field dressing station in the adjoining cellar, or else threw themselves down on the straw to fall instantly asleep despite the deafening din.

The Boche artillery, seeking blindly to silence the field batteries whose fire was galling their offensive, had begun to bombard the village. Shells fled shrieking overhead, to break in thunderous bellows. Walls toppled with appalling crashes, now near at hand, now far. The ebb and flow of rifle fire at the Front contributed a background of sound not unlike the roaring of an angry surf. Machine guns gibbered like maniacs. Heavier artillery was brought into play behind the British lines, apparently at no great distance from the village; the very flagstones of the cellar floor quaked to the concussions of big-caliber guns.

Through the breach in the wall echoed the screams and groans of wounded. The foul air became saturate with the smell of iodoform. Gusts of wet wind eddied hither and yon. Candles flickered and flared, guttured out, were renewed. Monstrous shadows stole out from black corners, crept along moldy walls, crouched, sprang and vanished or, inscrutably baffled, retreated sullenly to their lairs.

For the better part of an hour the struggle continued; then its vigor began to wane. The heaviest British metal went out of action; some time later the field batteries discontinued their activities. The volume of firing in the advance trenches dwindled, was fiercely renewed some half a dozen times, died away to normal. Once more the Boche had been beaten back.

Returning to his chair the commanding officer rested his elbows upon the table and bowed his head between his hands in an attitude of profound fatigue. He seemed to remind himself of Lanyard's presence only at cost of a racking effort, lifting heavy-lidded eyes to stare almost incredulously at his face.

"I presumed you were in America," he said in dulled accents.

"I was, for a time."

"You came back to serve France?"

Lanyard shook his head. "I returned to Europe after a year, the spring before the war."

"Why?"

"I was hunted out of New York. The Boche would not let me be."

The officer looked startled. "The Boche?"

"More precisely, Herr Ekstrom—to name him as we knew him. But this I did not suspect for a long time, that it was he who was responsible for my persecution. I knew only that the police of America, informed of my identity with the Lone Wolf, sought to deport me; that every avenue to an honorable livelihood was closed. So I had to leave, to try to lose myself."

"They Drown Out There in That Black Water—and We Leave Them to That!"

"Your wife—I mean to say, you married, didn't you?"

Lanyard nodded. "Lucy stuck by me till—the end. She had a little money of her own. It financed our flight from the States. We made a roundabout journey of it, to elude surveillance—and, I think, succeeded."

"You returned to Paris?"

"No. France, like England, was barred to the Lone Wolf. We settled down in Belgium, Lucy and I and our boy. He was three months old. We found a quiet little home in Louvain ——"

The officer interrupted with a low cry of apprehension. Lanyard checked him with a somber gesture. "Let me tell you.

"We might have been happy. None knew us. We were sufficient unto ourselves. But I was without occupation; it occurred to me that my memoirs might make good reading—for Paris; my friends the French are as fond of their criminals as you English of your actors. I journeyed to Paris to negotiate with a publisher. While I was away the Boche invaded Belgium. Before I could get back Louvain had been occupied—sacked ——" He sat for a time in brooding silence; the officer made no attempt to rouse him, but the gaze he bent upon the man's lowered head was grave and pitiful. Abruptly, in a level and toneless voice, Lanyard resumed:

"In order to regain my home I had to go round by way of England and Holland. I crossed the Dutch frontier disguised as a Belgian peasant. When I reëntered Louvain it was to find—but all the world knows what the blond beast did in Louvain. My wife and little son had vanished utterly. I searched three months before I found trace of either. Then—Lucy died in my arms in a wretched hovel near Aerschot. She had seen our child butchered before her eyes. She herself ——"

Lanyard's hand, that rested on the table, clenched and whitened beneath its begrimed skin. His eyes fathomed distances immeasurably removed beyond the confines of that mean cellar. He presently continued:

"Ekstrom had accompanied the army of invasion, had seen and recognized Lucy in passing through Louvain. Therefore she and my son were among the first to be sacrificed. When I stood over her grave I dedicated my life to the extermination of Ekstrom and all his breed. I have since done things I do not like to think about. But the Prussian spy system is the weaker for my work.

"But Ekstrom I could never find. It was as if he knew I hunted him. He was seldom twenty-four hours ahead of me—yet I never caught up with him but once; and then he was too closely guarded. I pursued him to Berlin, to Potsdam, three times to the Western Front, to Serbia, once to Constantinople, twice to Petrograd."

The officer uttered an exclamation of astonishment. Lanyard looked his way with a depreciatory air.

"Nothing strange about that. To one of my early training that was easy—everything was easy but the end I sought. *En passant* I collected information concerning the workings of the Prussian spy system. From time to time I found means to communicate something of this to the Suréte in Paris. I believe France and England have already profited a little through my efforts. They shall profit more—and quickly—when I have told all that I have to tell.

"Of a sudden Ekstrom vanished. Overnight he disappeared from Germany. A false lead brought me back to this Front. Two days ago I learned he had been sent to America on a secret mission. Knowing that the States have severed diplomatic relations with Berlin and tremble on the verge of a declaration of war, we can surmise something of the nature of his mission. I mean to see that he fails. To follow him to America, making my way out through Belgium and Holland, means much time lost. So I came through the lines to-night. Fortune was kind in throwing me into your hands; I count upon your assistance. As an ex-agent of the Secret Service you are in a position to make smooth my path; as an Englishman you will advance the interests of a prospective ally of England if you help me to the limit of your ability; for what I mean to do in America will serve that country, by exposing the conspiracies of the Boche across the water, as much as it will serve my private ends."

The officer's hand fell across the table and closed upon the knotted fist of the Lone Wolf.

"As an Englishman," he said simply, "of course. But no less as your friend."

II

"AND one man in his time plays many parts"—few more than this same Lanyard. In no way to be identified with the hunted creature who crept into the British lines out of No Man's Land was the Monsieur Duchemin who, ten days after that wintry midnight, took passage for New York from a British port aboard the steamship Assyrian. *(Continued on Page 33)*

COME ON WITH THE PUNCH!

The Army We Plan for Would Eat 13,500,000 Pounds of Beef a Month

Our Most Urgent Requirement is Men Able to Wield a Pick and Tote a Gun

By George Pattullo

THERE are two ways of heartening people in a finish fight. One is to conceal losses and keep them in ignorance of the magnitude of the job; the other is to put all the cards on the table. The latter method can be employed only with a stout-hearted nation.

In certain of the countries at war they bring the wounded into the cities under cover of night lest the sight should discourage the civilian population. But the British don't; not they! The arrival of wounded from the Front is almost a parade in London. Train after train is unloaded at Charing Cross in full view of the populace, which goes in thousands to watch.

And what is the effect? That bulldog breed goes away fighting mad. The more wounded there are—the more horrible their sufferings—the grimmer grows the British determination to see it through to a knock-out.

Now what are your own preferences in such matters? Would you rather listen to comforting stories of what the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. are doing for our boys in France, or hear the hard cold facts of what we must do between now and the end of March unless we are to fail in this war? It makes no difference; you're going to hear them anyway.

I have said "we must do," for the work of preliminary organization is largely a job for the civilian population. Every man and woman in the United States can play a part. You may discern no relation between what you do every day in the shop or the kitchen and the military task of beating Prussianism; but there is one; for just so fast as you speed up at home will the army speed up here in France. On the vast army of toilers behind the battle fronts the striking power of the army depends.

A Dead Definition

THE old definition of a soldier has gone by the board. It's deader than a doornail. The day when that definition meant a man with a gun will never return. Military officers say that any man working under fire, in any capacity whatsoever, is a soldier; but I would broaden that. Every individual who does his best contributes to the nation's strength; we cannot all shoulder rifles, but we can all be soldiers in the cause.

There is a French peasant who sits all day in an observation gallery on a hill where a church lies in ruins. He is armed only with a telescope, and he has sat there, day in, day out, for three years. The hill overlooks the German lines. It also overlooks the village in which the peasant formerly lived. The Boches have held the village since the start of the war.

This peasant is not physically fit for trench work, but he knows every inch of the country thereabouts and makes an invaluable observer. Why shouldn't he know it? It was his homeland. From his gallery he can see into his own back yard, now in German hands. He can watch his wife and child moving about, utterly unconscious of his proximity. Probably they think he is dead. He has seen his little daughter grow from the crawling stage of babyhood into a sturdy child. And watching there day by day, heartsick for the sound of their voices, for the feel of them in his arms, he has never dared to utter a sound or make a single move that would betray his position or identity. Now that French peasant has never fired a rifle, and never will fire one. But you would call him a soldier, wouldn't you?

Here is an extract from an American officer's letter this month to a friend in the Middle West:

Just got a letter from home, and it surely did surprise me. Kate says that our town and county don't really know yet that we're in a war. The families whose sons are drawn in the draft do, but their feeling is chiefly one of resentment because it happens to be their boys who have to go. And all the rest still look at the war as a big military job for the army, something wholly apart from themselves and anything they can do.

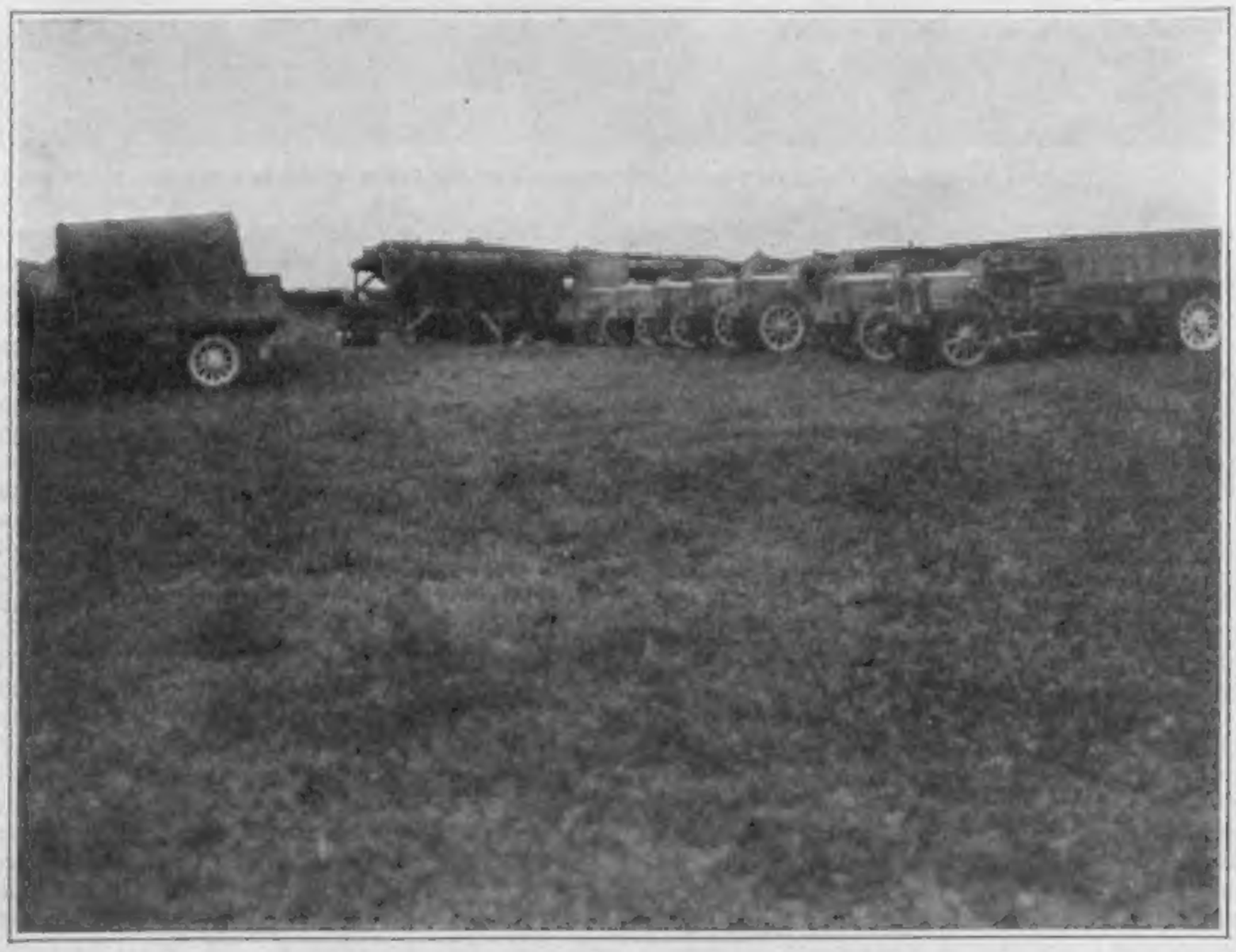
Well, that's the way our people have always regarded an army—just a big machine apart. But if they were over here they'd get a different slant. It would hit them straight between the eyes that the army in wartime is the nation, and that it takes a whole nation to win. They'd soon learn this is their fight.

What are the I. W. W.'s doing, and the pacifists? They're the best friends the Boches have got.

You tell the folks we know that they mustn't sit down and fold their arms and imagine they've done their part because they've bought a few Liberty bonds and subscribed to the Red Cross. Liberty bonds must be taken care of and the Red Cross is a fine thing for an army—when we get one! Y. M. C. A. workers, ambulance drivers and tours by Billy Sunday are all right when the time comes, but they can't beat or frighten the Boches. What we need over here and need quick is men! Fighting men with guns—then more fighting men—and more ready to take their places when they've been put out of business—not men by tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—millions.

We need along with them great shiploads of shells and guns—big 'uns—railroad supplies, sowbelly, flour, beans, coffee, tobacco. After a while, when the tension lets up a little and we can see daylight, perhaps a few luxuries won't do any harm—such as smooth underwear, manicurists, candy, perfumed soap, relief workers, preserves, hair oil, goose livers, custard pies, and so on. But just now our most urgent requirement is men—six feet tall, wearing Number Ten shoes—who're able to wield a pick, tote a gun, handle an ax or a bull, eat a pound of fried steak, sleep a while, and get up and do it all over again.

That is a genuine letter, and I propose to use it as a text. In doing so I would not for an instant belittle the importance of Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. and other such relief work. America is doing admirably in those directions; but before you can succor the bodies and souls of an army you've got to get the army. Up to date our zeal in these directions has outstripped our military ardor; it has been a case of the tail wagging the dog.



The Very Lowest Estimate of Our Requirements of Gasoline Would be 3,000,000 Barrels a Month

The Job Ahead

WHAT, then, must we do? Just what is the job ahead? I will try to tell you in figures. Statistics are boresome, but warfare is a purely business proposition nowadays; and if you are looking only for entertainment you can skip them.

We have six months in which to place on the French Front a trained army of a size that will count in this struggle—just six months to develop a knock-out. That probably conveys nothing to the layman but a hazy idea of marching troops and sailing ships and stacks of big guns and ammunition. The average citizen's notion of our part in the campaign on the Western Front is the landing of some hundreds of thousands of soldiers in France amid the huzzas of the inhabitants—a short rest to draw breath—then all to arms at one bound!

Perhaps when he has learned an army's needs over here he will be slow to clamor for hasty action. Perhaps when he sees what goes to the making of an army he will understand why commanders aren't disposed to strike before they're organized—and he may get a glimmering of his own part in the scheme of the whole.

How great a force the United States expects to have in France next spring I don't know—and if I did know of course they wouldn't let me tell. But the least we must have is half a million men, and I have been able to learn the requirements of a force of that size. Whatever figures may be eased down your throat in this article are not the guesswork of a correspondent, but the calculations of military experts based on the experience of our allies since 1914.

From the time this is published there will be round 150 days in which to transport that army to France. Suppose we have 150,000 men already here by then—there may be more; there may be less; it is conjecture on my part—a force of 350,000 has still to be transported. That means 2330 men a day for every day of the week. If a day be missed, then 4660 men on the next. Wastage of personnel, which comes to about five per cent a month, need not yet be considered.

Unloading American Potatoes in France

Where will they be landed in France? All equipped ports are already taxed to their utmost capacity. It will be impossible to make arrangements with either British or French to use those assigned to their needs; they cannot spare a foot of harbor. The American forces must have ports of their own. Four, at least, will be required. They don't exist at this writing—that is to say, there are none with facilities faintly approaching our requirements. So the ports must be built.

Some Gigantic Tasks

IF YOU have ever seen a port built you will appreciate what that involves. Channels must be deepened, docks put in, storehouses, railroad terminals and sidings constructed. All this on a scale to accommodate 25 ships in port every day, for we shall require 250 ships to keep our half million army going. That number will be necessary to provide the tonnage; 25 must be unloading in port all the time.

Needless to say, sidings and terminals will run into enormous figures. Thousands of miles of rails must be brought over for them; also cranes to handle the cargoes and dredges to deepen the channels. The French have been unable to maintain their railroads in proper shape since the war started. They had magnificent roadbeds; otherwise their lines could not have stood up under the terrific strain put upon them by transportation of troops and supplies. And France can spare neither labor nor material to repair the wastage. That is another job on which we must help. The main roads across country are not in such bad condition that they cannot answer American needs after some work has been done on them. They are double-tracked and the beds are still sound. But the locomotives and rolling stock are in a deplorable state. They have been overworked; replacement and repairs have been necessarily negligible.

A thousand American locomotives will be required to make up our allies' wastage and to meet our own demands. That is only the initial requirement. In addition to the locomotives, 40,000 cars must be brought over as fast as they can be sent. The American type of railroad car will not do. It is too big. French bridges are not constructed to carry such and they will not pass through the tunnels. Whereas our cars carry thirty tons, the French are built to carry ten tons. So the cars must be made suitable to French roads. In addition to these a force of 500,000 would need a thousand cold-storage cars.

To make clearer what follows it would be well to indicate briefly how an army is maintained at the Front. The ports where they land constitute the neck of the bottle. Everything passes through the neck to the main base or bases, and from there is distributed over the wide territory the army occupies. The bases are the heart of the monster, the railroads are the arteries, and motor-truck trains are the veins.

When supplies are unloaded they have to be stored. Existing storage facilities in the French towns could no more handle the volume of the army's needs than a country schoolhouse could accommodate a Democratic convention.

In the way of new buildings our specified army would require four quartermaster depots, each of 2000 yards length by 1000 yards width; four engineer depots of the same dimensions; four ammunition depots, each 2000 yards by 1000 yards, built at intervals of a mile or more for safety; and several signal-corps depots, each 500 by 250 yards.

Those are only a start. The medical department must have depots and hospitals; but I will deal with that later.

Then there are the barracks to house the troops. We have been following the French system of billeting as much as possible, utilizing empty storehouses and barns and residences in the villages. But their capacity will not take care of more than thirty per cent, so that barracks must be built to accommodate 335,000 men. Now the army figures that each man takes 40 square feet of barrack space, which means about 14,000,000 square feet to be built. And to produce 400 square feet of space requires 1000 board feet. If you are fond of figures get out your pencil and calculate how much timber will be needed for the buildings I have enumerated.

Timber Needs

WE COME next to the laundries and bathhouses and disinfecting plants; the repair shops, shoe shops, cold-storage plants and bakeries—it fairly takes the starch out of a man to see what has to be done over here.

Where is all this timber coming from? It would fill fifteen large ships, and the difficulties in the way of bringing it from America are too obvious to require comment. Most of it can be obtained in France. They have vast untouched timber areas here, and the American Army will take over whole forests from the French. I asked a forestry expert attached to a governmental department whether our requirements would not deplete their resources of timber. He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"You have seen a horseman ride along through a strip of grain and permit the animal to eat as he walked, have you not?" was his reply. "Well, the American inroads on our timber will not be greater than that horse's on the field of grain."

But getting out the timber is another proposition. The French cannot do it. They have no labor available. That is the country's crying need. We have had to employ women and girls to help unload our ships and trains; also German prisoners, who receive pay for the work, of course. The latter look well fed and satisfied with their lot, and they work cheerfully and hard so long as none of their officers happen to be among them. When an officer prisoner is there to see, however, they affect reluctance.

We shall need 15,500 men for forestry purposes, which include timber cutting and fuel, and all of them will have to be brought from the United States.

That brings us to fuel. Our army estimates that each soldier gets away with .16 of a cord a month in the winter

(Continued on Page 117)

Practice at Hand Grenade Throwing, Kneeling

ALL FRONT AND NO BACK

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A YEAR and nine days after their honeymoon found Norma McKeen cooking eggs, somewhat fastidiously, in the ridiculous little kitchenette that served the magnificent dining room at whose Sheraton table sat Nathaniel Conway McKeen, an architect, scowling over his morning mail. The McKeens in those days occupied an apartment of two rooms which, if you stopped soon enough, conveyed the effect of twenty. Their drawing-room was thirty feet across, gave an appearance of mediæval grandeur, flaunted a dishonorably accurate Flemish fireplace, a paneling that was almost Tudor, and many pieces of gracefully galumphing furniture. Among these a great Charles II settee held the McKeens' grateful affections; it was not only handsome, impressive, capable of luxuriously seating a fat half dozen, but also, after this inestimable service, could be unfolded, massaged and swaddled into a passably comfortable bed. All this in a straight-fronted apartment house, where rents were gloriously high and Fifth Avenue was within easy robbing distance; a sort of kingly squalor of which Norma was growing discouraged and weary this morning as she fished two eggs out of the simmering kettle, eased them into a bowl, and went forth to face her baffled lord.

Norma Caught Herself on the Verge of Telling Him How She Had Pawned Her Brooch and Watch

As she fitted an egg into the little cup before him, she had merely to glance over his shoulder and read the letterhead on the sheet over which he pored so bitterly, crackling the paper between his nervous fingers. Daily for a year she had turned a new page in Nat's calendar of failures, and this one could be no surprise.

"Pigs, pigs, pigs!" he kept saying over and over again, like some angry swineherd scolding a rebel flock.

"Is it about the Drayville Courthouse, dear?" she asked soothingly as she lowered her eyes to the egg she was decapitating.

"The usual result!" He tossed the letter to the floor.

"Whose designs were accepted?" She was determined not to betray any weakening spot in her lines.

"Whose do you think?"

He broke his egg with a murderous spoon.

"Hannan, Clay & Moore, of course! They have only to make two scratches on a sheet of white paper and the bourgeois fools everywhere scramble to give 'em the job. They've got the world bluffed."

"They've been at it a great many years, my dear," she pointed out, daring at last to look at the crushed, withered expression that had been weakening his face these humiliating months.

She was two or three years older than he and her attitude toward him was passionately maternal. She wanted to pick him up, smooth his hair and shove him back into the fight from which he was shrinking.

"Bluff!" he barked out, his narrow handsome features all awry. "Nothing but bluff counts in this business."

"In that case we should be worth untold millions."

"We've gone at it the wrong way, somehow. Hannan, Clay & Moore have put efficiency into the job. They've got society feeding out of the hand. Look at Ambrose Hannan! Squeaking little ape! His wife gave him entrée ——"

Norma winced at the thrust. She didn't think Nat, even under the whip of failure, would say that to her. He had tossed the truth at her, and she wore it like a kimono of nettles; for Nat had married her under the supposition that she would furnish the very thing Mrs. Hannan had given her ape of a husband.

"I'm sorry," was all she allowed herself to say.

"Hannan everywhere!" he went on savagely. "I saw his plans for this Drayville Courthouse. Pompous rubbish! Imitation of all the Carnegie libraries on earth."

"You might have done better," she suggested coolly, "if you had not sent in a made-over plan for your Vulgarian Renaissance."

By his look she knew her joke had been ill-timed. But it *was* a joke between them, this elaborate palace plan, over which they privately snickered the gibe "Vulgarian Renaissance" and publicly referred to as Nat's "Gregorian Villa." Artistically it was a potboiler that had turned into an Irish stew, compounding all the architectural periods into one luscious mass. Poor, snobbish artist that he was, Nat had planned it in bitterness, underestimating the good taste of self-made men.

"It looks just as much like a courthouse as it does like a private dwelling," Nat defended in an injured tone. "Besides, I added a lot of Doric pillars to the façade."

"I didn't think it looked like a courthouse." She stuck to her point.

"Well, what in the world does it look like? I designed it for a brand-new millionaire's perfectly grand country house. You made me think it was a sure thing. I've revised it till you can't tell the front door from the back. People—decent people—treat me like an idiot newsboy!"

Suddenly he was upon his feet, a small trim figure, nicely dressed, showing a keen, sensitive little face, now distorted with rage and disappointment.

"I tell you, Norma," he raved, "we are being shunned—shunned! Nobody that is anybody ever comes to see us, invites us anywhere, accepts our invitations. Meantime my business is gone to pot. I had a pretty good run of small stuff until I went against this millionaire game. I've had only one order—and that a miserable little job—since we were married. I'm stung!"

"Let's buck up, old man!" she pleaded, rising to meet him and taking him firmly by the lapels of his coat. "We haven't tried all the people in the world yet—it takes a little time; and when you're started ——"

She couldn't finish, so faint became her heart to see the crushed look that had come upon this man who had swaggered a little and spoken so cocksurely of his future in the days before they were married.

"We'll have to sell out," he complained with one of his dramatic gestures round the glories of their pretentious abode. "And a lot we'd get for these fakes! There isn't a stick in the apartment that isn't bogus somehow. It's like this darned life we lead—phony, phony, phony!"

"Nothing's phony until it's discovered." Quite innocently she uttered the sophistry that has made many a noble counterfeiter.

He picked his hat and coat from a chair and stood, glaring.

"We'll find another string to our bow," she promised confidently, and knew how insipidly the words fell.

"If I were an Ambrose Hannan," he railed, "I'd get somewhere. Always scampering in and out—the little rat! Do you know what he's nibbling now?"

Norma was unable to guess.

"Percy Ferguson's new country house."

The name brought back to her an era in her life, not long past, when she had run errands for Mrs. Percy Ferguson and taken favors from her kindly, patronizing hand.

"I didn't know they were back. They've been out West for over a year."

"Came up from Florida this week. Old Percy's going to build a five-hundred-thousand-dollar house in Roslyn, and Hannan was at the Grand Central Station to greet him with a brass band, you can bet! I saw them yesterday at the Architects' Club—as thick as thieves. Probably Mrs. Hannan is working the other end of the game—introducing Mrs. Ferguson where it'll do the most good. Teamwork!"

Nat was charging toward the front door when Norma, inspired by her despair, called after him:

"I might do something with Marian Ferguson. I know them—at least I did."

"How well?" He swung round and faced her hungrily.

"I met them first at Colorado Springs, just after Percy had made his first million or two—cattle and mines. He was a wild man from the hills, and she was a country school teacher. I taught Marian how to dress and Percy how to eat. Percy came East and turned his fortune over and over in iron; and I took Marian round a great deal. She really owes me something, I think."

"Well, Hannan's building their house." Nat stuck to it doggedly.

"I don't think he could have persuaded Percy so soon. Percy's an independent old savage; a perfect cannibal, with a genius for good cooking. We might ask them to dinner."

"Dinner! Is he savage enough to eat canned goods?"

Poor Nat glared toward the kitchenette that had malnourished them these many days.

"No; Percy is the fanciest feeder in all the world," she wailed after him as he disappeared behind the front door.

Norma McKeen sighed, rolled up the sleeves of her calico morning dress, and set about washing the breakfast dishes. During all the years she had walked the social slack wire she had never felt so giddily panic-stricken as now. And for many years she had maintained herself in her chosen stratum by dint of some rather ingenious acrobatics. Up to the time of her marriage she had been one of those girls whom you meet and perhaps sit beside at table in the best houses of New York and its more prosperous suburbs.

You weren't supposed to know that her well-fitting gowns had been made over from the offcast of some wealthy patroness; or that she appeared at dinners only when somebody who was somebody sent regrets at the last moment; or that she wrote difficult notes and did troublesome shopping for the ladies in whose country houses she spent luxurious week-ends, always entertaining

the dullest guest, making a fourth where the bridge was poorest. You weren't supposed to know that she heard her symphony concerts when the governess begged off and the Canningmore-Troutt children's culture must proceed; or that she sat in the diamond horseshoe only on nights when the cast was mediocre and the tickets might as well be used.

Norma had always sung for her supper.

As a reward of patience and industry she had been permitted to breathe some of the air that had become habitual to her during the years when her father had four-flushed his way through the financial districts of lower Manhattan. As a well-bred, poverty-stricken person of no great family connections, much *savoir-faire* and satisfactorily mild accomplishments, she had gotten her winters in Southern resorts, her cruises on well-appointed yachts, occasional European trips, many dinners of magnificent dullness, a splendid wardrobe of slightly worn apparel—a cold bath in the great world's glamour. She had had one or two chances to marry; but the picking had been poor. Norma at her prettiest had been a Burne-Jones type, a rather futile claim to attractiveness in a society which worships the definite, be it beautiful, banal, brilliant, decadent or mysterious. Then, too, most of her tête-à-têtes had been for the cheering or occupation of superfluous husbands.

After she had rounded the desperate headland of thirty-five, Norma had made up her mind to marry, to take her place in the world and cease running errands for the rich. She had met McKeen at an awfully Bohemian studio party in New York, and later had gotten him an order to design an unimportant country house for the very prosperous Waddells, for whom she was then doing her bit as general-utility girl.

Norma had seen in McKeen a latent genius, needing, so she thought, a little managing to bring it out. She had thought, too, that it would be a graceful arrangement if, as his wife, she could introduce him and his art into the society for which she had legged it faithfully those many years.

At any rate, they were married; and Norma had been happy in her alliance with this man whom she admired and in whose future she trusted implicitly. She had been a trifle disappointed, perhaps, that so few people came to their wedding. But the presents were lavish, which was a comfort even though they were selected on the Chinese platform that possible utility is an insult. Directly after their honeymoon Nat went to work on a small job, and the commission kept them comfortable for a while. Meantime she had busied herself pushing buttons and pulling wires in the regions of Long Island and Westchester County that had known her so well.

It had come to her gradually, as unpleasant truth has a considerate way of doing. Mrs. Tillinghasset-Bleeze asked her in one morning to chat during a manicure; Mrs. Canningmore-Troutt invited her to a very third-rate tea. The fact that she was being snubbed had dawned unpleasantly. She was like a faithful servant dismissed. The houses she had adorned so accommodatingly knew her no more. And this was a mystery until at last she had realized that, as a married woman, she could no longer be summoned to be the handy minute girl she had been as a dependent spinster, and that her money and her connections, being nonexistent, did not warrant her cultivation for herself alone.

This December morning, her bluish cotton sleeves rolled up above the elbows, Norma scraped plates and reflected that she had done it all for love—a consolation which any woman who has married rather unsuccessfully may enjoy. She had cultivated a fierce protective passion for this rather futile architect who never had any orders. She still saw in him the confident, the enthusiastic boy she had known during the days when they were engaged; and she accused herself, and herself alone, for his failures.

Norma McKeen, who had worked hard so many years in order that somebody's servants might wait upon her, scrubbed and scraped this morning over the sink in her hot little kitchenette. The room in which she toiled was a miserable blue-tiled galley, three feet wide by six long, with a niche for a gas range and another for a sink—one of the abominations the unhealthy crowding of large cities has devised. It outraged her natural instinct for wide spaces.

Norma hated that kitchenette; and this morning she longed to toss its puny fixtures out of the window into the court below. It had no exit into the hallway, and her only means of taking out garbage or taking in groceries was by way of the pretentious door in that magnificent Tudor room. Once there had been a real kitchen with a real door; but Nat couldn't see so much space devoted to mere utility; therefore the kitchen walls had vanished and the door had been paneled over at the spot where the English Sheraton sideboard now stood.

To-day, as she lugged the heavy unpleasant pail through the splendors of that big room, she had an impulse to desert at once, go somewhere, learn a trade and do something human. Instead, she plodded doggedly ahead, clattered the hated zinc receptacle on the tiles outside and rang for the janitor to take it away. Then she rolled down her sleeves and flung herself down upon the imitation tapestry of a handsomely carved chair.

Reflection now brought her round again to the Percy Fergusons. Nat, quite truthfully, had said they had only canned goods in the house; but Norma well knew how far a good meal and an intimate conversation would go with that rhinoceros-hided old vulgarian. In the days when she had served her humble confidential time in the Ferguson household she had alternately feared and admired the crusty old gourmet, who bore the effeminate name of Percy as lightly as a traveling crane might carry a wreath of roses.

Mrs. Ferguson, too, had always made a point of her kindness. She had told Norma tearfully before her marriage "I don't know what I shall do without you!" and had sent her regrets to the quiet little wedding.

Feminine intuition, that miraculous gift which has gotten man into scrapes ever since the days of Eve, told Norma that now was the time. The favors were not all on Marian Ferguson's side of the account book. Also, old Percy was a man of independent judgments; and an evening's talk with Nat would do much to neutralize the blandishments of Ambrose Hannan.

Such a telephone as Queen Elizabeth might have employed in her flirtations with Sir Walter Raleigh offered its artistically antiqued mouthpiece from the vantage of a Tudor desk at her elbow. The Fergusons always stopped at the St. Vitus, she remembered; and the air was charged with electric hope as she got the number and, after a pause, heard Marian's somewhat arrogant contralto in reply:

"Why—Norma! You sweet child, how are you? I thought I should never see you again. Couldn't you come to see me? Or—let me see—I'm so desperately busy. We're only in town till to-morrow."

"I just couldn't let you go through town without our getting a glimpse of you."

Like a singing bird Norma gushed the speech, so heartily was it said.

"Oh, I should like to see you! Let me think ——"

This was less encouraging. Norma had hoped vaguely for an invitation to dine, which would have settled everything for the poor McKeens.

"I have shopping all day until five, when I must go to the Colony Club, and ——" Again the contralto paused to compute.

Norma drew a long breath, and was out with it:

"Couldn't you dine with us to-night, Marian dear?"

Lost in a corner of that princely medieval drawing-room, eagerly leaning over Queen Elizabeth's own telephone, she felt her head swim with the importance of that impending reply. She had promised Nat to pull the last string to her bow. And if it snapped ——

"It's awfully kind of you," came the leisurely drawl that Marian Ferguson had studied so carefully these last years. "We're in town such a short time, and ——"

"Oh, but I do so want you and Percy to meet my prodigy!"

"We've heard such splendid things about him!" cooed Mrs. Ferguson with that approximation of a London accent so often and so badly done in New York's fashionable environs.

She paused again, a semicolon's worth this time; then unexpectedly said:

"We shall be delighted."

"I'm so glad!" This was genuine.

"But, Norma dear, don't do anything elaborate for us. Just make it a little home dinner."

"Don't worry on that score—we live ever so simply," said Norma, thinking wildly of Lucullan banquets, duck

"If Your Husband Wants to Build Me a House, Why Don't He Take Off His Silk Stockings and Wade In?"

"Hannon," Croaked Old Percy, "That's a House! A Proud House!"

bleeding wealthily, terrapin moistened with ripe old Spanish sherry—the kind of thing old Percy had savagely demanded every night at the Ferguson table.

"About eight, then? Expect us, you sweet thing!" was Marian Ferguson's valedictory as she hung up the telephone.

It was over; and Norma, a frail dot in the splendors of that vast room which so cleverly suggested an ancient aristocracy, got out her horizon-blue scratch pad and hastily began to figure. In inviting the Fergusons to dinner she had literally thrown all her coin upon the table. Old Percy, she knew, fed like an anaconda—if you can imagine a serpent with a tooth exquisitely keyed to fish, flesh and fowl out of season. To bring him to her apartment and insult his appetite would be worse than useless; she must feed him much and well.

At once she thought of the best cuisine in New York—Tanquay's Restaurant, which for fifty years had permitted the world to acknowledge its superiority. She would raise the money somewhere; and regretfully she thought of her few jewels. She would order two or three courses from Tanquay's, hire an emergency butler for ten dollars, perhaps, and do the rest on bluff.

There was a general-utility worker, a mulatto by the name of Moselle White, who came in twice a week to scrub and cook. Yes; Moselle roasted a chicken rather well and could prepare a few vegetables to help fill the Fergusonian maw.

Norma figured a while on the blue pad. It came rather high, add and subtract as she would. Then she went over to the little bureau behind the big screen, opened a top drawer, and took out the bulk of her treasure. There was a large black opal brooch, cunningly set with sapphires and emeralds on a ground of old French enamel. It had been given her by a patronizing dowager in the days before black opals were fashionable. In the palm of her right hand Norma weighed the brooch, while over the forefinger of her left she dangled a little blue bracelet watch, set with a crown of small diamonds. Nat had gotten her that—on credit—as his groom's gift to her.

She didn't want to spoil her eyes by crying; so she dropped the trinkets in her hand bag and went quickly about dressing for the street.

For years Norma had enjoyed a peculiar acquaintanceship with the head waiter at Tanquay's, whom the gastric world knew and acclaimed under the name of Pierre. He was a Franco-Hungarian-Alsatian who had learned his trade in the city of Mexico, and who, some said, had flattered America by taking out his first papers. In the days of her gilded thralldom Norma had gone often to Pierre confidentially to order expensive dinners for such rich friends as were too busy with golf, auction bridge, and like real work of the world to bother with small routine. Norma had gone behind the scenes with Pierre and they had learned to talk frankly together—two souls engaged in the same traffic, and aware of its tricks.

Norma, of old, had brought much patronage to Tanquay's; and she had a feeling this morning, as she climbed the stairs to the second floor of this famous building, that Pierre would be useful in arranging the Ferguson dinner.

She found the tall, bald, clever-looking man seated in a swivel chair before a mahogany desk, dictating to a secretary and employing all the vocal dignity of a great corporation lawyer—which he was, somewhere inside.

"Ah, Mrs. McKeen!" he cried, rising and giving her his capable hand; she was not surprised that he knew her married name, for Pierre was omniscient.

"And how have you been, Pierre?" she asked, taking the chair his secretary rolled up beside the desk.

"Excellent—— But the work, of course, is fatiguing," he informed her, the deep lines in his intelligent mask of a face confirming his statement. "Tanquay's has never seen so big a season. We are becoming too popular, if you know what I mean. New York is overflowing with wealth from ——" He swept out his long arms, indicating all America. "And it is a pity that we must turn crowds away every night."

"Oh! Then perhaps you'll be too busy to attend to my little order." She was approaching him on the economical tack.

"I never found you parsimonious." He smiled diplomatically.

"Ah, but it's different now. I'm ordering for myself." The shade in Pierre's expression was minute. "We're planning a little dinner for four in my apartment," she went on rapidly. "We can't afford to be extravagant; but it must be nice. So I thought I would order a few things from Tanquay's and let my cook do the rest. I've come for your advice."

"I should be glad if there is anything I can suggest."

He said it in a tone of such genuine friendliness that she was encouraged to ripple on:

"My Moselle roasts a chicken rather nicely and does candied sweet potatoes very well. I thought, with some French peas —— And she could manage the soup, too," she finished, almost defiantly.

A shocking vision came to her of how Moselle White would manage the soup. It would probably come out of a can.

"Of course, if you've a very good cook ——" He gave her one of his forty-thousand-dollar shrugs, which was as much as to say "Why talk to me?"

"Well, Pierre," she said brashly, "what would you suggest for a roast?"

"If your guests really prefer chicken," he tolled off in measured tones, "there's chicken *à la* Tanquay. It's rather simple, I should say. This will be a simple dinner?"

Norma had a vision of other days, when she was a guest at a board where old Ferguson presided, croaking dismally because imported Southdown lamb was not done to his liking.

"I should call my guests rather particular," she confessed after a pause.

"Then, Mrs. McKeen, will you permit an old friend to speak candidly?"

His attitude was so paternal, so genuinely earnest that Mrs. McKeen could not take offense at his analysis of their relation.

"If your guests are fastidious, as you say," he continued, "I'm a little afraid that home-baked chicken and the other things you have planned might not do. The average New York cook, you know, is—what shall I say?—a vandal. She does chicken about as Jenghiz Khan scorched it over a camp fire. Between friends, tell me—do you wish to make an impression?"

"I shouldn't be going to this expense otherwise," she agreed, rather crossly.

"Then let me tell you: You know as well as I what good food is." Glorified by the compliment, she allowed him to proceed: "I should have an Egyptian runner duck. It will cost a trifle more, but the result will be worth it. Potatoes *au gratin*, as we do them, and hothouse asparagus, with *sauce universelle*, would be enough of vegetables. You do not want to have too much."

His able secretary was at that moment laying before him several sheets of tentative menus, subject to his editing. He thumbed them abstractedly before resuming:

"We can send you a butler who will make cocktails from your materials—there will be a saving! And with them you should have a canapé of fresh Russian caviar. Our clear green turtle soup is especially good this week. For fish ——"

"We might have *sole suprême aux champignons*," she cut in, remembering the comparative economy of the dish.

"Some might like it." Thus he uttered his condemnation. "Last night Mrs. Pelham Brodley gave a small party here and praised our diamond-back terrapin very highly."

Her inference was rapid. The Brodleys were thick with the Fergusons. Hannan, Clay & Moore had planned the new Brodley house in upper Fifth Avenue.

"I'm sure that would be very nice," she weakly concurred.

By now Norma's mind had collapsed and permitted itself to become infolded by this man's superior will. Before his magic her own program of semihome cooking faded into the realms of the sordid and impossible. Pierre was a hypnotist. Out of the depths of his mahogany desk he summoned rich delicacies which the snob within her clamored to offer for appeasement of the very rich Fergusons. Gratins and salads seemed to fly at her; vintage wines arose at the will of this black wizard; heavy plutocratic cigars seemed to mock her from the box.

There was an exotic dessert—by name, *Pêche Reine des Fées*—which Pierre seemed bent upon her having. She feebly expostulated; but the king of all the waiters pursed a hand above an imaginary plate and explained how very dry champagne could make magic things of hothouse peaches which were stuffed with nuts and sauced with wild French strawberries. She capitulated to his charm, then rose and asked him to make out the bill. It was staggering; but Norma had in her bag the roll of bills she had obtained from the broker who had taken her jewelry.

(Continued on Page 70)

Norma's Eyes Were Aching for the Tears She Would Have Shed Had She Dared

Scattergood Kicks Up the Dust

Scattergood Was Driving Out to Make a Social Call. Not Only That, But It Was a Social Call Upon a Lady!

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SCATTERGOOD BAINES sat on the porch of his hardware store and looked down Coldriver Valley. It was very beautiful even under the hot summer sun of the second anniversary of Scattergood's arrival in that part of the world, but he was not seeing it as it was—mountainous, green, with untouched forests, quickened to life and sound by the swift, rushing, splashing downrush of a tireless mountain river. Scattergood saw the valley as he was going to make it, for he was a specialist in valleys.

For years he had searched for an undeveloped valley—for the sort of valley it would be worth his while to take in hand—and two years ago he had found it and invaded it. His equipment for its conquest had been meager—some fifty dollars in money and a head filled from ear to ear and from eyebrow to scalp lock with shrewdness. His progress in twenty-four months had been notable, for he was sole proprietor of a profitable hardware store in Coldriver village, and controlled the upper stretches of Coldriver by virtue of a certain dam-and-boom company built with other men's capital for Scattergood's benefit and behoof.

Now in the eye of his mind he could see the whole twenty-odd miles of his valley. Along the left bank hanging perilously to the slope of the mountain he saw the rails of a narrow-gauge railroad, reaching from Coldriver Valley to the main line that passed the valley's mouth. He saw sturdy, snorting little engines drawing logs to sawmills of a magnitude not dreamed of by any other man in the locality, and he saw other engines hauling cut lumber to the southward. He saw villages where no villages existed that day; and villages meant more traffic for his railroad, more trade for the stores he had it in his thought to establish. Something else he saw, but more dimly.

This vision took the shape of a gigantic dam far back in the mountains, behind which should be stored the waters from the melting snows and from the spring rains so that they might be released at will to insure a uniform flow throughout the year—wet months and dry months, as he desired. He saw this water pouring over other dams, turning water wheels, giving power to mills and factories. More than that, in the remotest and dimmest recess of his brain he saw, not sharply, not with full comprehension, this tremendous water power converted into electricity and transported mile upon mile over far-reaching wires to give light and energy to distant communities.

But all that was remote; it lay in the years to come. For the present, smaller affairs must content him. Even the matter of the narrow-gauge railroad was beyond his grasp. Scattergood reached down mechanically and removed his huge shoes; then stretching out his fat legs gratefully he twiddled his toes in the sunlight and gave himself up to practical thought. He controlled the tail of the valley with his dam-and-boom company; he must control its mouth. He must have command over the exit from the valley so that every individual, every log, every article of merchandise that entered or left the valley should pass through his hands. That was to be the next step. He must straddle the mouth of the valley like the fat Colossus he was.

Scattergood was placid and patient. He knew what he wanted to do with his valley and had perfect confidence he would accomplish it. But he had no disposition to hasten matters unwisely. It was better, as he told Sam Kettleman, the grocer, "to let an apple fall in your lap instead of skinnin' your shins goin' up the tree after it—and then findin' it was green."

So, though he wanted the mouth of his river and wanted it badly, he did not rush off advertising his need, and try brashly to grab the forty or fifty acres of granite and scrub and steep mountain wall that his heart desired. Instead he basked in the sunshine, twiddling his bare toes ecstatically, and let the huge bulk of him sink more contentedly into the well-reënforced armchair, which creaked under his slightest motion.

Scattergood glanced across the dusty square to the post office. The mail was in, and possibly there were letters there for him. He thought it very likely, and he wanted to see them—but movement was repulsive to his bulging body. He sighed and closed his eyes. A shrill whistle attempting the national anthem with certain liberties of variation caused him to open them again, and he saw passing him a small boy apparently without an object in life.

"A-hum!" said Scattergood.

The boy stopped and looked inquiringly.

"If I knew," said Scattergood to his bare feet, "where there was a boy that could find his way across to the post office and back without gittin' sunstroke or stone bruise I dunno but I'd give him a penny to fetch my mail."

"It's worth a nickel," said the boy.

"Give you two cents," said Scattergood.

"Nickel or nothin'," said the boy.

Scattergood surrendered.

"Bargain!" said he; but as the boy hustled across the square Scattergood heaved himself out of his chair and padded inside the store. He stood scratching his head a moment and then removed a tin object from a card holding eleven more of its kind. With it in his hand he returned to his chair and resettled himself cautiously, for to apply his weight suddenly might have resulted in disaster.

The boy was returning. Scattergood placed the tin object to his lips and puffed out his bulging cheeks. A sound resulted such as the ears of Coldriver had seldom suffered. It was shrill, it was penetrating; it rose and fell with a sort of ripping, tearing slash. The boy stopped in front of Scattergood and stared. Without a word Scattergood held out his hand for his mail, and receiving it placed a nickel in the grimy palm that remained extended. Then apparently oblivious to the boy's existence he applied himself again to the whistle.

"Say," said the boy, "what's that?"

"Patent whistle," said Scattergood without interest.

"Is it yourn or is it for sale?"

"Calc'late I might sell."

"How much?"

"Nickel."

"Gimme it!" said the boy, and Scattergood gravely received back his coin.

"Might tell the kids I got more," said Scattergood, and watched the boy trot down the street, entranced by the horrid sound he was fathering.

This transaction from beginning to end was eloquent of Scattergood Baines' character. He had been obliged to pay more than he regarded a service as worth, but had not protested vainly. Instead he had set about recouping himself as best he could. The whistle cost him two cents and a half. Therefore the boy had come closer to working for Scattergood's figure than for his own demanded price. In addition Scattergood's wares were to receive free and valuable advertising, as was proved by the fact that before night he had sold ten more whistles, at a profit of twenty-five cents! No deal was too small to receive Scattergood's best and most skillful attention.

Now he opened his letters, one of which was worthy of attention, for it was from a friend in the office of the secretary of state for that commonwealth—a friend who owed his position there in great measure to Scattergood's influence. The letter gave the information that two gentlemen named Crane and Keith had pooled their timber holdings on the East and West Branches of Coldriver, and had filed papers for the incorporation of the Coldriver Lumber Company.

This was important. First, the gentlemen named were no friends of Scattergood's by reason of having underestimated that fleshy individual, to their financial detriment, in the matter of a certain dam-and-boom company, of which Scattergood was now sole owner. Second, because it presaged active lumbering operations. Third, because in Scattergood's safe were ironclad contracts with both of them whereby the said dam-and-boom company should receive sixty cents a thousand feet for driving their logs down the improved river.

And fourth—the fourth brought Scattergood's active toes to rest—fourth, it meant that Crane and Keith would be building the largest sawmill—the only sawmill of consequence—that the valley had seen.

II

IT WAS an attribute of Scattergood's peculiar genius that, even after you had encountered him once and come out the worse for it, you still rated him as a fatuous, guileless mound of flesh. You did not credit his successes to astuteness but to blundering luck. Another point also should be noted—if Scattergood were hunting bear he would give it out that his game was partridge. He would hunt partridge industriously and conspicuously until men's minds were turned quite away from the subject of bear. Then suddenly he would shift shotgun for rifle and come home with a bearskin in the wagon.

Probably he would bring partridge, too, for he never neglected by-products.

"Them fellows," said he to himself, referring to Messrs. Crane and Keith, "hain't aimin' nor wishin' to pay me no sixty cents a thousand for drivin' their logs. I figger they calc'late to cut about ten million feet. That'll be six thousand dollars. Profit may be two thousand. Don't see as I kin afford to lose it, seems as though."

On the river below Coldriver village were three hamlets, each consisting of a general store, a church and a few scattered dwellings. These villages were the supply centers for the mountain farms that lay behind them. Necessity had located them, for nowhere else along the valley was there flatland upon which even the tiniest village could find a

resting place. These were Bailey, Tupper Falls and Higgins' Bridge. In common with Coldriver village their communication with the world was by means of a stage line, consisting of two so-called stages—one of which left Coldriver in the morning on the downward trip, the other of which left the mouth of the valley on the upward trip. There was also one freight wagon.

The morning following the second anniversary of Scattergood's arrival in the region he boarded the stage, occupying so much space therein that a single fare failed utterly to show a profit to the stage line, and alighted at Bailey. He went directly to the store, where no one was to be found save sharp-featured Mrs. Bailey, wife of the proprietor.

"Mornin', ma'am," said Scattergood politely. "Husband ain't in?"

"Up the brook catchin' a mess of trout," she responded shortly. "He's always catchin' a mess of trout or huntin' a deer or a partridge or somethin'. If you're ever aimin' to see Jim Bailey here you want to git round afore daylight or after dark."

"Hain't it lucky," said Scattergood, "that some men manages to marry wimmin that kin look after their business?"

"Not for the wimmin," said Mrs. Bailey shortly.

"My name's Baines," said Scattergood.

"I calc'late to know that."

"Like livin' here, ma'am?"

"Not so but what I could bear a change."

"Um. . . . Mis' Bailey, I calc'late you'd hate to see Jim make a little money so's to be able to git away from here if he wanted to."

"Him? Only way he'll ever make money is to ketch a solid gold trout."

"Maybe I'm the solid gold trout you're speakin' about," said Scattergood.

She regarded him sharply a moment. "Set," she said. "Looks like you got somethin' on your mind."

There were times when Scattergood could be direct. He perceived it was best to be so with this woman.

"I might want to buy this here store—under certain conditions."

"How much?"

"Inventory and a share in the profits of my deal."

"What's them conditions you mentioned?"

"That you and Jim don't mention the sale to anybody, and keep on runnin' the place—for wages—until I'm ready for you to quit."

"What's the deal them profits is comin' from, and how much you figger they'll be?"

"The deal's feedin' about five hundred men, and the profits'll be plenty. I furnish the capital and show you how. All Jim'll have to do is foller directions."

Then, lowering his voice, Scattergood went further into particulars. Suddenly Mrs. Bailey rose and screamed shrilly to an urchin playing in the road: "You, Jimmy, go up the brook and fetch your pa."

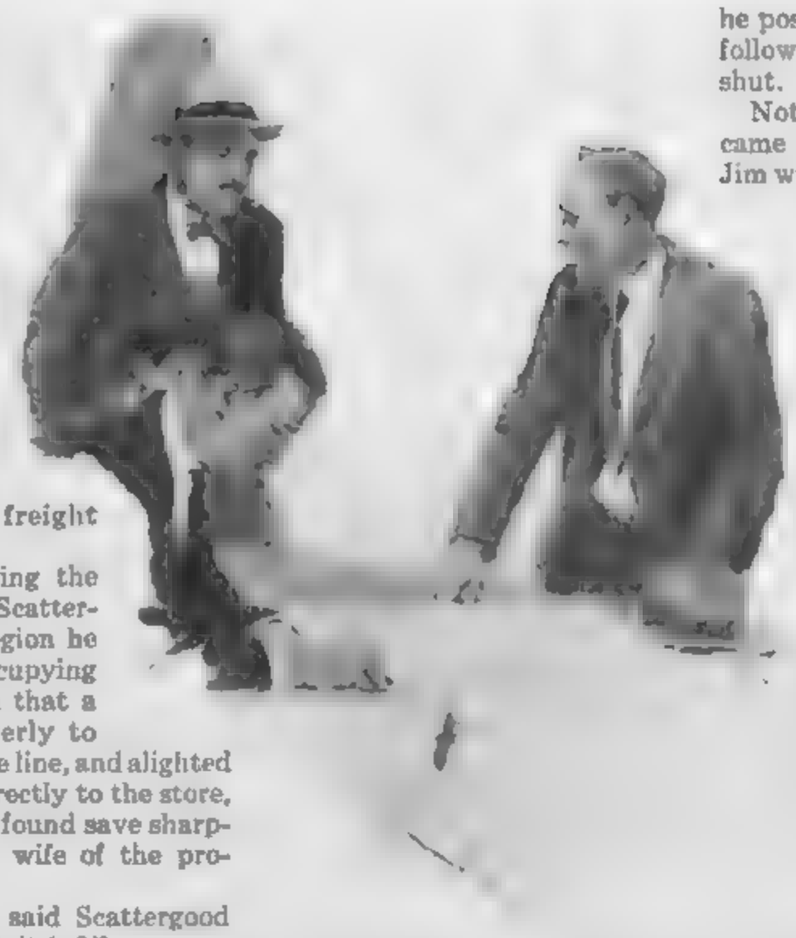
Scattergood knew his deal was as good as closed. Before the up-bound stage arrived it was closed. The Baileys had cash in hand for their store, and Scattergood carried away a duly executed bill of sale.

The following day, for fifteen hundred dollars cash, he acquired all the property of the stage line; and when the news became public it was believed that Scattergood had departed from his wits, for the line was notoriously unprofitable and an aching worry to its owners. But the commotion the transfer of the stage line created was as nothing to the news that Scattergood had bought a strip of land along the railroad at the mouth of the river, and was erecting a large wooden building upon it. When asked concerning this and its purpose Scattergood replied that he wasn't made up in his mind what he would use it for, but likely it would be an opry house.

Following this, Scattergood went to the city, where he spent much valuable time interviewing gentlemen in wholesale grocery and provision houses.

III

JIM BAILEY liked to fish, which is not an attribute to create scandal. He was not ambitious, nor was he endowed with a full reservoir of initiative, but he was a shrewd customer and seldom got the worst of it. One virtue he possessed, and that was an ability to follow directions and keep his mouth shut.



"There's One Fifteen-Thousand-Acre Strip I Couldn't Get Hold Of. It Belongs to a Woman Who Wouldn't Sell"

Not many days after Scattergood became the owner of the store at Bailey, Jim was a caller at the new offices of the lumber company formed when Crane and Keith pooled their interests.

"I come to see you," he told Crane, "because it seemed like you got to feed your lumberjacks, and I want to git the contract for furnishin' and deliverin' the provisions."

"We've sure got to feed 'em," said Crane. "But five hundred men eat a lot of grub. Can you swing it if we give you a chance at it?"

Bailey produced a letter from the Coldriver bank which stated the bank was willing to stand behind any contract made by the Bailey Provision Company, up to a certain substantial amount.

"Who's the Bailey Provision Company?"

"Me 'n' my wife mostly holds the stock."

"Huh! You'll handle the stuff, deliver it, and all that? What's your proposition?"

"Well, havin' been in business twenty-odd year, I kin buy mighty favorable. More so'n you fellers. All I want's a livin' profit. Tell you what I'll do. I'll take this here contract like this: Goods to be delivered in your camps at actual cost of the stuff and freightin', plus ten per cent. We'll keep stock on hand in depots and deliver as needed. It'll save you all the trouble of handlin'. We'll carry the stock and you pay once a month for what's delivered."

Crane called in Keith and they discussed the proposition. It presented distinct advantages; might, indeed, save them money in addition to trouble. Bailey clinched the thing by showing an agreement with the stage line to transport the provisions at a price per hundred pounds notably lower than Crane and Keith imagined could be obtained, and went home carrying the contract Scattergood had sent him to get.

Scattergood put the paper away in his safe and sat back in his reënforced armchair with placid satisfaction making his face benignant. "I calc'late," he said to himself, "that this here dicker'll keep Crane and Keith gropin' and wonderin' and scrutinizin' more or less—when it gits to their ears. Shouldn't be s'prised if it come to worry 'em a mite."

So, having created a diversion to conceal the movements of his main attack, Scattergood got out his maps and began scientifically to plan his fall-and-winter campaign.

Timber was his objective. Not a hundred acres of it nor a thousand, but tens of thousands, even a hundred thousand acres of spruce-covered hills was the goal he had set. To control his valley he must have money; to get money for his developments he must have timber. Also ownership of vast limits of growing spruce was necessary to the control of the valley. He must own more timber thereabout than anybody else. He must dominate the timber situation. To a man whose total resources amounted to a matter of fifty thousand dollars, the bulk of which was tied up in a dam-and-boom company as yet unproductive, this looked like a mouthful beyond his capacity to bite off.

Even with timber in the back reaches selling at sixty-six cents an acre, a hundred thousand acres meant an investment of sixty-six thousand dollars. True, Scattergood could look forward to the day when that same timberland would be worth ten dollars an acre—a million dollars. But looking ahead would not produce a cent to-day.

Of timberlands whose cut logs must go down Coldriver Valley to reach a market Scattergood's maps showed him there was probably a quarter of a million acres—mostly spruce. Estimating with rigid conservatism this would run eight thousand feet to the acre—two billion feet of timber—and this did not take into consideration hardwood. In Scattergood's secret heart he wanted it all. He might not be able to get all, but he must have more than half—and that distributed strategically.

It will be seen that Scattergood was content to wait. His motto was: "Grab a dollar to-day—but don't meddle with it if it interferes with a thousand dollars in ten years."

Scattergood's maps had been the work of two years. That they were accurate he knew, because he had set down on them most of the facts they showed. They were valuable, for, in Scattergood's rude printing, one could read upon them the name of the owner of every piece of timber, of every farm, the acreage in each piece of timber, with a careful estimate of the amount of timber to the acre and also its proportions of spruce, beech, birch, maple, ash.

Toward the head of the valley, where good timber was thickest, Scattergood's map showed how it spread out like a fan, with the two main branches of Coldriver and numerous brooks as the ribs. Then, down the length of the stream, were parallel bands of it. On the map one could see what this timber could be bought for; prices ranging from two dollars and a half an acre down the main river, to sixty-six cents at the extremity of the fan.

As Scattergood studied his maps he saw, far in the future perhaps, but clearly and distinctly and certainly, two parallel lines running up the river to his village; he saw, branching off from a spot below the village, where East and West Branches joined to pour over a certain dam owned by him, other narrower parallel lines following river and brooks back and back into the mountains, the spruce-clad mountains. These parallel lines were rails. The ones which ran close together were narrow-gauge—logging roads to bring logs to the big mill which Scattergood planned to build beside his dam. The broader lines were a standard-gauge road to carry the cut lumber to the outside world, and not only the cut lumber but all the traffic of the valley, all the freight, the manufactured products of other mills and factories which were to come along the banks of his river.

Here, in black and white, was set down Scattergood's life plan. When it was accomplished he would be through. He would be willing to have his maps rolled up and himself laid on the shelf, for he would have done the thing he set out to do. For, strange as it may seem, Scattergood was not pursuing money for money itself—his objective was achievement.

IV

SCATTERGOOD was not the only man to own or to study maps. Crane and Keith were at the same interesting employment, but on a lesser scale.

"Here's your stuff," said Keith, "over here on the East Branch—thirty thousand acres. Here's mine on the West Branch—close to thirty thousand acres. We don't touch anywhere."

"But our locations put us in the driver's seat so far as the timber up here is concerned. We're in control. There's sixty thousand acres of mighty good spruce in that triangle between us, and it's as good as ours. It's there for us when we need it. All we got to do is reach out our hands for it. The folks that own it haven't got the money to go ahead with it. Pretty sweet for us—with sixty thousand acres in the palms of our hands and not a cent invested in it."

"'Sweet' is the word. But what if somebody grabbed it off?"

"Who'll grab?"

"I think we ought to tie it up somehow. If we owned the whole thing we could work a heap more profitably. Now we've got to divide camps or else cut off one slice or the other at a time. If we owned the whole thing we could make our cut where it would be easiest handled, and leave the rest till things develop."

"It's safe. And we can make it mighty unpleasant for anybody who comes ramming into this region in a small way. Which reminds me of that Baines—our friend Scattergood. Are we going to let him get away with that dam-and-boom company we made him a present of?"

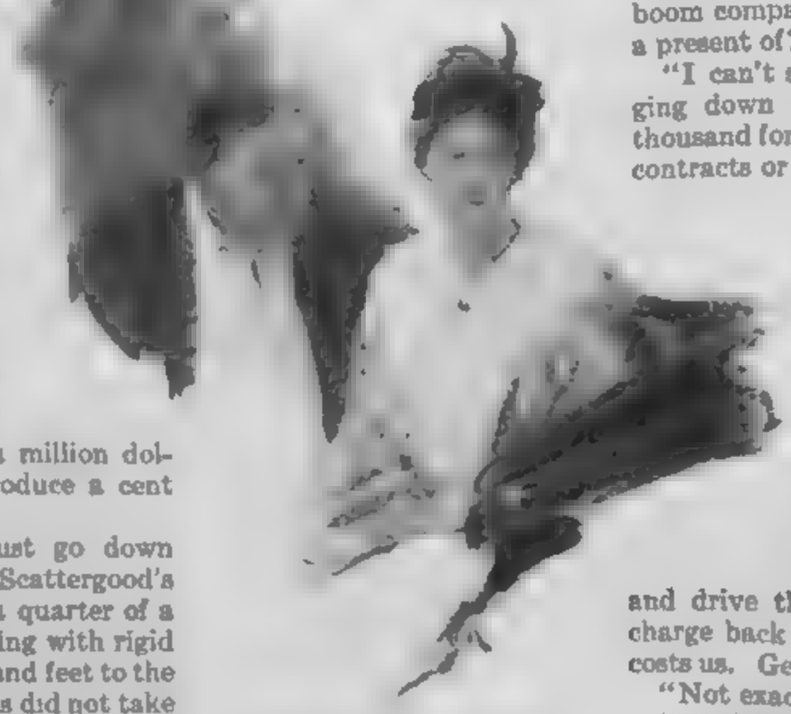
"I can't see ourselves digging down for sixty cents a thousand for driving our logs, contracts or no contracts."

"Maybe we can buy him off."

"Hanged if I'll do that; we'll chase him off. Look here! He's got to handle our logs. If he can't handle them we've got a right to put on our own crew and drive them down—and charge back to him what it costs us. Get the idea?"

"Not exactly."

"We deliver the logs as specified in the spring. Let him



"I'm Askin' You, Mandy, Will You be Missis Baines?"

start his drive. Then, I figure, he'll have some trouble with his men, and most likely men he don't have trouble with will get into a row with lumberjacks going out of camp. See? Men of his that we can't handle we'll pitch into the river. Then we'll take charge with our men and make the drive. On top of that we'll sue Scattergood for thirty or forty cents a thousand—extra cost we've been put to by his inability to handle the drive. That'll put a crimp in him, and if we keep after him hot and heavy it won't take long to drive him out of the valley."

"Don't believe he's dangerous anyhow. That last deal was bullhead luck."

"Yes, but he's stirring round. We don't want anybody poking in. There's a heap of money in this valley for us if we can keep it to ourselves, and the sooner the idea gets abroad that it isn't healthful to butt in, the better."

"Guess you're right."

If Scattergood could have heard this conversation perhaps he would not have been so gayly partaking of the softer joys of life. For that is what Scattergood was doing. He had polished up his buggy, put his new harness on his horse, and was driving out to make a social call. Not only that, but it was a social call upon a lady!

Scattergood was lonely sometimes. In one of his moments of loneliness it had occurred to him that a great many men had wives, and that wives were, undoubtedly, a remarkably effective insurance against that ailment.

"I gather," he said in course of a casual conversation with Sam Kettleman, the grocer, "that wives is sometimes inconvenient and sometimes tryin' on the temper, but on the whole they're returnin' income on the investment."

"Some does and some doesn't," said Kettleman lugubriously.

"Hotel grub," said Scattergood, "gets mighty similar. Roast beef and roast pork! Roast pork and roast beef! Then cold roast pork and beef for supper. And me obliged by the way I'm built to pay extry board. Sundays I always order me two dinners. Seems like a wife'ud act as a benefit there."

"But there's drawbacks," said Sam, "and there's mother-in-laws, and there's lendin' a dollar to your brother-in-law."

"The thing to do," said Scattergood, "is to pick one without them impediments. I also figger," he added, wriggling his bare toes, "that a feller ought to pick one that could lend a dollar to his brother in case he needed one."

"Hain't none sich to be found," said Sam.

"I calc'late to look," Scattergood replied.

He had already done his looking. The lady of his choice, tradition says, was older than he, but this is a base libel. She was not older. She had not yet reached thirty. Scattergood had first encountered her when she came to his hardware store to buy a plow. On that occasion her excellent business judgment and her powers of barter had attracted him strongly. As a matter of fact he was a bit in doubt if she hadn't the best of him on the deal. Her name was Amanda Randle.

Scattergood gave the matter his best thought, then polished the buggy as aforesaid, and called.

"Howdy, Miss Randle?" said he, tying to her hitching post.

"I calc'lated," said he, "that bein' as it's a hot night, a buggy ride might sort of cool you off, after a way of speakin'."

Amanda blushed, for the proffer of a buggy ride was not without definite significance in that region.

"I'll git my shawl and bonnet," she said.

To the casual eye it would have appeared that Scattergood's summer was devoted wholly to running his hardware store and to paying court to Mandy Randle. But this was not so. He was making ready for the winter—and for the spring that came after it. For in the spring came the drive, and with the coming of the drive Scattergood foresaw the coming of trouble. He was not a man to dodge Trouble that might bring profit dangling to the fringe of her skirt.

Coldriver watched with deep interest the progress of Scattergood's suit. It had figured Mandy as an old maid, for, as has been mentioned, she was close upon her twenty-eighth year, which, in a village where eighteen is the general age for taking a husband, is well along in spinsterhood. It was late in October when Scattergood "came to scratch," as the local saying is.

"Mandy," said he, "I calc'late you noticed I been comin' round here consid'able."

"You have—seems as though," she said, and blushed. It was coming. She recognized the sign!

"I been a-comin' on purpose," said Scattergood.

"Do tell," said Mandy.

"Yes, ma'am. It's like this: I own a hardware store and some other prop'ty. Not a heap, ma'am, but some. It's gittin' to be more. I calc'late, some day, to be wuth consid'able. When a man gits to this p'int he ought to have him a wife. Eh?"

Mandy made no reply.

"You Git!" He Said Between His Teeth. "Git, and Take Your Filthy Money With You!"

"So," said Scattergood, "I took to lookin' round a bit, and of all the girls there was, Mandy, it looked to me like you would be the only one to make the kind of a wife I want. That's honest. Yes, sir. Says I to myself, 'Mandy Randle's the one for me.' So I washed up the buggy and hitched up the horse and come right out. I been comin' ever since, because that there first impression of mine has been bore out by facts. I'm askin' you, Mandy, will you be Missis Baines?"

"You're stiddy and savin'—and makin'," said Mandy. "Add what you got to what I got, and we'll be pretty well off. And I aim to help take care of it."

"I aim to have you help," said Scattergood. "But, Mandy, I don't want you scrimpin' and savin' too much. I want my wife should have as good as the best, and be looked up to by the best. The day'll come, Mandy, when we'll keep a hired girl!"

"No extravagances till I say we kin afford it. And, Scattergood, you got to promise not to make no important move without consultin' me. I got a head for business."

"Mandy," said Scattergood, "you and me is equal partners."

Which, say both tradition and history, is how the arrangement worked out. Mandy and Scattergood were equal partners. Scattergood was to learn through the years that Mandy's was a good head for business, and, though business men who came to deal with Scattergood in the future sometimes laughed when they found Mandy present at their conferences, they did not laugh but once. And though Scattergood's proffer of marriage had not been couched in fervent terms of love, and though Mandy had not fallen on his overboard bosom with rapture, theirs was a married life to be envied by most, for there were between them perfect trust, sincere affection and wisest forbearance. For forty years Scattergood and Mandy lived together as man and wife, and at the end each could look back through the intimate years and say of the other that he had chosen well his mate.

It may be thought that this bit of romance is cropped in here by legend and history merely to amuse, or as a sidelight on the character of Scattergood Baines. This is not so. We are forced by the facts to regard the matter as an integral part of the business transaction related in this narrative. Not a major part, not an important part, but, perhaps, the deciding factor.

V

JOHN BONES, lawyer, aged twenty-six, was a recent acquisition to Coldriver village. Scattergood had watched the young man's comings and goings, and had listened to his conversation. Early in November Scattergood went to his bank and drew from deposit two hundred and fifty dollars. Then he went to call on Bones.

"Mr. Bones," he said, "folks says Old Clayt Mosier's a client of yourn."

"He's given me some business, Mr. Baines."

"Uh-huh! Somethin' to do with title to a piece of timber over Higgins' Bridge way, wa'n't it?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Baines, but I guess you'll have to ask Mr. Mosier about that."

"Huh! Mosier hain't apt to tell me. Seems like I was sort of int'rested in that thing. I can't manage nohow to git the facts, so I thought I'd talk to you."

"I can't help you. I have no right to talk about a client's confidential matters."

"To be sure. How's business?"

"Not very good."

"Not gittin' rich, eh?"

Young Bones looked unhappy, for making both ends meet was a problem he had not mastered as yet.

Scattergood got up, closed the door and walked softly back to the desk. He drew from his pocket the roll of bills and spread them out in alluring pattern.

"Them's yourn," said he.

"Mine? How? What for?"

"I'm swappin' with you."

"For what, Mr. Baines?" A slight perspiration was noticeable on young Lawyer Bones' brow.

"Information," said Scattergood, looking him in the eye. As the young man did not speak, Scattergood continued: "About Mosier's title matter."

For an instant the young man stood irresolute, then he reached slowly over, gathered up the money into a neat roll, while Scattergood watched him intently, and then with suddenly set teeth hurled the roll into Scattergood's face and leaped round the desk.

"You git!" he said between his teeth. "Git, and take your filthy money with you!"

Scattergood, who did not in the least look it, could move swiftly. The young lawyer was abruptly interrupted in his pastime of ejecting Scattergood forcibly. He found himself seized by his wrists and held as if he had shoved his arms into steel clamps.

"Set," said Scattergood, "and be sociable. And keep the money. It's yourn. You're hired. I guess you're the feller I'm aimin' to use."

He forced the struggling young man back into his chair and released him—grinning broadly and not at all as a tempter should grin.

"If it'll relieve your conscience," he said, "I hain't got no more int'rest in Mosier's affairs than I have in the emperor of the Heathen Chinee. But I have got a heap of

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THE PRESIDENT

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WAR apparently excites the same mental processes in all peoples; in all Anglo-Saxon people, at any rate, and perhaps in others, notably the Teutonic. For months after the war began the English wrote, talked, and otherwise made articulate tons of opinions, theories, claims and confusions on the subject: Who began the war? That was an initial stage, both official and civilian.

It is the same with us. We are in the war now, and we are writing our thoughts about the responsibility for the catastrophe in the same abundant manner. But just now the vital question is not Who began the war? The vital question is: Who will end it?

Realizing adequately that the only completely understandable thing about this war is that nobody completely or even partially understands it, I have come to the conclusion, after long and patient investigations, in sundry places, of plans, processes, objectives and intentions—to say nothing of the hopes and prayers of those concerned—that it is the consensus of the opinions of the English, the French, the Italians, the Russians, and some others—not excepting occasional glimmers from Germany—to say nothing of the acme of their desires, that, no matter who began the war, the person who will end it is Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States; and this despite ideas to the contrary that some of Mr. Wilson's countrymen seem to hold. It is a fair assumption that Mr. Wilson thinks so too.

It is entirely natural and human that any man in commanding leadership in a colossal contingency like the present one shall, at times and privately, consider himself as he will be projected against the background of history, as well as how he shall currently proceed. Historically there are two outstanding and tremendous positions to be attained: One is the position of the Great War Maker; the other is the position of the Great Peace Maker. If any man of ability were given his choice his temperament would decide for him—not his mind. The heroic man would choose to be known as the War Maker. The idealist would choose to be known to posterity as the Peace Maker.

But suppose a world condition should arise that would make it possible for a man to go down in history as both—as the Great War Maker and the Great Peace Maker. That would be an ultimate fulfillment of extraordinary magnificence for any human aspiration. Is it possible? Is there such a world condition? There is. It exists at present.

And no person has a keener realization of the potentialities of it, both in a patriotic or country sense and in a personal sense, than Mr. Wilson.

The events of each day, as recorded in the press for the people, and as seen by the people in their own communities, in the activities of the many war-making and war-advancing operations and operators, confirm the impression, already fixed by three years of war in Europe, that the principal occupation and desire of the world is war. That is the palpable conclusion—that war is the main object, the universal employment. But that is not the fact. The principal occupation and desire of the world is not war. It is peace. And, as circumstances, resources, power, will and incentive for war have placed the United States in a commanding position to make war—which will be done, and in a commanding way—so, undeniably, these facts have made equally patent the other great fact that the United States is in an equally commanding position to make peace. Therefore, the man who is America's leader in the one enterprise will be America's leader in the other. And that man is President Wilson.

More Important Than King or Kaiser

WHEREFORE, everything focuses on Washington, and the great, basic, outstanding fact of the present situation is that President Wilson is the most important man in the world. Everything in the world is focused on Washington—everything! A battle is a battle. A revolution is a revolution. A million men are a unit. Ten thousand cannon make a hell. A billion dollars—uncountable, incomprehensible—is an item. The killed are hundreds of thousands, and the maimed are millions—here, there and everywhere; but through the welter of it all there is one man in Washington who stands alone in importance and in potential power—the President—and, as I have said, for this reason: He will not only in due time be the Great War Maker, but he will also in due time be the Great Peace Maker. He represents the United States. Conversely, because he is President and executive representative, the United States will, in large measure, represent him.

To-day, by the Mutations of Politics in this Democracy, He is the Most Important Man in the World

Hence, what may be said about the President and his aims and actions will be an outline, at least, of the aims and actions of the country; for, in an overwhelming measure, the country is supporting the President, and will continue to support him so long as his aims are as clear as they are at present, and his motives as democratic.

History presents no greater example of the miracle of democratic opportunity. Less than ten years ago Woodrow Wilson was president of a university, the author of a few books, a speaker of repute, an executive of ability in his university sphere, whose greatest combat had been over a question of university internal policy. To-day, by the mutations of politics in this democracy, he is the most important man in the world; the leader of this vast country in an epochal enterprise of war that, on our part as well as on the part of others, transcends anything the world has known; an enterprise requiring the services of millions of men, and their deaths, it may be, and the expenditure of billions of money; an enterprise so vast as to be incomprehensible in any but its shadowy details; an enterprise that involves the globe.

He is more important than any kaiser, king, premier, pontiff, dictator, general or admiral. He is the most important man in the world.

There is no American disposition to assert the doctrine that the king can do no wrong—using king in the sense of leader. There is, however, except in some few anti-American quarters, the assertion of the doctrine that, until the leader does do wrong, the leader shall be supported. That is what gives Mr. Wilson his present commanding position—that and the rigidity of our political system, which maintains him, except on the off chance of impeachment, in his position for a fixed term. The fluidity of a parliamentary government allows more changes in leadership than are possible in this country. We are democratic, to be sure, in theory; but our Government has definite metes and bounds.

Any frank statesman of the Allies, and any frank German—if there is a frank German statesman—will have no hesitation in admitting, as many of them have admitted publicly, that without the United States the situation of the Allies would be much worse than it is, and the situation of the Germans much better. This being the fact, the reason for the overtopping eminence of Mr. Wilson in world warfare and world politics is apparent; for as the resources of the United States are essential to the victory of the Allies, so also they are inimical to the victory of Germany.

Thus, as the legal head and voice of America, Mr. Wilson becomes the man to whom the Allies look in every material, political and supporting sense, acknowledging the paramount position of the United States, and depending on the United States for more support than the people know, and in more ways. It is quite possible if the warring nations had had a say they would not have selected Mr. Wilson for the position he holds—making the wild hypothesis, to hold the point, that a circumstance might have arisen wherein the warring nations had a say; but, inasmuch as Mr. Wilson was selected for them, they have thrown themselves on his back and are urging him as their salvation. And we Americans are in the same case.

Any man who should make a prediction about any future contingency in these present world circumstances would set himself down as an ass; for this war, or any of its ramifications, is not subject to prognostication. Indeed, it is scarcely subject to review; for the operations are so vast that the knowledge of even the merest actuating impulse must be incomplete, unless it is personal, and then it is likely to be vague. And there never has been a time in the world's history when fixed policy has been so subject to the sway of exalted opportunism. Wherefore it is ridiculous, in setting down in print anything that may touch upon any phase of the war, to pretend there can be any knowledge of what will happen, and almost as ridiculous to try to comment on what has happened. If there is one great upstanding fact about this war it is that nobody knows anything about it—nobody!

Fixed and Proved Postulates

NEVERTHELESS, there are a few fixed and proved underlying principles or postulates that survive the day-to-day shifts and changes. They may be summarized thus: Peace is the uppermost thought in every mind. Ships—and not food, fuel, iron, money or soldiers—are the most important war factors in the world. Submarines—and not guns, bombs, gas, aëroplanes, tanks, trenches, or battles where great masses of men slay one another—are the most formidable of the opposing forces. These are world facts, as well as American facts. Peace is wanted. Ships will get peace. Submarines may prevent peace—or, worse, bring defeat.

There can be no discussion of peace without a correlated discussion of war, and no discussion of either without a definite statement of the time of the act; for events move rapidly, mysteriously, overwhelmingly, and any statement of either what is or shall be must be limited to a definite date. Therefore, it may be permissible to say here that what I may set down as, in my opinion, the present situation refers to the situation at the time this article was written—September sixteenth—and set down with every reservation that the three or four weeks which must elapse between writing and printing implies. Nor am I in any way attempting to convey the impression that I am giving any expression of the views or policies of President Wilson, except my own expression, gained after a long investigation of affairs at Washington and elsewhere, and predicated on sources of information that considerable experience has enabled me to gain, use and retain.

The mind of the President must inevitably, in circumstances like these, run in two distinct channels, with certain confluences from time to time, when the situation brings one line of thought in connection with its opposite. One channel is the war channel; the other channel is the peace channel. Of course it is obvious that all war, after it begins, is for the purpose of securing peace—victorious if possible; and that would indicate or assume interdependent thinking; but possibly that is not the case, for the reason that vigorous war is the concomitant of real peace, and, therefore, to be first to receive attention. However, if you put it in the phase that each step of war, vigorously prosecuted, has its exact bearing on a forthcoming peace, the confluences in the President's mind may occur often. Still, it must not be assumed that if the President is ardent for peace he is not equally ardent for a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war.

Let me set down here, in exact terms, that from every place which has to do with the making of war, in Washington and elsewhere, where there is first-hand or communicated contact with the President, comes the word that he is sternly and implacably intent upon the task that confronts him. It is beside the mark to conjecture as to whether his attitude is founded on the knowledge that the

more vigorous the war, the brighter the prospects for peace. That is true enough; but when the thoughts in the President's mind are flowing in the war channel they are all war thoughts, and the war urge is strong in him, as many of his lieutenants and executives will testify. There is no paltering about it. He is sane. He would welcome peace; but he isn't trying to get peace under the guise of playing at war. The war he demands, and will get, will be real war!

There is an old and battered typewriter in a corner of the room on the second floor of the residential part of the White House which the President uses for a study. On many mornings of each week, from eleven o'clock until one o'clock following, the President sits at that typewriter, and types his thoughts, instructions, plans, and outlines his letters and messages. Of course he uses the ordinary epistolary machinery, also, dictating at length to his stenographer; but, whenever he has anything personal to do, or any real thought to express, he goes to his typewriter and hammers out the words which give that thought form. It has a peculiar type, this machine—smaller than the usual typewriter face; and when any person acquainted with the President's method gets a communication which is typed in that small type, that person knows he has direct word from the head of the nation, unfiltered through any stenographer or other labor-saving medium.

He writes his speeches there. He wrote his reply to the Pope's peace proposal there. And if the instructions, orders, suggestions and plans for the successful and vigorous prosecution of this war his subordinates have received could be printed, it would be apparent to the world that Woodrow Wilson, though he may be eager for peace, is ever a fighting man first. He is an idealist, they say; a rhetorician; a man of theory and an altruistic liberal. Granting all that for the purpose of comparison, albeit it is well enough known that Mr. Wilson is a severely practical politician when he must be, the point to be made is that he is no idealist; no Utopian when it comes to fighting this war. He is as cold as a wedge about that. Win it! That is his constant instruction. Win it, and speed up in the winning!

How the President Gets Action

A CASE in point, which must be told with all personalities deleted, except that of the President: He put on his hat one afternoon and went to a certain Department. He walked in on the Cabinet member who is responsible for that Department. He asked for information on a certain point. This was at three o'clock of an afternoon.

"Show me!" he demanded in effect.

He wanted to know what was being done along certain lines. He listened to the rather labored report of his Cabinet member. That report was filled with references to what a certain allied government had suggested, and so on.

After the Secretary had finished, the President said, in general terms, "Send for So-and-so, and So-and-so," naming half a dozen men who are charged with various portions of the activities of that Department. These men came.

"Now, gentlemen," the President said—I am paraphrasing, of course—"I am not concerned, except that I recognize the eminent right of suggestion in what has been outlined to us as a proper method of procedure in this matter. I want an American plan; and I want it carried out by Americans."

There was more of the order than that, but that is sufficient to show how the President works. He went to that office at three o'clock. Before four there had been a complete change of program and the action the President demanded was assured. Then he walked back to the White House. And this didn't concern peace, either. It concerned the most effective and vigorous sort of war.

No person is more keenly alive to the hampering, devastating effects of the governmental system of doing business than the President; but, even with the power he has, he must work with the tools at hand. Washington is full of stories of blunders, stupidities and egoisms that are crimes; petty authorities standing in the way of progress; rigid adherence to precedent that wilts action; lack of decision, even on the part of the President himself; delays that have been culpable, almost treasonable; lack of foresight; divided authority that has held important plans in abeyance—all the numerous drawbacks and errors and bungles that have marked our frantic haste to prepare. But, with it all, he has been as patient as might be, striving to get action with as little friction as possible and at times getting action without considering friction.

In all this the President has made his errors: He has erred in the selection of men; he has placed authority wrongly; he has clung to elements that should have been eliminated; he has not been insensible to the claims of partisan politics and sectional prejudices; but in all this, too, he has steadfastly applied his powerful urge; and he has secured greater results than are known or will be known until the history of it all is clear.

A man who knows Washington need stay in Washington only a week to get sufficient material to fill a book of criticism of the President, for Washington is alive with critics; pestiferous with them. But those of us who know Washington know the utter disproportion of Washington criticism to Washington fact. Washington is a congenital cynic and a congenital grouch. Washington knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. Washington lacks perspective and prefers to contemplate a flyspeck on a window pane rather than to observe a sunset in the west. Moreover, Washington is jammed with outside critics, most of them with axes to grind; and these declamatory gentlemen make their supercilious declamations here and there. If there is a wormhole in one peach they denounce the entire crop as ruined.

They protest—these critics—that it will be the last day of democracy when a solidarity of public opinion in support of the President is obtained. Not that there is any chance of that; but this is the dugout from which they throw their gas bombs. They are all for free speech; but free speech, to them, means nothing but the chance to air their vealy opinions and mouth their wormhole criticisms; if not worse than that—to spread their sedition.

Now there is a candid middle ground; but these men will not take it. No person acquainted with the facts, and not partisan, will deny that there have been grievous faults in Washington, and will be—some presidential. No person who knows the President attributes omniscience to him or makes him superhuman. He is human in just the same degree as the rest of us. He makes his mistakes. His greatest mistake is in clinging to men of his own selection after their worthlessness in their positions is known. That seems to be an obsession with him.

There is no doubt that his delay in settling the shipping board controversy cost us a great deal of tonnage—not a doubt. A million tons, it is said; but, whether or not, a great deal. There is no doubt that the red-tapers and old fogies in the War Department who are retained in executive positions have made blunders and caused delays which have worked and are working to the detriment of our war affairs.

There is no doubt the insistence of these same men that everything put to them by the business men who are anxious to help in Washington shall be done the army way and according to fixed archaic army rules has worked harm—all because the army spirit is that, unless a man has been graduated at West Point, his ideas on anything military, or on anything to be done for the military, are not worthy of consideration.

Facts for Vealy Commentators

THERE is no doubt that the reluctance of the President to delegate authority has caused a noticeable bogging down in the production of the great machine being erected to carry on this war. Nor is there any doubt that a reorganization in many phases of the Executive Departments is much more necessary than apparent. With almost unlimited executive power, the President has at times shown a curious lack of executive determination, a regard for personal feelings and a stubbornness of opinion that have been disconcerting.

Now, then, admitting all this—as any person who has looked at Washington judicially since the war began will admit—what then? Just this: Taking into consideration all the delays, all the stupidities, all the lacks, all the bungles, all the mistakes, all the mighty host of maladministrations, strabisms, buggermuggeries, inefficiencies, lapses, official denseness, petty jealousies, red-tapism, and the devastating departmental system for doing business—taking all these into consideration, and marking each one plus, raising each to a high degree, the great American fact remains that since we got into this war the United States of America has made more progress, accomplished more things, achieved to a greater degree, gone further and more usefully than any other country ever did or ever will in a similar space of time and circumstance of operation.

Just how cannot be told in detail, for reasons of public policy; but when the time comes to set forth what has been accomplished up to this sixteenth of September, and what will be accomplished up to the next sixteenth of September, say, if the war continues, it will be known that these statements are not mere reckless jingoism.

They are facts, all the yelping, snarling critics, soreheads, free-speechers, senatorial objectors, alien traitors and vealy commentators to the contrary notwithstanding; all the political animadverters, purblind partisan yowlers, candidates for office, self-seekers, demagogues, flyspeck chasers, wormhole detectors, subterfugers and profiteers—and be damned to them!

The United States of America, through her organized departments and her volunteer aids, has done great things. I could sit here and pick flaws in unit after

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He Would Welcome Peace; But He Isn't Trying to Get Peace Under the Guise of Playing at War

"Overture and Beginners!"

By PHILIP CURTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

TO TELL the grim truth, John Verrill Abbot never had any use for me at all until he discovered that I knew Vera Fontaine. I am not even sure that he has had much since. That is the usual result of a bout with the upper classes, for that was the principal trouble with John. He was so refined that it hurt.

John, in short, was one of the men who put the broad A in Harvard. I used to laugh at him; yet I could never help having a sneaking admiration for him. If I could pronounce "duty" and "newspaper" and "bathtub" the way he does, without growing all red, I should never waste my time on a republic. Besides that, I had a fatherly feeling for John. I saw in him beautiful youth, with all its noble ideals; for, though we were almost the same age, he was one of those breathless boys who don't begin to grow up until they are thirty, while I was one of the dingy mutts who get into trouble before they are out of the kennels.

Vera Fontaine, unlike John, offered few problems to the earnest thinker. She was pretty, in a frail sort of way, and was good fun in a large party; but her brains were nothing to write home about. To be brutally frank, if Vera and the corner lamp-post should play a nine-hole match to see which knew the most, the last four holes would never be played and the lamp-post's friends would be spilling money like water. This is the actual truth, though the apparent truth was quite the reverse.

Strange as it sounds, with people who had never actually known her Vera had quite a reputation for cleverness. She had been on the stage for years; and on the stage she could be a soulful artist, a la-de-da countess or a clever adventuress, and look as if she were a real person, rung in for the part. There would not be a whisper of shading that she did not get out of the lines. I never tired of watching her and wondering how in the world she did it; for she never did it with her intellect. I would even go behind the scenes, so as to be sure there were no mirrors or confederates. It used to awe me to hear that wonderful wise woman saying those wonderful wise words and realize: "She does not understand one word she is saying. That beautiful dome is solid zinc."

That, of course, was what fooled John Verrill Abbot. Those cultured syllables and that meaning smile were what induced him to wrestle with his soul and then go out and do his bit; for John was not the only one who had done it. He was not the only man with a college degree and an earnest purpose who had seen Vera act and then decided that the stage had come into its own.

The precise date at which John began to wonder how Vera and his mother would get along together I have no means of knowing; but when I was tipped off, John Verrill Abbot was a very ripe specimen of a man in love with an actress. Whenever Vera Fontaine's name was mentioned at the club—and it was pretty often that year—John would become unnaturally casual and say, in what he thought was an offhand voice: "By the way, I wonder what sort of a girl she is off the stage." He asked that of three men in one afternoon, which resulted directly in my name being dragged into the affair; for, after he had asked the third time, an innocent bystander suggested: "Why don't you ask Gray? He knows her."

"Jack," Called Vera Suddenly, "Did I Tell You That I'm Going to Do a Picture for the Folly Films?"

I saw John glance in my direction; and though he did not speak to me at the time, I knew I had assumed a sudden new aspect in his eyes. I lay in ambush, as it were, behind a newspaper, and was quite prepared when John sauntered carelessly across the room and dropped into the chair at my side.

"Well, how's the boy?" he began, and the very phrase showed the tremendous concession he was making. It was about as characteristic of John Verrill Abbot as if he had spit and reversed his cuffs. He was simply trying to be a good fellow with one of the *bourgeoisie*. He was so pathetically boyish in giving up all he thought was great and good for the sake of his love that I really was sorry for him. I wanted to save him.

Now don't let me mislead you. As I said before, Vera Fontaine is a nice little girl and a rare hand with a hat and a veil, but there is nothing calculating in her make-up. It was not John's future that was troubling me. It was the awful clash to his boyish ideals; for John is one of those men who judge girls as experts judge coffee, entirely by the bean. He would be more upset by a split infinitive than by a broken heart.

"By the way," continued John with that awful innocence, "didn't somebody say that you knew Vera Fontaine?"

Then, without giving me time to answer, he hurried diligently to put me still more off the track.

"Why I ask," he went on, "is because I have been so interested in her performance in The Mousetrap. It was one of the most remarkable readings I ever heard. One couldn't help thinking that nobody except a lady born could play a lady like that."

He paused hopefully, giving me full chance to answer, but I was denser than usual, and he stammered on:

"I mean—I was just wondering—it occurred to me—well, of course, I don't want to drag in a girl's name; but—well, just what is she like unprofessionally?"

I pondered a long time, wondering which lie to tell; but I was never good at that sort of thing, so I resolved at last to sob out the truth.

"Well, John," I said in a nice fatherly way, "you know that this is the land of opportunity. The plowboy becomes president, and all that sort of thing; and you have to take people as you find them. Vera Fontaine is as nice a girl as I ever knew, but I think her course at Vassar was rather a failure; and if you want to examine her on Greek roots you'd better not. In other words, much as I admire Vera as a dispenser of light comedy and connoisseur of supper cards, if I wanted *bons mots* I would rather go somewhere else."

This was as delicate a method as I could find to tell him that if he should try to talk art to Vera she would show him a picture of herself; and that if he talked Browning she would listen, with soulful eyes, and then say "Isn't scenery grand?" I thought I was doing him a favor. I thought he would laugh like one man of the world to another, and write a letter to some nice little girl in Boston. Instead of that he stiffened up like the price of meat. His mouth became one straight line, and without a word he went off.

An hour or two later Billy Phelps came into my room upstairs with a grin on his face.

"Say, what have you been doing to His Lordship?"

"John Verrill Abbot?" I asked. "Why?"

Billy grinned again.

"Well, he didn't mention any names, but he dropped the following pearl: 'I never mind a man's being born a mucker. He can't help that; but when he persists in remaining a mucker there's no excuse for him.'"

Quietly and without rancor I explained:

"John Verrill has fallen in love with Vera Fontaine."

Billy whistled, then drew at his pipe and said nothing. I said nothing. Billy looked at me. I looked at Billy. After a long time Billy grinned. I grinned. One time Billy also had been in love with Vera Fontaine. One time so had I.

Billy sighed. Then he asked very gently:

"Has he met her yet?"

"No; so far he is just in love with her art."

"I see!" said Billy reverently. Then his face brightened. "By any chance did you mention Squiggles?"

I shook my head. For a long time Billy stared into space. "I am beginning to get it now," he said at last, like a medium in a trance. "I see it all. John Verrill sits in the stalls and watches Vera night after night, and gradually there comes to him the conviction that, of all New York, he alone has seen the real woman underneath. In that vast auditorium he alone realizes that it is not a woman acting, but a woman living. If only he can meet her, talk to her, in a few meaningful words she will see that he, too, 'understands.'"

"Precisely," I replied. "How did you know it?"

Billy's answer was simplicity itself:

"How did you?

"Be that as it may," continued Billy, "John Verrill decides to worship Vera aloud in your presence; but your fatal passion for truth compels you to say that she is a nice little baggage, or some such ill-advised and unmannerly phrase."

"I only meant——" I interrupted; but Billy held up his hand.

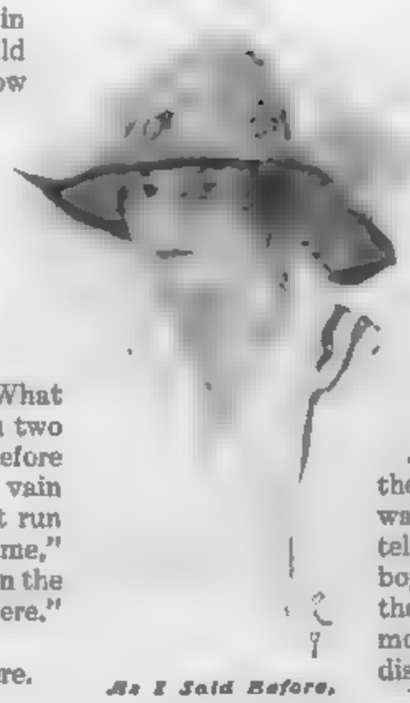
"Smarting under your own humiliation, you outlined Vera in the one-syllable words that would cover her case, using your low Middle Western accent. But instead of disillusioning John you made him more sure than ever that his eye alone could see what was hidden to the coarsereye. Instead of thanks you are called a mucker."

"That seems to cover it. What more could I do?"

"Nothing," replied Billy. "What could anyone have done for you two years ago, or for me a year before that? Scientists have sought in vain a cure for this disease. It must run its course. . . . Just the same," he added a moment later, "when the crash comes I should like to be there."

"So should I," I answered.

And, curiously, both of us were.



As I Said Before, Vera Fontaine Is a Nice Little Girl and a Rare Hand With a Hat and a Veil

II

THE reason for this unexpected privilege lay in the fact that although John Verrill's passion for Vera was only equaled by his distaste for Billy and me, yet we were the only two men he knew who had even a bowing acquaintance with Vera. In his origin Billy was just as log cabin as I. He was Clarence from the Corn Belt; and to ask us a favor was, for John, to bite the dust. Yet in the end John bit it. After weeks of hemming and hawing he came out like a little soldier and said he should like to know Vera.

"Why, John!" exclaimed Billy in well-feigned surprise. "Why didn't you say so? If I had had any idea that you would care to meet Vera we should have fixed it up long ago."

John looked his suspicions, but did not give them utterance.

"I have been interested in her work for some time," he said, rather stiffly.

"Of course! Of course!" applauded Billy. "I know she will enjoy meeting you. She's a —— She's a nice little girl."

At first it was suggested that Billy should give a supper at Terry's—it was Saturday; but when Vera had been located on the phone she claimed an alibi. Then, not to be outdone in fine old Southern hospitality, she said she was spending most of her time at her place up the Hudson and asked whether we could come up there on Sunday.

At this suggestion John Verrill Abbot was so excited that he trembled. To meet his goddess at supper would have been an event; but to spend a whole day with her, in her own home, surrounded by her books and her few choice knickknacks, was more than he had dared to ask of Fate. He already knew more or less what her home life was like, for he had seen a picture of her in a magazine in a garden hat and completely bounded by rosebushes.

"I love my art; but even more I love my flowers," had been the quotation from Vera's own lips under the picture.

Thus it was arranged that at ten sharp on Sunday morning we were to meet Vera at the Nuttingham, where she lived when in town, and motor her to her place on the Hudson; for John had a motor of parts. John's motor, in fact, was like John himself. In reality it was nothing but a plain and simple Windsor. It was advertised everywhere for eleven-ninety-five, f. o. b. Detroit; yet somehow, just because it was John Verrill Abbot's car, it looked like a million dollars.

At nine-forty-five, then, on Sunday we quaffed a flagon and sailed away, John and the car looking like the Meadowbrook Hunt, Billy and I like visiting Elks.

At the Nuttingham, it being Sunday, the lobby loungers were having the usual convention. The place was full of them, masculine and feminine. From every chair a pair of eyes gazed, under a full-rigged hat, and at every post a bamboo cane and a striped collar stood at attention to watch us pass. I could see John Verrill's shoulders register disgust; but, disregarding the canaille, he followed Billy to the desk, where Billy asked for Miss Fontaine.

In a raucous voice the clerk shouted across to the switchboard operator: "See whether Miss Vera Fontaine is in her room."

His words were audible to all that part of the world. Half a dozen bamboo canes stopped beating and half a dozen full-rigged hats looked up. If silence could descend in that lobby it would have descended then, a silence broken only by Billy's voice as, with malice aforethought, he carefully gave all our names.

"Mr. Phelps, Mr. Gray and Mr. Abbot are here," called the operator into her instrument, using a high shrill soprano for the benefit of any in the lobby who had not caught the first announcement. Then, as the silence reached its greatest intensity, she called back to us: "Miss Fontaine will be right down."

"Miss Fontaine will be right down," repeated the clerk, to make sure that the entire lobby knew all about it.

All three of us tried to look unconscious; and then, as the murmurs started up again and the world round us resumed its usual tasks, we tried to joke in low hollow tones.

Five minutes passed. Eight separate times the elevator came to the lobby floor and clanged open its doors. Eight separate times we started forward expectantly.

Four times the elevator disgorged family parties; three times it disgorged large fat men, and once it disgorged a chambermaid with a dustpan.

Just as it was getting funny and we had ceased to hope, the elevator clanged open once more and the whole place was aware of commotion. Clerks looked up, pen on ear; telephone operators tried to peer over counters, and bell boys seemed to be massing for action. Vera was partly the reason. The elevator had disgorged her, but the turmoil and the shouting were due to the fact that it had not disgorged Squiggles. Squiggles refused to be disgorged.

Yes, Squiggles was a dog. He was worse than that: he was a dog utterly without shame and utterly without character. His only purpose in life was to attract attention. He had the soul of a charlatan. Quiet enough at home, he had only to be in a crowded place and his baser passions were all let loose. In his own back yard, with nobody looking, he was afraid of the kitchen cat; but put him on Fifth Avenue and he wanted to fight the mounted police. Every evil habit he reserved for large audiences.

Thus Squiggles, for the benefit of the entire Nuttingham, was up to his usual tricks. If he had been urged to stay in the elevator he would, of course, have bolted right out of it; but, being urged to vacate, his only course was to stay while Vera wheedled, elevator boys urged, waiting passengers fretted, and would-be passengers on upper floors rang general alarms. Followed by the eyes of the world, John, Billy and I rushed forward to volunteer, and reached the cage just as Vera went back and came out with Squiggles clasped in her arms.

"Miss Fontaine," said Billy solemnly, "may I present Mr. Abbot?"

John Verrill bowed in his best drawing-room style, but Vera acknowledged it absently. Her attention was still focused on Squiggles.

"Isn't he sweet?" she asked of us and of everyone else within fifty feet. "Shake hands, Squiggsy!" she urged.

She grabbed one paw and held it toward John. John tried to be genial, but Squiggsy growled.

"Oh, Squiggsy!" reproved Vera in a petting tone. Then, with the tact for which she was noted, she explained: "He doesn't like many people—only those he knows are all right. . . . I want to leave word at the desk," added Vera once more in a human voice; and, with the three of us trailing after, she started.

"Mr. Sullivan," she said to the clerk in a tone of fine camaraderie, "the taps in my bathroom won't work."

"Is that so?" answered the clerk. "I'll look it up." And he did so, while Vera leaned on the counter and argued with Squiggles, who tried to upset the ink.

I stole a glance at John Verrill Abbot; for, in the Abbot code, Rule One was never to do one thing in a public place that could attract attention, and the four of us were now attracting all the attention there was.

I have intimated that Squiggles was largely the reason for this; but, in the excitement of rhetoric, I have neglected to do Vera justice. The scene called, as you may remember, for a young woman about to start for a day in the country. My conception of the rôle may have differed from Vera's; certainly John's did; for, to the common eye, Vera was dressed for a day on a poster. I do not know the names of all the things she had on. I doubt that they had any names; but white spats might be mentioned. They were only a detail. As to Vera's face, if anyone had called at that moment "Overture and beginners!" she could have gone right on for her part, with no fear of the footlights.

John's eyes were pathetic. In them his love was still struggling; but I knew his fingers were crossed. I knew he was taking an oath he would never drink or swear again if only he could get out of that hotel before anyone he knew came in. John's wish was granted, for after a few more minor adventures we made our escape to the motor; and Billy and I stowed ourselves in behind. As we started up into the Park we could see John breathe freer; but his happiness was short-lived.

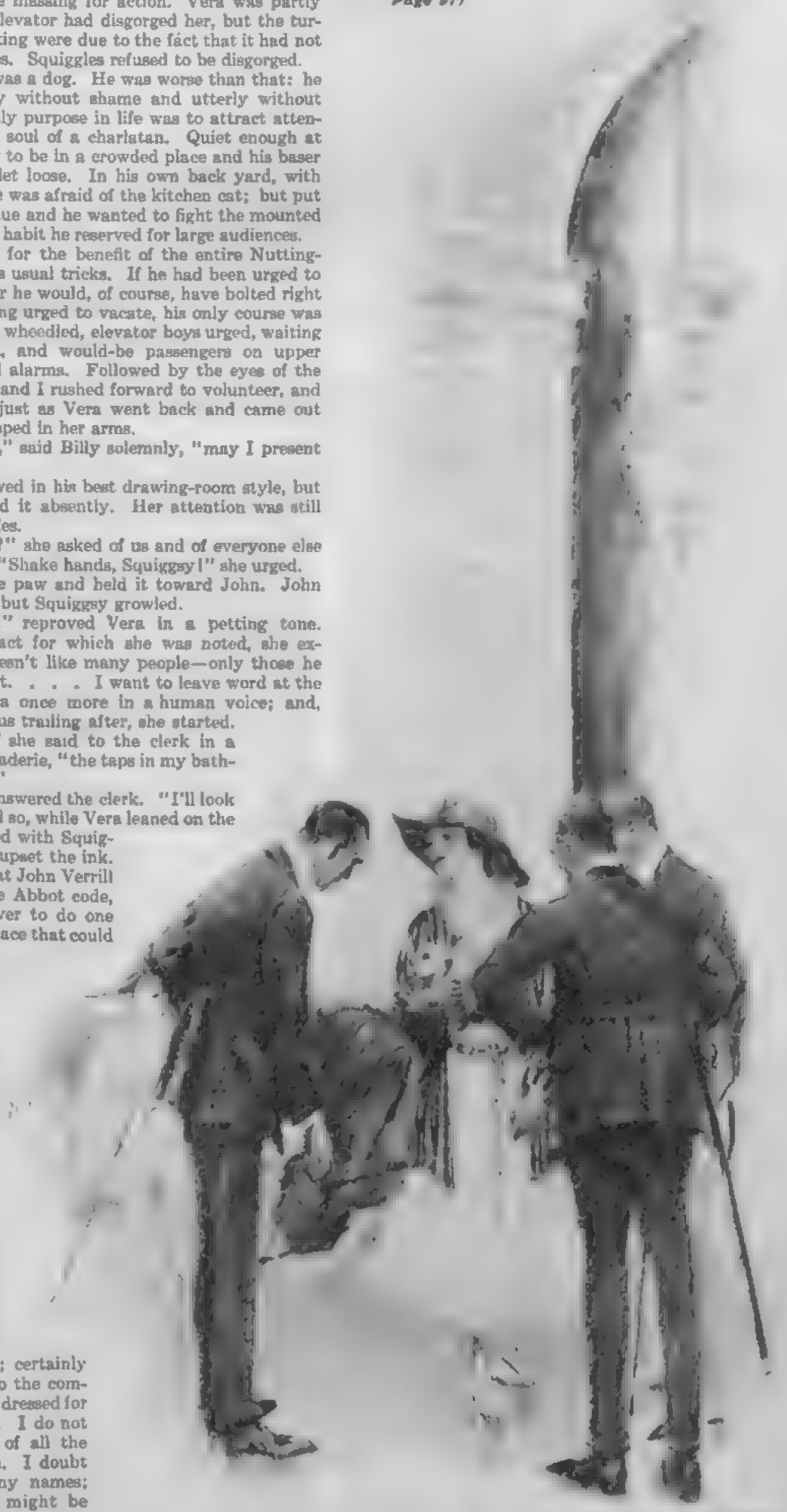
"Is this your car?" asked Vera.

John admitted the soft impeachment.

"What kind is it?"

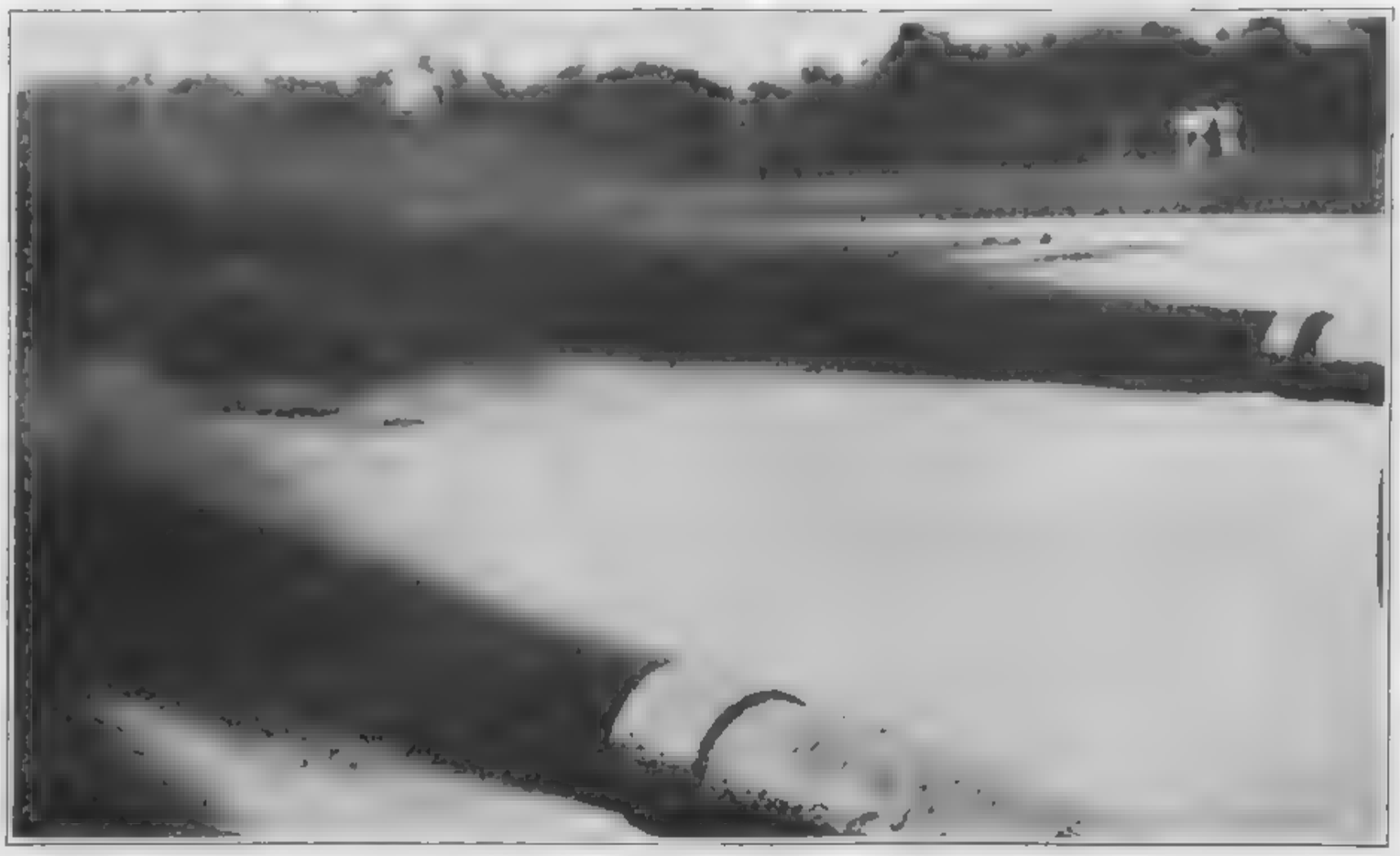
"A Windsor," said John, rather hesitatingly.

(Continued on Page 97)



But Vera Acknowledged It Absently. Her Attention Was Still Focused on Squiggles

Germany's Ally at Tampico



The Oil Gusher at Tampico

By Carl W. Ackerman

TWO American warships are stationed at Tampico to-day to watch Germany's ally in Mexico. From time to time one of them lifts anchor, steams out of the Pánuco River and patrols the Gulf Coast. Suspicious ships are examined, wireless messages are picked up, and night and day the trained eyes of the lookouts search the seas for hostile periscopes. When the monitor returns the destroyer slips away under cover of darkness to a secret destination.

From the Government wireless tower at Arlington, Virginia, the Navy Department directs the movement of these ships as it plans Uncle Sam's moves on the great international oceanic chessboard. Eternal vigilance is the price of peace at Tampico, the greatest oil port in the world. From the jungle sixty miles away flows the endless stream that propels and lubricates the Allied military machine; for the weapons with which the United States, England and France are fighting the dictators of the Central Powers in European waters, on land and in the air, are dependent upon Tampico for fuel oil, gasoline and lubrication.

Because Germany's ally, the I. W. W., operates in Tampico our battleships cruise in Mexican territorial waters to protect this oil basin without which the war cannot be won.

A few months ago agents of the Industrial Workers of the World organized a strike along the docks in an attempt to tie up all shipping at this port. Money was sent from New York by German agents to Tampico to be used against the oil companies and the Allies. A special messenger carrying fourteen thousand dollars was spotted as he landed. At that time the quick intervention of United States naval officers and the coöperation of the managers of the oil companies and the Mexican authorities aborted the German plot. The strike failed and the I. W. W. leaders were temporarily discredited; but to-day the same plotters, inspired by the same foreigners and financed by the same interests, are working through the Laborers' Union and the Union of Port Mechanics—the I. W. W. in sheep's clothing. They are preparing the workers for another lockout by urging the men to strike for higher wages, though the wages now paid are the highest in the world for this kind of labor. The I. W. W. propaganda is as lawless as the German agitation in Russia, but always one American man-of-war has its eyes on the city. The captain in command, the United States consul and the representatives of the American and British oil companies are watching, working and waiting.

The Troubles of the Oil Men

THE German-paid Industrial Workers take advantage of every event to incite the laborers, the poor peon puppets of the ruthless leaders. They are paid and inspired by German influences, as even Herr Mueller, the Austrian consul, acknowledged. When the governor of Arizona, for example, shipped several hundred disloyal miners out of his state the following appeal was printed and scattered through the streets like dirty snow:

WORKERS AND ENEMIES

The Union of Port Mechanics having knowledge that 2000 striking mine workers of Bisbee, Arizona, U. S. A., have been deported to the Hermanas Desert, New Mexico, being thus compelled by force of rifles and machine guns to desert their families, who remain there by the lawless work of the enemies of the working class in the most frightful misery and suffering the greatest privations:

For this reason this Union, in a spirit of humanitarianism and companionship, PROTESTS and CURSES this action accomplished by the steel kings, and publishes its discontent publicly against all who act arbitrarily, restricting the right of freedom to those who with pride call themselves workmen.

For the Union of Port Mechanics. THE COMMITTEE.

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL.

In addition to the handbill propaganda the I. W. W. publishes one daily and one weekly newspaper, and the editors and writers have all come from the United States since Congress declared war against the German Government.

But the I. W. W. is not the only lawless organization with which the oil companies have to contend. While the Carranza Government controls the city of Tampico, General Don Manuel Pelaez, one of the rebel leaders, is the king of the oil fields. President Carranza's authority extends only eight miles from the city limits and along the railway line to Monterey, the industrial city in Northern Mexico. The direct railway line from Tampico to Mexico City is blocked. Señor Carranza's officials control the docks and the tank reservoirs near the city. On the other side of the Neutral Zone, or Mexico's No Man's Land, watch the Pelaez soldiers. General Pelaez controls the beginning, President Carranza the end, of the oil business. Pelaez taxes the production; Carranza taxes the exportation. Pelaez and his army—estimated at three thousand to twenty-seven thousand men, depending upon the authority quoted—get forty thousand dollars a month protection money from the oil companies. Carranza gets one hundred thousand dollars in taxes every month from the Standard Oil Company; two hundred thousand dollars a month from the Huasteca Petroleum Company, and more from the Lord Cowdray interests. The oil producers maintain Pelaez, his soldiers and his government, and they contribute more than any other foreign interest toward the revenues of the present Mexican Government.

But—and this is where the story of King Pelaez begins—the trouble at Tampico has not been in the territory controlled by the bandit, but within the city limits, dominated by the central government. There have been no strikes in the oil districts where this black, crude product gushes from the earth at the rate of nearly a million barrels a day. No American lives have been lost; no American or European property has been destroyed.

In Tampico itself strikes have occurred and may develop at any time. No one can tell what a combination of I. W. W. agitators and German intriguers may do. But the curious thing is that the oil companies are satisfied.

"We believe," remarked one of the managers, "and the United States believes, that as long as we are at war with Germany it is best to leave well enough alone. We are getting oil out of Mexico. That is our part. That is what the United States and Great Britain want. That is what the companies want."

"But how are you going to adjust this situation finally?" I asked.

"*Quién sabe?*" they answered. They don't know. No one else seems to know. But of this they are certain: They don't want President Carranza to control the oil fields, especially during the war. They fear that if his generals control the wells they will submit to German influence and demand a prohibitive tax under threat of cutting the pipe lines. The oil companies are opposed to the policy of the United States Government in lifting the embargo on war material, because they maintain that if the present government begins an attack upon Pelaez the oil companies will suffer. They declare that the only thing that maintains peace is the lack of ammunition.

Time was when the oil interests were under the thumb of General Pelaez. To-day Pelaez and his chief insurgent, General Enriquez, are ruled by the companies; but the relations, at that, are very cordial, though some of the smaller oil companies do not feel this way.

I was sauntering through the hot streets en route to my hotel one day when I met the secretary of one of the small but important companies.

"I have some documents that may interest you," he said, "providing the name of our company is not used. We have just been held up for six thousand dollars."

I accompanied him to his office, where he showed me the correspondence he has had with General Enriquez, the so-called brains of the Pelaez Government because he is the only educated man on the rebel leader's staff.

One of the notices in Spanish, as translated, reads:

REVOLUTIONARY ARMY

Pelaez Division CIRCULAR Military Command

I beg to advise you gentlemen that twelve days are conceded to you, counting from this date, in order that you may please cover your debts which you have pending with this military command. It is understood that if the same are not paid within the term specified that I shall be obliged to proceed in a manner I may deem convenient.

LIBERTY, JUSTICE AND LAW

Juan Casiano, Mex., August First. ENRIQUEZ.

The three impressive words—Liberty, Justice, Law—make up the motto of the Pelaez Government. Though one is tempted to look for practical evidences of the motto, one does not, because it might not be safe! Explorations in an oil jungle should be limited to oil. At least that is what I was advised.

Mexican Business Methods

IT IS not safe, either, to send money to Pelaez or Enriquez, except by trusted messenger. The danger is not so much that the money might be lost or stolen as that some government authority might hear of it and you might be arrested for giving aid and comfort to an enemy of the Mexican Government. The cautious policy is always the safest in Mexico. This company, of course, knew the rules of the game and dispatched the twelve thousand pesos to Enriquez. A note thanking the general for his services in protecting the company's properties accompanied the tribute. A few days later General Enriquez acknowledged it in the following manner:

Appreciable Sir: I take note of your courteous letter of the second instant, and in reply I wish to state that I take pleasure in offering myself to your orders.

Your true and attentive servant, ENRIQUEZ.

A few months ago, when conditions were less settled one might say less unsettled too—King Pelaez used to require unusually large sums at irregular intervals. But this was not an approved business method in the United States, so it was explained to Pelaez, who a few years ago was an ignorant rancher, and Pelaez was convinced that he should receive his taxes regularly, as all governments do. Pelaez has a teachable mind!

But not many months ago Pelaez demanded twenty thousand dollars from one of the companies. The corporation had already paid a large sum and could not afford to meet his requirements; but Pelaez was, at the time, an unlimited monarch. He made war or peace as freely as the

German Kaiser. And inasmuch as Pelaez had the army to destroy the company's wells the treasurer knew the taxes had to be paid, so he bought twenty thousand dollars in counterfeit money and gave it to Pelaez. The general did not examine the bills, and everything was satisfactory.

The next day Pelaez paid his soldiers, and when they attempted to pass it in the small villages the shopkeepers refused anything but metal coin. The general notified the treasurer and demanded real money immediately. The treasurer explained that he could not come to camp for several days but that he would adjust the matter. It was quite evident that a mistake had been made!

Three days later he appeared at Pelaez's headquarters.

"Where is that money?" he asked.

Pelaez handed it back. The treasurer took from his pocket a rubber stamp that he had had made and, one by one, stamped each bill with the following:

MONEY OF THE PELAEZ GOVERNMENT. GOOD.

"Now if you can't get your soldiers to accept this money of your own government," the treasurer stated, "I don't think much of your government."

Production of the Tampico Fields

PELAEZ was impressed. All governments should have their own currency. Now Pelaez had his! The soldiers accepted the money, and so did the shopkeepers! The twenty thousand dollars cost the treasurer two hundred dollars.

But not even a peon king can be fooled the same way twice. Another company tried to give Pelaez counterfeit money, but this brought the following notice to all companies from General Enriquez:

REVOLUTIONARY ARMY
Pelaez Division — Military Command
CIRCULAR

In view of the fact that in the circulation of the new ten-dollar gold pieces—twenty pesos—many counterfeit coins are coming out I have to request of you gentlemen that in the future you will please make your payments in coins of prior coinage or in five-peso pieces.

LIBERTY, JUSTICE AND LAW
ENRIQUEZ.
Juan Casiano, Mexico, August 1, 1917.

These are only a few of the many interesting circulars and letters that were shown me by the oil companies. One does not wonder why the companies do not protest when one learns how important the protection by Pelaez and his band of bandits is. These figures, taken from the records of the United States consulate at Tampico as furnished to the State Department by Claude I. Dawson, the consul, show that during the first six months of this year 24,427,837 barrels of oil in all forms were exported:

TABLE OF OIL EXPORTS FROM TAMPICO	BARRELS
January	2,968,390
February	3,405,886
March	4,758,204
April	4,014,535
May	4,337,056
June	4,941,206
Total amount of oil shipped in six months to the United States, and all foreign countries, exclusive of oil used by steamers for fuel purposes.	24,427,837

This, however, is far below the possible production of the Tampico fields. With the present equipment, pipe lines, pumping stations and wells the oil companies operating can produce as much as a million barrels of oil a day, but if any more oil were produced there would be no ships to carry it away. The submarine losses are felt in Tampico too.

A million barrels of oil every twenty-four hours—enough, seemingly, to fill the Hudson River, if the basin of that river off Manhattan Island ever went dry!

The largest producing companies in the Tampico district are El Aguila, the Mexican Eagle Company, belonging to Lord Cowdray, and the Huasteca Petroleum Company, founded by Mr. E. L. Doheny, of Los Angeles. These two corporations have the most wells and the largest wells, measured by daily capacity. Both companies have big camps in the oil jungle. At the Cowdray camp at Terra Armeria General Pelaez lives with his staff and soldiers. General Enriquez and his staff live at Juan Casiano, the biggest Doheny camp. The Standard Oil Company, the Mexican Gulf Company and the Texas Company are the largest refiners of oil. They purchase the crude oil from many of the small producers and make gasoline, fuel oil, kerosene and thirty other products, which they ship to all parts of the world.

"Who is Pelaez?" I asked in Tampico.

"An ignorant Mexican rancher," was the universal reply. "He is a revolutionist, like all of us, against the Carranza government. He has a loyal army that protects our property and workers. Pelaez is king of the police in the oil districts."

"And Enriquez?" I questioned.

"A Mexican doctor," answered the foreigners, "cultured, educated, refined, and a thorough gentleman. He had a drug store in Tuxpan—another port on the Gulf of Mexico, pronounced as if spelled T-u-s-p-a-n. When the revolution broke out the Carranza troops burned his store. He lost forty thousand pesos and joined the forces against the First Chief of the Constitutionalists. He is fighting in the field to-day, awaiting the time when a responsible government will be established in Mexico City. Then he will go back into business."

I was talking to one of the producers one day when he asked whether I would like to meet Pelaez and Enriquez.

The Gushers of the Cerro Azul Oil Well—Six Hundred Feet High. United States Warships at Anchor in Tampico Harbor

"The oil king?" I asked. "Certainly! Long live the king!"

When one is in Mexico one must do what the Mexicans do! One must shout "Long live Pelaez!" when one is in his territory.

It is a safe policy anyway always to be Mexican to a Mexican. I was lunching one day with an American official who had been sent into this country to meet the various factions. He told me the difficulties he had in being Mexican, but he said it paid him, and he cited the following instance:

He was in a small coast town, where he called to pay his respects to the governor. He desired a friendly talk and knew the best place would be about a banquet table, so he invited the general and his staff to dinner. The officer was bashful. That, indeed, was unusual. The general sent word that while he would enjoy lunching with American officers he was compelled to excuse himself because he had not been trained to dine with such high personages! The American and his staff were shocked upon finding a general who did not proclaim hourly what a great, accomplished gentleman he was even if, two years ago, he was a night watchman in Vera Cruz. The Americans urged the general to come, and he did.

Before the guests arrived the visitors held a conference and the chief said:

"General Blank, commander of the State of Blank, is coming to dinner to-night. I want every one of you gentlemen to take your table manners from him. If he eats soup with tortillas, chicken with his fingers and drinks out of the finger bowl, every man does the same! The guests are not to be embarrassed."

The Americans, in a cordial but not a very polished manner, welcomed the Mexicans. At the table there was a great deal of talking at first, and everyone waited for the general to begin to eat. But he didn't! And they waited a little longer, until the soup was cooled. Finally the American official, who had been in Mexico long enough to know that one must do as the Mexicans do, drank his soup. Without a smile or a murmur everyone did the same. When the meat was served fingers and knives were used, and at the close of the meal toothpicks instead of finger bowls were passed. The general was delighted to think that he could eat with Americans and be so contented! To this day he is pro-American!

Million-Acre Holdings

I HAD been in Mexico several weeks, and when an opportunity came to see a live bandit I was enthusiastic, and I got up as early on the morning we left as I did years ago when the circus came to Richmond, Indiana.

To reach the Mexican oil fields one must travel between sixty and eighty miles south of Tampico. At the wharf one boards a fast gasoline launch at sunrise and travels through the canal and Pánuco River some twenty miles to a landing station belonging to one of the oil companies. Eight miles out of the city one meets a band of eight Carranza soldiers. They are on outpost duty to see that no Pelaez followers enter the city. From this point on one need not say "This belongs to one of the oil companies," because everything below, above and on the earth belongs to some oil concern. The Lord Cowdray and the Doheny corporations have more than a million acres each.

From this small dock one rides by automobile twenty miles farther into the jungle, over the only wagon road in this part of Mexico. Another launch takes one across Lake Tamahua to San Geronimo. As one glides through the quiet waters early in the day one sees thousands of flying fish, and at times the horizon is blackened with wild duck. There are so much game and so few hunters that this is an undreamed-of paradise.

As the launch swerves toward the dock one sees several hundred Mexican laborers standing about the

(Concluded on Page 83)

A NATURAL OVERSIGHT

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

OPDYKE'S temper was as touchy as gunpowder. That was his weak point. When the brass molders submitted their unexpected ultimatum, with a forty-eight-hour limit, he exploded internally. It was with much difficulty, and under a strong sense of obligation to the absent owner, that he restrained himself from telling them point-blank to go to the devil.

Having composed a cablegram to the owner, setting forth the men's unreasonableness in strong terms and concluding "We muat fight," he showed the message to Plimson, his elder and presumably his superior in authority, though that point was not exactly settled. Plimson approved and joined in signing the message.

Two cables came in reply, and both of them—in Opdyke's absence—lay on Plimson's desk. One was addressed "Plimson, McEldowney Brass Works, Chicago." He slit that yellow envelope with a paper knife and read:

Offer to arbitrate. Try all means possible to avert strike; but I authorize both of you to do what is necessary.

There was no signature, but the text and the Japanese date showed from whom it came. After reading his message Plimson sat for a good while pondering and contemplating the other envelope, which was addressed "Opdyke, McEldowney Brass Works, Chicago."

Plimson was then in his fiftieth year—a lean, dry-looking person with a stringy neck. The reddish hair was getting thin and gray over the top of his tall head, and he had scarcely any eyebrows. His small eyes were set close together; his long upper lip projected somewhat, beak-like; his chin receded. The bony face seemed indecorously naked; one wished there was a beard, or at least a mustache, to hide the straight, thin-lipped mouth.

He was getting old—and he was still far from rich, though he had worked hard and schemed much within the narrow limits that niggard Fate had assigned him. The position of superintendent of a brass works offered few enough opportunities. And he was getting old.

For a long time a fascinating thought had lain, fattening, in the back of his head. In the matter of this cablegram it seemed that Fate was turning a propitious face toward him. He knew there had been many clashes between Opdyke's touchy, aggressive temper and the imperious temper of the absent owner. . . . Fate seemed to be smiling. He inserted the end of a penholder beneath the flap of the other yellow envelope and opened it gently, so it could be resealed. The message that he extracted said:

"Do the best you can for me."

For some further minutes Mr. Plimson studied the two cables—while that fascinating thought in the back of his head expanded. Then he put the Opdyke message in his pocket and slipped over to the door and locked it noiselessly.

A folding typewriter stood on top of his desk, for he preferred writing all private letters with his own hand. He took it down, got a cable blank out of a drawer, laid the cablegram to himself on his desk and copied it almost verbatim—almost, for his copy ran:

Opdyke too arbitrary. By all means positively avert strike. I authorize you to do what is necessary.

The little cryptic notations of the telegraph company were repeated exactly as in the original message. He put his amended copy in the envelope addressed to himself and laid it away in his desk.

Drawing a wallet from his hip pocket he took a bit of printed paper from it—a small classified advertisement, whose worn state showed that it had been carried in the wallet for some time. It said that translations from the French, German and Spanish would be made with accuracy and dispatch at the Universal Commercial College, whose address was far on the North Side of the city. Having refreshed his memory as to the address, Mr. Plimson tore the advertisement into bits and dropped the bits into his wastebasket.

He then went into the next room, which had been Cyrus McEldowney's office and was not now regularly occupied by anyone. A metal letter-filing case stood in the corner. From the compartment marked "R" Mr. Plimson extracted three letters in German, which he put into his pocket. Taking his hat he left word in the front office that he would be gone for an hour or two and went downstairs to the street.

Though the day was warm he wore a derby hat that showed evidence of much brushing and much exposure to the sun. Judging by his dress one would have taken Mr. Plimson to be an unprosperous clerk. As a matter of course he boarded a street car, for he never used a cab. It had long been a galling thought that for all his meticulous economy he was far from rich; his speculative ventures had been quite uniformly unfortunate.

For an institution with so sounding a name the Universal Business College was modestly housed—occupying, in fact, the lower floor of a three-story flat building round the corner from a thoroughfare of retail shops and moving-picture theaters. An ample blond lady of uncertain age was in charge. To her Mr. Plimson explained dryly:

"My home is in Pittsburgh. I am here on business for a few days. My partner was a German. He's dead now. Just as I was leaving home I found these three letters. I think they may contain some directions about the business I am looking after; but I can't read German myself. It won't be necessary to write out translations. You just read them over and tell me what they say."

The first letter, she said, was dated Mannheim, Germany, August 29, 1914, and was addressed Dear Friend. It employed that form of the personal pronoun which Germans use when addressing intimates. After describing a voyage from New York it was taken up with war conditions in the Fatherland.

Mr. Plimson appeared to be disappointed with it. His close-set eyes bored at the translator in a manner that might indicate a suspicion that she was fooling him.

The second letter was dated the fourteenth of September. It began by acknowledging receipt of a letter from the addressee. At the next words Mr. Plimson cocked his head to one side and listened more intently.

They Had Had Nearly an Hour to Talk Before the Night Express Came Through

"'Have thanks, dear friend, for looking after those trolley bonds for me,'" she read. "'Keep them for me. Also my Steel. I should have sold it for whatever it would fetch, and regret that I did not do so in spite of thy advice to hold it. But do with it as thou thinkest best. Our newspapers say there is panic over there. If thou shouldst be anywise pressed for cash and the little of mine thou hast—the trolley bonds and the Steel—can be of any use to thee, use them freely as though they were thine own. It is altogether due to thee, dear friend, that I possess any goods whatever. The ——'" She broke off and hesitated a moment; then laughed amiably. "Well, he says 'The damned English.'"

There followed a sheet about the war, written with all the fervor of an outraged patriot. Then:

"'I am too old to carry a musket; but I am in hopes of getting something of importance to do. It will be dangerous; but who should care about that now? If I should not return, the securities are thine, with my love and gratitude.'"

Mr. Plimson stirred a little in his chair; his eyes seemed to grow hot.

The last letter was dated September thirtieth and was brief.

She had some difficulty in deciding just what the sense of a couple of sentences was. At any rate it said that something of importance had been found for him to do; that he was leaving on the following day, and it would be useless to try to reach him by mail until further notification. It concluded: "We may not meet again. God protect thee." The other letters had been signed with the initials M. R. This one was signed Michael.

Mr. Plimson thoughtfully pinched a fold of tough flesh at the point of his receding chin and considered a moment.

"You might," he said, "write me out a translation of those two parts of the second letter where he speaks of his bonds and his Steel."

She read over the passages to make sure she understood which parts he meant; said it would take only a moment and asked him to wait while she stepped into the next room, where several typewriters had been clicking during the interview. She returned in a moment, gave him his letters, together with a typewritten sheet containing a translation of the two passages, took his fee and saw him to the door with an ample smile.

Going downtown on the Elevated, Mr. Plimson read over the translations very carefully a couple of times. Downtown he took a street car to the brass works, on the West Side. Entering the general office the first thing he really saw—through the open door of the room next his own—was a large, square-shouldered, coatless figure, with shirt sleeves rolled above the elbows of mighty arms, bending over a desk.

Partly from habit Mr. Plimson slipped noiselessly into his own room. Having taken off his hat he stood a moment staring at his desk, his mouth slightly open as though he breathed with some difficulty. Perspiration—which the warmth outside had not induced—broke out on his brow. He drew a long, slow breath; his thin lips came together in a straight line. Then he took his amended edition of the cablegram from his desk, went into Opdyke's room and silently handed it to the big man at the desk.

The big man looked up with a sort of challenge. There was an atmosphere of wrath about him—smoldering in his dark gray eyes, darkling in his slight fixed frown, menacing in the muscles of his rugged jaw.

In fact, the insolence of those brass molders kept his mind at the boiling point. He was fairly aching to try conclusions with them. But, seeing a figure no more hostile than dry, neutral Mr. Plimson, his face lightened somewhat.

"A wire?" he said lightly, and took the envelope. At once his face darkened again. This envelope was addressed to Plimson; not to him, or to him and Plimson jointly, or even impersonally to the works. He was expressly left out. He drew forth the sheet and read: "Opdyke too arbitrary. By all means positively avert strike. I authorize you to do what is necessary."

Color came into his face and slowly deepened, spreading from the soft collar that bound his columnar neck to the roots of his dark hair. He felt anger, white hot—and a rankling wound too.

The hand that held the paper trembled a little; a minute passed before he could trust himself to speak. Then he did not look up. Handing back the telegram with a slow motion, his eyes fixed on his desk, he said with an effort to keep his voice steady:

"Very well, Plimson. I resign to-day. It's all in your hands. . . . Wire her so."

Mr. Plimson gently cleared his throat and spoke deprecatingly, with a kind of bone-dry sympathy:

"I was afraid you'd take it hard. She's very dictatorial. If I were you I'd think it over. Don't resign at once."

Opdyke stared at his desk. The outrage came up to him in a lump, so to speak. Man and boy, he'd toiled for these works twenty years. Especially these last two years—since Cyrus McEldowney's death—he'd toiled hard for her. He got a slap in the face—administered in public, as one might say. He began rolling down his shirt sleeves.

"I've resigned right now," he said.

"Sorry," said Mr. Plimson in his dusty manner, and gently cleared his throat. Like a decorous mourner at a funeral he turned and tiptoed out, leaving the big man with a spear through him.

In his own room he closed the door, glanced round, struggled a moment to prevent it, and then grinned. A witness would have said he showed good taste in closing the door before he gave that grin. He knew grinning was foolish; but a sense of triumph so danced in his brain and leaped in his nerves that he couldn't help it. This rare opportunity to get Opdyke out of the way amounted to a special dispensation of Providence.

He thought it fairly certain that choleric Opdyke would leave Chicago altogether, for better opportunities awaited him in the East. He felt sure that imperious Julia McEldowney, receiving notice that Opdyke had peremptorily resigned, would be as implacably angry as the ex-general manager was, and neither would dream of making a move toward reconciliation. These splenetic tempers had their usefulness, after all.

Mr. Plimson had been on his own since he was fourteen. His record would bear any scrutiny it was at all likely to receive. He had never committed a gross, bold dishonesty. He'd never had a good opportunity, and besides being intensely acquisitive he was intensely conservative.

This unique opportunity he had been studying for months from every angle, with an ever-growing itch. It was so safe, so sure, so huge, that what danced in his brain required expression in the secret grin, which might have startled a jackal.

Michael Reiner had been a protégé of Cyrus McEldowney, by whose backing and advice he had prospered. Time came when the modest sheet-steel mill in which he held an interest was absorbed by the Bethany Steel Company. Reiner received eight hundred shares of the common stock of that concern—stock which prudent persons then regarded with extreme dubiety. War broke out. Reiner closed up his Chicago affairs, excepting ten dubious trolley bonds and the almost equally dubious steel stock, and went to Germany to serve the Fatherland. Presumably he was dead. Certainly Cyrus McEldowney was dead. The trolley bonds and steel certificates lay in the vault in a thick brown envelope superscribed "Property of Michael Reiner," in Cyrus McEldowney's bold hand. It was rather doubtful whether a living person knew of that envelope—that is, a living person except James T. Plimson. It was more doubtful whether anything existed, save McEldowney's terse notation on the back of the envelope.

Mr. Plimson had been quite certain as to the position in which that steel stock stood. The translated passages in Reiner's letter converted the "quite" into an absolute certainty. Reiner probably being dead and Cyrus McEldowney certainly being dead, one might consider the stock as virtually ownerless—a treasure-trove. Cyrus McEldowney had been stricken with a fatal illness in his daughter's absence and expired before she got home. That was rather fortunate. With a longer interval he might have talked over affairs with her in detail.

For more than two years the Bethany Steel Company had been glutted with war orders at fabulous profits. The eight hundred shares in the brown envelope were now worth more than five hundred thousand dollars. The certificates were indorsed by Reiner in blank. To cash in on them one had merely to hand them to a broker. Mr. Plimson had thought out a plan, perfect to the finest detail, whereby he could dispose of the stock without leaving a clew.

Only a very conservative nature would have hesitated so long. To Mr. Plimson the idea of appropriating the half million was intensely fascinating, but rather fearful too. He'd been troubled by a tenuous doubt as to whether Opdyke knew of Reiner's stock. Now a means of getting rid of Opdyke had been thrust into his hands.

It was so safe, so sure, so huge, that he had fairly to hug himself to keep from bursting with secret glee. But as he pondered it that afternoon it occurred to him that a detail remained—no doubt a purely sentimental one. He wanted the brass works wound up and put out of the way. That seemed not necessary to his complete security, but instinct urged him to it—just as one would feel better if the house in which he had committed a secret murder should burn up and vanish.

In the Urgency of the Case He Had Plunged Head First Into the Stack

The works was in his own hands. He would have the letting of contracts for finished material and the purchasing of supplies. With patience that matter of winding up the works could be accomplished. Then, as soon as the war was over, he would retire to England and be Plimson, Esquire, where once he had been charity boy—no spendthrift esquire, to be sure, but one of your smug, prudent bondholders, with pleasant, modest lodgings and a motor. Of course that must wait until the war ended—which would give time for the business of winding up the brass works.

He waited until the office was empty, then slipped into the vault, closing the ponderous door behind him, all but a crack an inch wide, and got out that thick brown envelope with "Property of Michael Reiner" written across it, in Cyrus McEldowney's bold hand. From it he took the steel-stock certificates—one for five hundred shares, three for one hundred shares each.

Holding the engraved papers and looking at them with hot eyes he felt all ecstatically warm and snug inside. He also felt himself inclosed by triple-walled, steel-sheathed defenses. Cyrus McEldowney had been of the bold, confident, domineering sort. Mr. Plimson found a strange, vengeful glee in the thought that he was securely trampling over Cyrus' helpless form.

Finding a plausible business pretext for a trip to Pittsburgh was very easy. By using fast trains three days would answer. But Mr. Plimson went straight through Pittsburgh to New York, where he had sufficient acquaintance for his purpose. There he disposed of the steel stock, converted the proceeds into tiptop bonds and planted them. Returning to Chicago he felt as secure as though he possessed magic armor or the fairy gift of invisibility.

He soon learned that Opdyke had in fact left town—going to Detroit. A longer distance would have been better, but Detroit answered very well. He then addressed himself with admirable patience and method to the matter of winding up the brass works.

Three months passed and one autumn afternoon Mr. Plimson rose from his desk with a dry little smile and a stiff little jerk of the head—which was the best he could do in the way of a bow—to greet the owner.

Cyrus McEldowney's sole heir was then twenty-eight. Her forth-looking blue eyes, straight nose and firmly modeled chin gave her father's imperious character a more gracious and winning mold. She was tall, held herself erectly, and moved with graceful vigor. As she came briskly into Mr. Plimson's dingy den, smiling and holding out a hand, she had a rather regal air of the returning sovereign graciously receiving her steward's report.

Mr. Plimson's contracts had hardly begun to bear fruit then, and after a week she was away again for a month. Miss McEldowney, in fact, seemed unusually restless; the works seemed not to please her or to interest her very much.

When she returned again Mr. Plimson judged it time to carry his plan forward another step. He confessed to her that he hadn't been feeling well of late; his health seemed to be breaking up; he feared the time was coming when he'd have to give up work—go away for a long time and try to recuperate.

Upon careful consideration he had thought it wise to prepare her for his going away—put in the foundations, so to speak, a long time in advance, so when he did go she would take it quite as a matter of course. He cultivated a little cough when she was about; stooped a little more; put his hand to his back. And as his mind ran in that direction it seemed to him that he wasn't feeling so well as formerly. Symptoms of incipient invalidism came fairly of themselves.

Another three months passed and Miss McEldowney took to spending nearly all her time in Chicago. A line of perplexity appeared now and then down the middle of her fair brow. Sometimes her blue eyes shone with anger—as though a stupid world might be treating her in a very disagreeable and puzzling manner. As the weeks went by she frowned oftener. Sometimes for hours at a stretch, as she thought of her ungrateful ex-general manager, her heart was just a hot cinder of wrath. And even, sometimes, a look of fear slipped into her eyes, which were not hospitable to fear.

Finally, one afternoon in September, she sat at a beautiful mahogany desk in the handsome office of George P. Madison, president of the Consolidated National Bank. Mr. Madison sat at the other side of the desk—a handsome man, with silver hair. He was telling her, kindly but with the greatest positiveness, that the McEldowney Brass Works was at the end of its tether.

"Very likely Plimson did the best he knew," said the banker, speaking in a level mellow voice; "but these contracts have let you in for frightful losses. You see, the cost of materials has been going up hand over hand; wages have advanced. The prices he made eight, nine, ten months ago simply break your back. The man's health has failed now. He tells me he's got Bright's disease. Anyhow, there isn't much comfort or profit in trying to figure out just how much he's to blame or anybody else is to blame. The fact is you're hopelessly in the hole. The only thing now is to do what you can to protect your creditors."

He said it kindly enough—very much as an exceptionally busy surgeon, who performs a dozen major operations a day and whose interest is quite exclusively centered in the technical success of the operation, might say "It's really too bad, but a couple of legs must come off immediately."

Mr. Madison advised—and under the circumstances his advice had all the force of an unescapable demand—that a receiver be appointed for the brass works that afternoon.

The owner of the legs looks at it personally, not professionally. Miss McEldowney insisted upon a little further time and said that in twenty-four hours she would raise five hundred thousand dollars. On that pledge Mr. Madison agreed to wait until the close of banking hours the following day.

She had reached her father's side an hour after his demise; but he had left some memoranda for her—scrawled with a lead pencil on two large sheets of paper in uncertain characters, the lines wavering up and down like the writing of a child. Among the memoranda was this:

"800 shrs Bethany Steel. Belongs Mich. Reiner. In envelope in vault with his name on it. Use if necessary. See his letters."

So that formidable figure which Mr. Plimson had regarded as quite prostrate and helpless had, at least, thrust out a defensive hand.

Directly after her father's death she had dutifully looked up Michael Reiner's letters in the filing case, found the brown envelope in the vault and examined its contents.

For weeks she had known the works was not prospering. As Plimson explained, with his little cough, putting his hand to his back, cost of materials had risen in a way utterly unknown to the trade. They were losing money on every contract. Naturally she had been disturbed. Her thought had turned to Reiner's stock—if it should ever, by an incredible stretch of misfortune, come to that.

But until this day she had not known the real situation. Even now, with all the urgent turmoil in her brain, she said to herself—half pitying and half contemptuous—that no doubt the sick, timid old man had meant well enough; meant to save her from worrying as long as possible. This day, Mr. Plimson, ailing more than usual, was absent from the office.

She ran up the dusty stairs, swept into her father's vacant room, and from a small drawer in his desk took the thin steel key to his strong box. For years the key had lain there. In his lifetime it was sometimes convenient for Mr. Plimson or Opdyke to have access to the box in his absence. He was not a suspicious man.

She went to the vault, opened the box, found the brown envelope. It contained ten dubious trolley bonds—but no steel stock. A mighty fear struck her. Somebody, it seemed, had taken the stock. Only two persons besides herself—Plimson and Opdyke—were very likely to know the way into the box.

Presently she went over to the filing case and opened the compartment marked R. A search showed only three letters from Michael Reiner, all of which she had read before. She sat down by the window to read them over again carefully. In a moment she saw something that puzzled her.

On the second letter were four little check marks made with a lead pencil—one at the beginning and one at the end of the two passages which referred to the steel stock. She was certain her father had not made them, for wherever Cyrus McEldowney made a mark one could see it the length of a room; and these marks were slim, needle-pointed, feminine affairs. Yet she felt quite sure that if they had been there when she first read that letter she would have noticed them. She saw that they inclosed the only portions of the letter which would interest anybody who was interested solely in the steel stock. She wondered who could have made them, and why.

In fact, the ample lady at the commercial college had made them to show her assistant what passages were to be translated; and it seemed to Miss McEldowney that they must have been made for some such purpose. Then who could have been having those passages about the steel stock translated?

She pondered that—and it was all so unexpected, so overwhelming, so baffling—that she thought she was groping in illimitable dark.

The stock was gone, and if the stock was gone the works was gone too. It was crushing; but the McEldowneys were not a breed that submitted easily to crushing. They fought hard. She paced the floor, now and then gently biting a corner of her lip, her brows gathered in a fixed frown, whipping her brain. Fear battered at her and she was continually wrestling with it. Again and again her heart sank. She could indeed think of but one tenuous, possible recourse; a hundred-to-one forlorn hope. Every time she thought of it her breast swelled with anger, she bit her lip harder and her eyes sparkled. But she couldn't think of anything else.

Her wrist watch showed twenty minutes past five. They would be closing the office soon. Pacing, and with nervously moving, restless hands, she again looked up at the big engraved portrait on the north wall. It showed the head and bust of a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, bearded man, with an enlarged facsimile of his bold signature beneath. The works had been a sort of naïve religion with him.

Her eye had mechanically rested upon the portrait several times before. This time the likeness suddenly stood forth; the man himself came before her mind. As though she had received a command she thought: "Very well; I will go."

The telephone had been taken out of this room, so she went to the outer office to find when the next train left

(Continued on Page 113)

The World and Thomas Kelly

XXV

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE philosopher's head was almost entirely concealed in the collar of his ulster, but a projecting pipe indicated that somewhere behind the collar there must be a face. Tom Kelly sank down rather gloomily beside him; and presently from the depths of the ulster, like the voice of an oracle behind the altar, a muffled voice remarked: "Well, young un! Have you given hostages to fortune?"

"No," replied Tom. "I am still white, twenty-one—and free! I had a close squeak, though. 'Alone at last'—and all that sort of thing. Curse you! I believe you're responsible for almost landing me in the net of matrimony."

"And you're not landed—or at least hooked?"

"No!"

Parradym rose abruptly and slapped Tom's knee.

"You surprise me! Come downstairs—'below,' I believe is the proper term—and have a nightcap. I want to talk to you. Congratulations, my son!"

They made their way to the smoking room, where Parradym ordered a hot toddy.

"Cold up there!" he grumbled. "I supposed that after to-night you wouldn't need a chaperon?"

Tom shook his head.

"We all need 'em, I guess!" he remarked.

In fact, he had begun to realize how close to the edges of various precipices he had been disporting himself. He also recognized the indubitable fact that Parry's advice given him at the outset of his Newport career had been wise—even if he had not seen fit to follow it.

"Don't wait up!" said Parradym to the steward. "I'll switch off the light."

Then he turned to Tom, his reddish face illuminated by a kindly smile.

"You haven't got tired of hothouse melons already, have you?"

Tom laughed good-naturedly.

"Not tired of them exactly. Used to them, perhaps. They don't seem quite so much of a treat as they did at first. But they still taste good."

"Any better than what you had in Cambridge?"

Tom pondered this astonishing question. The food at Memorial had, in fact, been appalling—tough, gristly steak, spotty potatoes, heavy bread—but he had devoured it with a relish that was now totally absent.

"No!" answered Tom frankly. "Of course they are better—only they don't taste so. You were right, and so was old Billy Shakspere when he got off that crack about satiety dulling the edge of appetite, or something of the sort."

"I didn't claim any originality," replied Parry. "I merely tried to impress upon you the truth of an ancient and quite familiar principle."

"But I didn't appreciate your good intentions. However, I do now. Marrying a couple of million dollars doesn't seem half so exciting now as it did six weeks ago."

"That's what I want to talk to you about."

Parry pulled his chair nearer.

"Of course Shakspere was right and was only repeating a truth as old as Adam, who no doubt ate more than one apple and got heartily sick of them all before he was barred out of Eden by the angels and the flaming sword. You knew it yourself—only you were loath to apply a familiar doctrine to a new set of circumstances. I was just the same way at your age. I was all for the peaches, the plums and the melons. I was satisfied that if I could get them without effort I should be perfectly happy. Well, I found it easy enough to get them; but I soon found I didn't want them. For twenty years I've eaten nothing but the simplest kind of food. I'm speaking both literally and allegorically. We don't enjoy anything we don't have to work for, Tommy. I have to work hard at golf to get up an appetite for a boiled egg and a chop."

"Horrible example!" exclaimed Tom, who was, nevertheless, keenly interested in Parradym's confession.

"Now what you say about marrying a couple of millions interests me a good deal," continued his friend. "I'm almost afraid you have learned your lesson too well. I hope you refer only to marrying millions. If so, I hope you'll stand by your guns; only don't make the mistake of not marrying at all if you honestly fall in love. Take warning from my sad case. When I found I could have my peaches and my melons for the asking I began to wonder whether there was any advantage in marrying at all. I saw a lot of people who were wretchedly unhappy together, and even more wretched after they had dissolved their matrimonial ties. I discovered that marriage usually meant children, anxiety, sickness and death. I 'took counsel of my fears.' Why fall in love and bring children into the world if by so doing I was going to expose myself to the arrows of outrageous fortune? My parents were both dead. Sorrow couldn't touch me. Why invite unhappiness? If I had no family I should have only myself to look out for—to worry about—and when I died nobody would suffer the agonies of bereavement on my account. So I shut myself up in my shell and built an iron wall round my affections to keep out sorrow."

Parradym's face had grown very sad.

"I was a fool, Tom! What wouldn't I give now to have had sorrow! Many's the time I've envied my friend with a dead child. Pain and joy go hand in hand. Deaden your capacity for one and you lose the other. To-day I'd rather have had a year or so with a woman I had loved and have lost her than to be what I am—a lonely, wifeless, childless old man!"

"But not friendless!" said Tom gently.

"Sometimes I think I am," returned Parradym. "I know I am. You needn't protest. I impress most people just as I impressed you at our first meeting. Seriously, you can't imagine how lonely I am, or how the vacuousness of my life palls upon me. You see, I've dried up with the monotony of it. And then there's the other side of it. We old fellows without any responsibilities or emotions haven't had the experiences that seem to give other men the capacity for religious belief. Theoretically, intellectually and logically—practically, too, I suppose—I'm just a selfish old materialist. I don't believe in either heaven or hell, or in rewards or punishments. There may be a God or there may not be—for all I know. I've got no wish to live and I've got no will to die. One day is just like another. Some fellow—Stephen Phillips, I think—has put it pretty well:

Oh, would there were a heaven to hear!
Oh, would there were a hell to fear!
Oh, welcome fire, eternal fire,
To burn forever and not tire!
Better Ixion's whirling wheel,
And still, at any cost, to feel!
Dear Son of God, in mercy give
My soul to flames, but—let me live!"

Tom could think of nothing adequate to say in response. For the first time he saw the real Parradym. So he fidgeted with his glass, unable to speak, while the bachelor gazed in a sort of dream at the big swinging lamp in the middle of the smoking-room ceiling. Unexpectedly he burst out laughing.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed jocularly, reaching for a match. "I really quite forgot where I was. It's not often I'm taken that way. But don't give up the idea of getting married, old top—will you?"

Parradym leaned forward and gazed deep into Tom's eyes.

"If you ever meet a girl you love—in the right way, I mean—go after her; through fire and water, if need be, and don't let up until you get her or you're dead. Only that way will you find happiness. Don't be scared off by the idea that marriage and childbirth mean work and worry and pain and death. Just thank God for the chance to work and worry and suffer and, perhaps, when you die you'll feel that life was worth living. I'm going to bed!"

He got up and held out his hand to Tom, who took it, embarrassed at the seriousness and intensity of Parradym's outburst. He'd never suspected that Parry wasn't happy!

He seemed so jovial and comfortable—always having a good time at other people's expense!

Tom sat smoking for a long time after Parradym had gone to his stateroom. He wondered if what the old boy said was really true. Queer idea—about having to suffer in order to enjoy. He didn't quite swallow that! He yawned. No; he hadn't suffered at all and, by thunder, he'd enjoyed a whole lot! His thoughts reverted to Lulie as he turned off the light and sought the cabin upon which Pauline had expended so much thought and attention in preparation for him.

The wind blew itself out during the night and when Tom came on deck the yacht was running fast through a sunlit ocean off the Isles of Shoals. Pauline and her parents did not appear and Tom breakfasted in company with Parradym, whose cheery, rubicund face gave no hint of its seriousness upon the preceding evening. They kept well out to sea, passed The Rock shortly after lunch and at the same time made landfall of the hills of Mount Desert, fifty miles away, which slowly lifted their great backs above the waves like some undulating sea monster.

To the eastward the irregularly indented coast of Maine stretched away until it vanished into the autumn haze; to the west the horizon was spotted with purple islands; and before them, northward, ever loomed larger and larger the gray mountains that had guided the great Champlain and the no less adventurous De Guast to safe harbors among the fir-covered headlands. They were now directly in the lane of the coast trade between Halifax and New York, and passed many a lumber-laden schooner, her gunwales almost awash, and occasionally a smart fisherman from Belfast or Camden.

Pauline made her appearance just in time for afternoon tea and took Parradym's chaffing with supreme good nature. It was obvious that she did not intend to permit the incident of the night before to affect her enjoyment of the rest of the voyage; and there was something in her manner which said to Tom as plainly as if she had spoken the very words: "I acted like a little fool last night! Let us be friends."

Tom, who felt not altogether blameless in the matter, made himself as agreeable as he could, and all three were having a merry time of it by the time the Pauline had turned her nose into Frenchman's Bay. Accustomed as he was to both mountains and seashore, Tom had never seen anything so beautiful as these precipitous hills mantled in their autumn coloring which seemed to rise directly from the shadowed waters of the bay to where, a thousand feet or more above, their barren summits broke the rays of the declining sun. The sea was Chinese blue, striped with opalescent shades deepening into purple. Green islands—almost yellow green in the afternoon light—lay all about them, the channels between picked out by the flashing sails of yachts.

Deep fiords here and there divided the island, offering haven for fleets of warships. Small racing boats manned by bronzed girls and boys raced across their bows; swift motor boats darted about with all the arbitrariness of water insects. The air was at once fresh with the salt of the sea and odoriferous with the pine-laden breath of the near-by forests.

Ecstatically Pauline watched the white surf creaming over the red rocks along the shore of the Ocean Drive and against Schooner Head as the yacht glided swiftly by, and when they entered the deep shadow cast by Newport Mountain and could see high above them the sunlight blazing through the pines upon its ridge, and beyond the shadow the gleaming waters of the inner bay, studded with islands, she demanded why she had never been informed that such a heavenly place existed, and declared that she would never live anywhere else.

Presently the yacht emerged from the shadow of the mountain into the sunlight and, rounding one of the Porcupines, dropped anchor in the harbor. The stimulating air, his long sleep of the night before, and the restful day spent upon the deck of the Pauline gave Tom a sense of health and moral cleanliness such as he had not experienced for weeks. Moreover, he was keenly sensitive to the exquisite beauty of their surroundings, which, together with Pauline's friendliness, made him almost happy. Mr. and Mrs. Selby joined them soon after the yacht had gained

He Dimly Heard Himself Clear His Throat and Say: "Pauline—I—I Want to Say Something to You!"

the shelter of the breakwater. Tom would have been glad to go on shore at once to stretch his legs; but Pauline insisted that it was much too late and made it very clear that she wished him to remain with her.

Accordingly they strolled up and down the deck, watching the rapidly lengthening shadows of the hills, and the bald summits turn from bronze to purple and then to gray as the sun sank over the westward ridges. The breeze freshened. Slowly the stars pierced the twilight, and presently, even while the horizon was still flooded with red and orange streamers, the yellow moon slowly forced its way up above the pines of the eastern shore of the bay until the channel between the islands was turned to undulating gold.

Tom was up betimes the next morning in a singularly carefree frame of mind. The advice of his erstwhile hostess, as well as Parradym's discourse upon matrimony, had faded from his recollection. In place of the sharp east wind of the previous afternoon there was now a languorous southwest breeze, which enveloped the island in a golden haze. The sun beat warm upon the deck. Clad in the immaculate white flannels in which he had graced the Casino at Newport, Tom, leaning idly against the rail, smoked one of Pa Selby's after-breakfast cigars, convinced that it was very good to be alive, especially on board such a magnificent steam yacht as the Pauline. He experienced a recrudescence of those original feelings of his on that first morning at Beausejour when he realized that he was enjoying for nothing that which others had, at some distant period perhaps, toiled to procure.

After all, he thought, perhaps he had been too hasty in making up his mind to let Pauline go so easily. Fascinating as Lulie was, a matrimonial adventure with her might well prove unsatisfactory in the long run. There was, he decided, a good deal to be said in favor of playing the game of love along the lines of respectability. If, as Parradym had urged—nay, had even implored—him to believe, marriage was a *sine qua non* of happiness, could he do better, after all, than to take Pauline?

He tried to think of her detached from her millions and succeeded in convincing himself, at least for the moment, that there were few more charming girls to be found anywhere. Was she not beautiful—or at least exceedingly pretty? Was she not cheerful, bright and well educated? Indeed, was she not far and away the most attractive young woman that he had met that summer? Could he, in fact, do elsewhere half so well? Wasn't it rather hard on a girl to throw her over simply because she was burdened with a bank account that was no fault of her own? The millions would not do any harm.

On reconsidering the matter it even seemed to Tom that those same millions might be of some slight advantage. Without them, certainly it was quite unlikely that he could indulge in the pastime of yachting which he now found so agreeable. He made up his mind that Parradym had really been rather disappointed at discovering that he had not proposed to Pauline. Obviously it was Lulie whom Parry was worrying about, and even if Pa and Ma Selby were not to the manner born—were occasionally guilty of slight solecisms and sometimes even of vulgarities—they were far and away preferable to many parents-in-law he had seen, even at Newport.

He admitted that in his first excitement he might have indulged in rather extravagant dreams as to what he would do with Pauline, her money and her yacht, after he had annexed them. The idea of rushing off to the Ionian Isles and that sort of thing was obviously ridiculous. As he gazed through the smoke of his cigar at some of the palatial summer residences on the not far-distant shore, he concluded that the thing for him to do after marrying Pauline was to buy a few acres on the water front and build a modest residence, with a private landing, where he could keep a motor boat or two and a knockabout.

He was too active to go floating round the world without any exercise, drinking champagne and playing bridge. That could come later. For the present they could spend their winters in a comfortable apartment in New York, and their summers at Bar Harbor, where he could take up golf, become the champion tennis player of Mount Desert, and incidentally give Pauline all the opportunity she wished for in society.

He was in the midst of these reflections when he heard his name called in a boyish voice. "Oh, you Kelly!" it cried.

A canoe containing a tow-headed youth had stolen up past the Pauline's stern, and its occupant was now gently holding its nose to the wind while making vigorous contortions of joy in the direction of Tom, who had difficulty in recognizing this friendly stranger, since his face and bare arms were burned so brown as to be almost black.

"It's me, you lobster! Crowninshield!"

"Hello, Dick!" shouted back Tom. "Thought you were a nigger. Had breakfast yet?"

"Four hours ago," answered Crowninshield, who had now brought the canoe to a point directly beneath Tom. "What do you think I am—a gilded loafer? What are you doing up there, anyway?"

"Yachting," retorted Tom loftily, annoyed that Dick should not have heard of his distinguished career at Newport.

"Ain't you the swell, though!" continued Crowninshield. "You look as if you had just stepped out of a department store. Put on a sweater and come for a paddle with me."

"I'm sorry," replied Tom; "but I have an engagement at the Casino."

"Swimming Pool, I suppose you mean," snuffed Dick. "We don't have casinos down here in Maine. We leave 'em for the Newport chappies. How long you going to stay?"

"I really don't know," answered Tom from above. "I believe Mr. and Mrs. Selby expect to stay about a week."

At that moment he felt a curious superiority to his former friend and clubmate. Ever since he had entered college, particularly during his Woolsack period, and up to his experience at Newport, Tom had always regarded Dick as a tremendous swell. Though it was a matter of common knowledge that his friend's family had a very limited income, they were nevertheless one of those exclusive families of the Back Bay whom Tom had been brought up to regard with an almost religious awe. His two months at Newport, however, had changed his point of view completely. To the now elegant and cosmopolitan Kelly his provincial Bostonian friend seemed a person of very little consequence—virtuous perhaps, but not at all interesting.

To Tom She Seemed Like a Lithesome Youth, a Beautiful Boy

And yet it was not this attitude which caused him to hesitate, as he was hesitating, to invite Dick on board the yacht. It was rather the subcutaneous suspicion that, though he, Tom, was quite satisfied with the change in himself which the two months had wrought, his friend might have a more critical attitude. He was not obtuse to the contrast between the brown muscularity of the lad in the canoe and his own sleek puffiness due to high living. It was different at Newport. Everybody was the same down there. But his old chum looked as if he kept in training all the year round. Somehow Tom did not fancy the idea of Dick's looking him over and perhaps saying in his rough, blunt way: "Getting fat, aren't you, old top?" The fact could not be dodged that "old top" had been getting fat. If he had, however, it was none of Dick's business.

"Saw in the paper that Calkins wiped up the ground with you in the fourth round of the International Tournament," continued his clubmate somewhat severely. "I lost ten dollars on you—curse you! We were all betting here that you would be runner-up at least. What was the matter with you?"

"The better man won," said Tom with an echo of the grandiloquence with which he had offered his hand to Calkins at the Casino after his defeat.

"Too much lush, I guess!" growled the boy in the canoe. "I was afraid of it in Cambridge. You were crooking your elbow an awful lot, long before Class Day."

Tom made no reply to this insult; in fact, there was none to be made. It was lush that had done it, and he knew it. He also knew that lush was still doing it; but, in spite of his intolerant and rather insolent attitude, there was a friendliness about Crowninshield that kept Tom from taking offense. He began to reconsider his decision not to invite Dick to come aboard. Still uncertain as to his course in the matter, he temporized by demanding sharply:

"What are you doing round here, yourself?"

"Oh, tutoring," answered the crew man. "Got two subfreshmen brats over at Seal Harbor. Mother pays me twenty-five a week to act as dry nurse. They're not bad kids, though. One of them can pitch an incurve that would puzzle old Slide Kelly—your namesake. It isn't bad fun if you like boys. Besides, I'm boning up for the Law School. Going to try to do three years' work in two, so I can get married a year sooner. Knew I was engaged, didn't you? No? Well, I am. To Becky Chase. You met her on Class Day."

Tom had met her—a red-cheeked, rather robust and very Bostonese young lady, whose father was the clergyman of a small church in Milton. He was about to formulate some congratulatory remark of a properly elegant character when he heard the swish of a skirt and Pauline joined him at the rail.

"Miss Selby, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Richard Crowninshield," said Tom in a dignified manner.

The tow-headed crew man grinned at Pauline and waved his hand.

"How d'ye do!" he called up. "Saw your yacht come in yesterday afternoon and so I paddled over from Seal Harbor this morning to look her over. Didn't expect to find Tom here." He gazed at Pauline admiringly.

"She's a beauty!" he remarked, with some ambiguity, looking at Tom.

"Won't you come on board?" asked Pauline. "We should be delighted to see any of Mr. Kelly's friends."

"I don't mind," answered Crowninshield.

Paddling toward the accommodation ladder, which was situated some fifty feet forward, he tied the canoe to one of the stanchions and sprang lightly up the steps with an elasticity and verve that filled Tom with envy.

He was rather shocked at his friend's clothing, which consisted apparently of a sleeveless jersey, white duck trousers fastened with a narrow leather belt, and a pair of white sneakers, with heavy gray knitted woolen socks. Tom suspected that he had nothing else on at all. Crowninshield looked, in fact, more like one of the crew of the Pauline in a moment of relaxation than a collegian, though in face and figure he resembled a young Viking.

Pauline was obviously much struck with their visitor and insisted, to Tom's annoyance, on taking him over the boat. The two were gone some time, during which Tom ruminated on the fickleness of womankind.

"What a nice boy!" exclaimed Pauline as Dick, with a final wave of his paddle, drove the canoe bounding toward the breakwater.

"So intelligent and good-looking," she added.

"Yes, bully fellow!" responded Tom without enthusiasm.

Somehow Crowninshield's unexpected arrival had put his nose out of joint. He hadn't at all liked the way Pauline had started right in to run after the fellow. But Dick had been just as bad. It was quite evident that he had been smitten. Well, anyhow, he was safely tied up—engaged to that yellow-haired doll in Milton, compared with whom Pauline was a goddess—yes, a goddess!

Of course she'd make a hit at Bar Harbor, and there'd be a dozen fellows after her. If he was going to do anything it was high time—before her attention became distracted. She would be a wonderful girl—even if she didn't have a cent. Indeed she would! And she had the money, besides. Wouldn't he be a fool to throw her away? He turned and gave her a naval salute.

"Well, commander," he said, "shall I order the launch to take us ashore?"

Tom had been under no misapprehension about Pauline's making a hit at Bar Harbor. Indeed, she was surrounded by a horde of very young men from the moment she placed her foot upon the Dirigo Landing stage, and Tom and Parradym found themselves shoved entirely into the background by an eager band of young suitors, who swarmed over the yacht at all hours and rushed Pauline by motor across the island to distant inaccessible spots for afternoon walks and moonlight picnics. Tom, in fact, began for the first time to feel a slight tinge of jealousy at Pauline's ready neglect.

Moreover, he was forced, more than was agreeable, to content himself with the society of Pa and Ma Selby, whose banal conversation soon drove him to seek refuge in solitary walks upon the shore. He decided that he was being placed in a rather ridiculous position, and after twelve days of semiboredom suggested to Pauline that they should take a climb together.

It was a cloudless autumn morning and in the translucent atmosphere the distant mountain tops seemed close at hand. Following a well-marked path they soon climbed to a spot where the town and harbor seemed to be lying at their very feet. There, too, at her mooring lay the Pauline. The air was full of the soft fragrant smell of pine needles and sunburnt moss. Above them an eagle hung, a dark speck against the deep blue of the sky's arc.

Pauline sat down to rest for a moment upon a ledge of rock stained with lichen, from whose moss-grown crevices peeped tiny flowers. Eastward the Atlantic rose against the white horizon—here patched with windless spots, there flurried with cat's-paws. It was a soundless, motionless world, save for the flicker of a few small birds among the yellow birches and scarlet sumacs.

Nature was resting. In the lazy morning sunlight she was luxuriating after her summer, and drowsily lying without even drawing breath. The air had that warmth and yet that freshness which at once sends a glow to the heart and thrills the senses. The leaves had not yet fallen. On the near-by mountain sides the background of the evergreens was mottled with irregular patches of brown, of purplish red, of rose, picked out here and there with golden gleams of single trees or single drops of scarlet blood.

Presently Pauline silently rose and began following the path again. Soon they reached the crest of the nearest ridge and could see behind them all the blue waters of Frenchman's Bay, dotted with spruce-covered islands. The hills lay all round them, their tumbled outlines fixed in a wrinkled smile. To the west lay sixty miles of coast, island outlying island, with dim distant shapes of islands still beyond, bounded by the misty ghosts of vague hills to the northward and the still, even line of the horizon to the south. Along this moved almost imperceptible little dots—the markers of ocean traffic along the great highway from Cape Sable to Pollock Rip.

As Tom gazed about him he could not but marvel at the glory of Nature. It was, as Parradym had said that first evening at Newport, immortal. There was no note of death in this radiance of the visible world; it was the blush of health, not the iridescence of decay—the leap of sap at the first touch of frost.

A kind of exaltation stole over Tom, and his dormant spirit, submerged in materialism, raised itself in response to the beauty about him. Here on this mountain top the world lay at his feet—a radiant world. As he inhaled deep breaths of the keen autumn air his heart thumped against his ribs with the unaccustomed exertion of climbing, and the blood tingled in his fingers and toes. He felt gloriously alive—for the first time in months; strong with the resilient virility of youth; and for an instant saw the vision that youth only glimpses—followed the gleam until it vanished over "the uttermost purple rim."

What a world! What ecstasy to be young—young as in truth he was, like Crowninshield! He wanted to shout across the valleys to the neighboring ridges; to hurl inanities against some echoing cliff; to stretch up his arms and clutch that hovering eagle from the clouds; to push some huge bowlder from its prehistoric bed and roll it down the mountain side. He did, in fact, attempt to throw a dozen or so small rocks into the ravine beneath them and was rather disappointed to find how far short they fell of their goal.

Having worked off his superfluous energy he sat down again to a calmer appreciation of the scene round him. Pauline was resting upon a neighboring ledge, her full young bosom rising and falling rapidly. Seen sharply in profile against the sky line, her neck and chin bore a grotesque resemblance to her mother's. The discovery distressed Tom, coming as it did just as his soul was quivering with romance.

While his spirit eye flashed across the smoldering ocean to the opalescent cloud banks on the eastern horizon, his

material eye fixed itself rather critically upon the proposed object of his affections. Yes; she certainly did look like her mother—the line from the point of her chin to the little curl between the cords on the back of her neck was too long—much too long. But that wasn't her mother's; the neck was Pa Selby's! Not that it mattered particularly whether a girl looked like her mother or her father; only Tom had always recognized the fact that Pa Selby had a rather undesirable neck. In its mature and completely developed state it was equipped with two small rolls of fatty tissue on the back. Of course Pauline wouldn't ever be like that, but the realization that she had anything at all of her father about her was like having a skeleton at his feast.

She looked round at Tom just at that moment, conscious that he was gazing at her, and smiled frankly at him. She was a nice girl, even if she did look like her father and mother. But the alteration of her position produced another unfortunate result—disclosing as it did a row of tiny beads of perspiration upon her upper lip and forehead. At any other time or on any other girl this natural result of physical exercise would not have affected Tom unpleasantly, but coming upon the heels of his appreciation of her resemblance to her paternal parent it discomfited him. He should under the circumstances have hesitated to kiss her.

It is doubtless too much to assert that of themselves these trivial physical facts would have altered the course of Tom's entire future life. Having made up his mind to marry into the Selby family, he would probably have carried out his purpose—even with the additional discovery, inevitably apparent under the noonday glare, that Pauline's upper lip was covered with a slight down.

But Pauline saw only adoration in Tom's glance and she blushed quite prettily and cast down her eyes. He had never kissed her. He had never really wished to kiss her. And now, though he knew perfectly well that she was ready to fall into his arms, he was forced to admit that the idea of kissing her was distasteful—would require an effort. As she sat there hunched up on the rock she gave an impression of being rather pudgy. After all, Parry had probably been right when he had declared that the whole sex business was overplayed.

There they were, alone in a beautiful place—surrounded by the mountains, the sea and the sky. He might as well get it over with. He felt quite clear that he wanted to put the business through—no matter what! Pauline might not be a pocket Venus, but she was an almighty pretty girl; and Lulie was out of the question for several conclusive reasons. His heart began to thump violently and the blood surged up into his ears and eyes. He dimly heard himself clear his throat and say:

"Pauline—I—I want to say something to you!"

He saw her turn a darker red. He had difficulty in forcing himself to go on, for he felt like a housebreaker. She was such an easy mark. But two millions! She was looking away from him with a studied air of unconsciousness.

"You know," he continued, "I ——"

He stopped abruptly. From above came the sound of voices and the rattle of displaced stones. Two strangers were approaching along the path. Pauline raised her head impatiently. The climbers were now in plain view, striding swiftly toward them. Obviously it was no time for him to clasp Pauline's well-developed figure in his arms and press her downy cheek to his. There would of necessity have to be a short intermission in the program. Then the interrupted act could go on. He experienced an extraordinary sense of relief. He wondered if people who were going to be hanged felt like that when they were reprieved.

"Somebody's coming!" he remarked, throwing into his voice a note of disgust he by no means felt.

"Yes," replied Pauline wearily.

The climbers were now almost upon them. Tom rose and lit a cigarette with a *dégagé* air; then struck a picturesque pose as a girl came bounding along the path.

"Why, Tom!"

He turned quickly to find himself confronted by Evelyn, her hand outstretched, a delighted smile upon her face. She was clad in dark brown khaki, and wore walking breeches covered by a short skirt, beneath which Tom could see a pair of slender, brown-stockinged calves, terminating in two small moccasins. Round her neck was a bright red, loosely knotted flowing tie that appeared to reflect the color in her dark olive cheeks. To Tom she seemed like a lithesome youth, a beautiful boy—some cupbearer of the gods. His heart gave a single great leap.

"She'll Play With You and Then Throw You Away Like a Rag Doll"

"Tom! Whoever expected to meet you here! Dad! It's Tom Kelly!"

She made no attempt to conceal her pleasure. As for poor jaded Tom it was like suddenly stumbling upon an ice-cold, limpid spring in the midst of an arid plain.

"Evelyn!" he cried, eagerly wringing her hand.

"Pew tooth!"

"Pew tooth, yourself!"

They caroled joyously at this mystic password and Pauline looked round at them almost as if annoyed.

"Oh, Pauline!" There was an unaccustomed freshness in Tom's voice—a new note. "Miss Selby, I want to present Miss Russell."

Evelyn crossed to Pauline and offered her hand.

"How do you do?" she said cordially.

Pauline took the hand without rising from her rock. There was something about this young Hebe that she instinctively did not like.

"How do you do?" she remarked stiffly. "Excuse my not getting up!"

At that moment Professor Russell joined them and, after greeting Tom, was likewise presented to Miss Selby, who made it quite apparent that she was rather bored by the whole incident. Evelyn and her father, however, were clearly pleased at meeting Tom and charmed at being introduced to Miss Selby, although Tom somehow vaguely resented the fact that Evelyn accepted his being alone upon a mountain top with a young lady quite as a matter of course. He would have preferred to have her take it more as Pauline had done. It appeared that the Russells were staying at Seal Harbor, and were enjoying their annual week's tramp over the hills of Mount Desert before the opening of the university. They had started before sunrise, had climbed Sargeant Mountain, crossed The Bubbles to Green Mountain via the Tollhouse Path, and were now about to descend its ridge, returning home by way of Jordan's Pond—a ten-hour trip. The mere recital of the undertaking filled Tom with astonishment and Pauline with fatigue. The Russells had followed Tom's career in the National Tournament with interest and had been greatly disappointed at its early blight.

He watched them disappear up the mountain side with regret. He would have liked to go along with them—get hold of the professor for a good long talk—and chuck Pauline entirely. It seemed ages since that evening at the little house on Appian Way. He wondered what had become of Frank True, and felt a stab at his heart as he recalled the humiliating experiences of Class Day.

Well, plainly Evelyn bore him no resentment. Instinctively he contrasted her trim figure and agile mentality with the ample proportions and slower intellectual processes of his companion. What a corking girl Evelyn was! All the virtues of Pauline combined with the fire and cleverness of Lulie. Well, he'd lost his chance.

Parradym's words, the first night out, came back to his mind: "If you ever meet a girl you love—in the right way, I mean—go after her, through fire and water if need be, and don't let up until you get her or you're dead." He sighed. If only he'd known as much about women then as he did now! It was too late. But that was the kind of girl one could love—in the right way! He turned to discover Pauline gazing at him suspiciously.

"Who was your friend?" she inquired.

"Oh, a girl I used to know in Cambridge," he answered.

They sat in silence for several minutes. The unexpected appearance of the Russells had produced a sudden change in the atmosphere. The temperature had distinctly lowered. The words Tom had uttered seemed to have been stillborn. Yet the girl lingered, evidently still hoping that he might speak.

"Well," he remarked when the silence had at length become embarrassing, "what do you think—shall we go on down again?"

Pauline made one last effort.

"You were just going to say something when your friends came along," she reminded him. "What was it?"

It was a blatant challenge—unmaidenly perhaps, but, let us hope, excusable. Tom looked at her blankly. Then he took out his gold case, offered it to her, and lit a cigarette as if trying hard to remember something.

"Was I?" he asked in a puzzled fashion. "I haven't the remotest idea what I was going to say."

XXVI

THE return trip of the yacht was accomplished without incident and she dropped her anchor in the East River with the relations of Pauline and Tom still, so far at least as the girl was concerned, *in statu quo*. Whatever it was

(Continued on Page 101)

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A Show-Down in Russia

THE Russian Revolution stands out in sharp contrast to every other big political movement called a revolution. Great noblemen revolting against a king secured Magna Charta. Eminently substantial property owners and taxpayers upset the Stuarts and established parliamentary supremacy. The American Revolution was largely inspired and directed by persons whose social circumstances were of an advantageous sort. When something like the democratic ideal of real, direct rule by the mass of the people developed, it got into difficulties; the conservative class then intervened and shaped the present conservative Constitution. The French middle class, assisted by the lesser nobility, launched a revolution that was far along before it came into control of the sans-culottes. Their mismanagement gave Napoleon an opportunity to close the revolutionary chapter with his celebrated "whiff of grapeshot."

The Russian Revolution is the only big movement of that sort which—by what seems the best evidence available—was mainly directed, from the beginning, by people at the social base; the only revolution which was thoroughly democratic from the beginning. Even allowing for the unfavorable condition of the Russian masses—their ignorance and lack of practical experience—its failure would be a calamity.

But it will certainly fail unless its leaders develop the capacity to govern. Whoever knows anything about the American and French Revolutions realizes that instability and insecurity are the most intolerable of social conditions. After an extended experience of them, people will turn to anything that promises a reasonable degree of order and certainty.

The military disorder in Russia is patent; but that might not be a crucial factor as to the life of the revolutionary government. Reports speak of wide and growing industrial disorder—unserviceable railroads, idle plants, food supplies in jeopardy. Unless the government can maintain a reasonable degree of order and security at home, reaction will certainly sweep it away. People may talk anarchy; but they will not long endure it.

Better Than Money

AS BETWEEN two men on an equality in other respects, one of whom has a hundred dollars in cash, while the other has a hundred-dollar Government bond, the latter is easily a hundred per cent better off.

For every practical purpose he has cash. In case of need he can immediately convert his bond into greenbacks by selling it or borrowing on it at the nearest bank.

But, economically speaking, he has taken that prodigious step which separates savagery from barbarism: he has abstained from immediate consumption of goods in hand; he has saved something.

The characteristic of barbarism, as distinguished from savagery, is that people have saved something; they possess flocks and herds. When patient Jesuits sought to drag South American Indians across this ethnologic gap by introducing cattle growing, their everstanding difficulty was that if a couple of Indians happened to be hungry and saw a steer they promptly killed it, cut out a fine steak, feasted, and went their way. So long as they had what they wanted to eat at the moment the argument that they might want the rest of that steer the next winter struck them as merely academic.

When the man with a hundred dollars in cash deliberately sets that apart from present consumption, resolutely forgoes the immediate satisfactions obtainable from it, and lays it up for a far-off winter, merely multiplying a hundred cents by a hundred does not express what he has gained. The man without a margin, who must depend on each day's chance for that day's needs, lives with a ball and chain on his leg. A Government bond, as distinguished from that much cash to be spent, at least puts some rubber into the chain. It is not merely as good as cash but much better.

The Price of Wheat

LAST year the Northwest's spring-wheat crop was almost a failure, the Dakotas producing only sixty-four million bushels against two hundred and sixteen millions in 1915. This year the outturn, though better than in 1916, was decidedly below normal.

Wheat once during the current year sold above three dollars a bushel at Chicago. The Government fixed a maximum price of two dollars and twenty cents a bushel.

Some Northwestern farmers, looking at last year's loss, at this year's very moderate yield, and at that price of three dollars in a free market, protest against the Government price.

This rouses deep indignation in the virtuous and patriotic East—especially in those editorial minds that are most acutely aware of the general beneficence and benevolence of Wall Street. But this wrath is merely a normal outcropping of human nature.

The Government price for wheat is fair, particularly in view of the fact that the Government has guaranteed a minimum of two dollars for every bushel raised in the United States next year.

The Government has fixed prices on other commodities, but in no other case has it done what it has for wheat growers—that is, guaranteed a minimum price for next year that is about double the normal price. If peace should come this winter, the Dardanelles be thrown open, releasing Russia's wheat surplus, and next year's crop be good, that guaranty might, in fact, let the Government in for a big loss.

Wheat growers have no good ground for complaint. We have no doubt the protesting farmers will see it that way on fuller consideration and cheerfully fall into line with the rest of us. But anybody who will take pains to look at the case from their angle will see that there is small reason to fall into a rage over their protest.

A Line on the Submarine

NEARLY eight months have elapsed since Germany began unrestricted submarine warfare. Reports of the sinking of ships since then have been inconclusive and conflicting. England has given only the number of British ships sunk, without stating their tonnage. Germany has made tall claims, which England has denied. As to how many tons have been sent to the bottom, all an outsider can do is to make a fairly good guess.

But there is another line on submarine activity. The usual official statements of British imports and exports have been published regularly throughout the war. There is no reason to question their accuracy.

The statement for August shows that the value of goods moving into the United Kingdom by sea and out by sea was twenty per cent greater than in the corresponding month last year.

Rise in prices would account for a considerable part of this increase. The figures may be affected to some extent by the inclusion of certain government purchases not included last year. But careful consideration of all the evidence leaves a strong presumption that the movement of goods to and from England by sea is about as large as last year. If we take the seven months ending with August, embracing the whole period of unrestricted submarine operations, the value of British imports and exports is about eight per cent larger than last year.

After nearly two-thirds of a year's experience, the longest vision can see no defeat for the Allies through starving England into submission.

Housing the Workers

WAR has brought out with peculiar emphasis one of the very weak spots in our industrial equipment. We can beat the world at building plants—that is, in rapid construction of factories so skilfully arranged that the machinery in them will be operated to the best possible advantage. There, broadly speaking, we stop. How the men who operate the machinery are going to be housed is left to chance. We take it for granted that, the plant being erected, some speculative landlords will throw together a number of tenements, barracks and shacks in which the operatives can find shelter from the weather on some terms or other.

The Journal of the American Institute of Architects cites a quite typical instance. Under the pressure of war demand a big factory in a New England town was rushed to completion in record time. The proprietors were congratulating themselves on this typical American feat when it developed that, whereas the factory would employ a thousand hands, not a solitary house suitable for a workman's occupancy was to be had in the town. Moreover, the cost of building was so high, and the duration of the war boom so uncertain, that nobody had any inclination to build a house for a workman's occupancy.

Europe got a good way ahead of us in recognizing that housing the man who runs the engine is as important as housing the engine itself. Leaving the housing of operatives to speculative builders is as bad economy, in the long run, as leaving it to speculative builders—whose only interest in the matter is the amount of rent they can extract—to put up the structures that contain the machinery. No sane concern would think of doing the latter. Nearly every sane concern does the former.

Probably we shall muddle through the war period on the old haphazard plan; but finally the housing of workmen must be thoroughly reorganized on a different basis from that merely of a landlord's temporary profits.

Not a War-Profits Tax

THE Senate proposed to tax war profits; then suddenly, and for some mysterious reason, abandoned that intention. It took the profits a concern had earned in the three years before the European War as a measure of its normal earning capacity. Whatever it earned this year in excess of those normal earnings was regarded as war profits and taxed at rates running from twelve per cent up to sixty per cent.

Having framed a bill on these lines the Senate abruptly abandoned the base upon which taxable profits were to be calculated and changed the bill so that all profits in excess of ten per cent upon the actual cash capital invested were called war profits and subjected to the tax.

This is not taxing war profits at all. A great number of concerns whose earning power depends upon goodwill, patent rights, trade-marks, and so on, rather than upon the actual cash invested, earn more than ten per cent upon the cash investment in normal times.

For example, we happen to know of a trade paper which, because of greatly increased cost of materials and labor, is earning less this year than it earned before the war. But only a small amount of actual cash is invested in the business; its value depends upon long-established goodwill. The bill as passed by the Senate will take nearly two-thirds of this year's total earnings, though the paper is not profiting a penny on account of the war, but suffering a loss.

This trade paper is a comparatively small business concern. It is exactly the comparatively small concerns that will be hit by this bogus war-profits tax.

The Senate should have stuck to its first intention of taxing war profits. The taxation it finally adopted has no relation whatever to war profits.

Get a Kitchen Card

LAST spring the British Government undertook a big popular campaign to conserve wheat. As a result, consumption of wheat in April fell off about four per cent, in May nearly ten per cent, in June fifteen per cent, and in July twenty per cent. Much the greater part of this wheat saving was due to the voluntary coöperation of women in their homes.

There is abundant food in the United States for home use and much to spare; but that which we spare to the Allies must be carried three thousand submarine-menaced miles when every ton of ocean shipping is precious. To help them effectually we must cut down our use of foods that require the least tonnage in proportion to their nutritive value. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products, sugar. We have a big supply of vegetables, useful here but nearly useless for export. Various fruits are in the same category. We have bumper crops of corn and oats—the former, especially, a most palatable and nourishing substitute for wheat.

With no real inconvenience, without a cent of greater cost, and without a solitary meal being less nutritive or delectable, we can shift home consumption toward foods that are less available for export, and in that way help conquer the U-boats.

Every household should study its diet with this war need in mind and do its part. A postcard addressed to the Food Administrator, Washington, will bring a placard of instructions and explanations, to be hung in the kitchen, by observing which every family can directly help to sustain the armies that are fighting our battles. The Food Administration wants a pledge of coöperation from every housewife.

Get the kitchen card and follow it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Divine Sarah

FORTUNE, who never tires of showering honors on Madame Bernhardt, has just brought her an honorary membership in the Stage Women's War Relief Association, an honor conferred the other night with much pomp and circumstance in a New York playhouse. If there were such a society as the Ancient Order of Good Sports we should propose Madame Bernhardt for a membership of the first class; for no misfortune, no financial reverse, no illness, no surgeon's knife has ever banished the smile with which she faces the world and accepts her lot, be it good or ill. The official military photograph on the right shows part of Madame Bernhardt's soldier audiences on the Western Front and gives an excellent idea of Madame's leopard-skin coat.

General Bell

MAJOR GENERAL J. Franklin Bell (the J. camouflages James), who was recently made commander of the Eastern Department of the Army, with headquarters on Governor's Island, probably holds the record for the remarkable promotions he has received. Back in 1901, when he was plain Captain Bell, of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, the War Department shattered all precedents by promoting him, at one leap, to a brigadier generalship.

By this promotion he was advanced over the heads of no less

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PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Beatrice Harraden

EXCEPT for the lettering on her arm, one might mistake this portrait of Miss Harraden for an officer on one of those Ships That Pass in the Night. As a matter of fact this clever author long ago put aside her writing to engage in war work. She has not only secured hundreds of women workers for the munition plants, but is active in the work of the Endell Street Hospital, an institution entirely staffed by women. Miss Harraden has charge of the library, and sees that convalescent Tommies get the kind of reading matter they want, whether it measures up to her own literary standards or not.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Himself

By Himself

E. M. RHODES, R. F. D.: bats and throws right-handed; Persian education; peterpantheist; hopeful pessimist; poltroon in politics, laggard in love and dastard in war; jack-of-nine-trades, master of one—bronco-busting. Motter: Don't rock the boatman.

Hobbies: spelling bronco correctly; keeping my face and sad story from public prints; not giving advice about the war; not giving advice; not blushing with shame for the soft, spiritless, ignoble, peace-loving, spineless, cowardly and un-Prussian American people, at the established rate per column, and not believing same of the same, except last item.

I once devoted some time to scientific research, specializing in Permutations; conducted interesting series of experiments as to combinations obtainable by segregating pasteboard slips into bundles of five. Each slip was distinguished by number or other

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PHOTO BY A. DUPERRAC & SONS, PARIS

Doctor Koo

THE smiling young Chinaman at the foot of this column is China's talented and amiable minister at Washington. If the Celestial Kingdom could have a few hundred diplomats and statesmen of Doctor Koo's training and caliber, the Chinese Junk of State would not rock so much as it has of late.

Dr. Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo was born in the province of Kiangsu, China, and is now 29 years old. He received his education in China at the St. John's University Preparatory School, Shanghai, previous to his coming to the United States. He was a student for one year at Cook Academy before he matriculated at Columbia. He graduated from Columbia with the class of 1909, then he specialized in international law under Prof. John Bassett Moore, receiving successively the degrees of M.A. and Ph.D.

Soon after the establishment of the republic he was called back to become secretary of the cabinet and concurrently

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PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Roll Call of the Millionaires

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

WEALTH has never yet sacrificed itself on the altar of patriotism in any war," declared Senator La Follette not long ago. "On the contrary it has ever shown itself eager to take advantage of the misfortunes which war always brings to the masses of the people."

If this already classic denunciation of the millionaires of America be true then the task of raising some $20,000,000,000 for war would seem almost impossible. If wealth did not do its full and patriotic share in the first Liberty Loan and if it fails likewise to do its share in the second loan, then La Follette is right and wealth is a thing accursed. And in these loans we have a vast object lesson in the motives of investment, a flood of light on the impulses to which rich and poor alike respond, whether they spring from the generous, unselfish nature of the patriot or the low and sordid heart of the tax dodger and profiteer.

Expressed in its most brutal form, do the rich buy war loans from patriotism or to escape taxes? The first Liberty Loan paid only three and a half per cent interest, but it was made free from all taxes, including the enormous supertoll on large incomes. Thus it comes about that a very rich man if able to change all his fortune over into these war bonds would escape such heavy taxes that he would be receiving the equivalent of perhaps ten per cent interest on an investment that pays the poor man hardly more than one-third as much.

At a meeting where workmen were being urged to buy Liberty bonds there sat on the platform the very wealthy president of a big national bank and one of the richest corporation lawyers in the country.

"Take the bonds, my friends," shouted the speaker, "and keep these gentlemen on the platform from buying them to reduce their supertaxes!"

This remark brought down the house, and while the audience roared with delight the banker and the corporation lawyer blushed. "You can't persuade the people," said the speaker in discussing the incident several months later, "that anything but cupidity led the rich to buy these bonds. To persuade them of anything else would be a hopeless task."

In a serious attempt to get at the truth of this admittedly difficult and delicate subject I sought information from a large and varied assortment of financial authorities, including several multimillionaires and all manner of persons who had come in contact with them, such as bankers, Treasury officials and experts, and the active managers of the Liberty Loan campaigns in New York and Chicago. First of all I approached an investment banker and bond expert of many years' experience in handling all classes of investors, rich and poor alike.

"I don't see how you can write a word on this subject," he said. "The less said about the rich the better. The only motive they recognize in making investments is cupidity. They will rush after a bond if it pays enough—otherwise they are cold to all appeals."

"Nothing He Could Do Would be Right"

"THERE is no use arguing with them about the attractiveness of the bond. They know as much about that as you do. They can't help being shrewd about their purchases, even of Liberty bonds, because they have always been shrewd. That is why they are rich. I know a man who intended to subscribe for $10,000,000 of Liberty bonds but at the last moment thought he discovered an insignificant technical hitch in the conversion clause which might prevent him from exchanging his bonds for those of later issues at a higher rate, and he angrily refused to enter any subscription."

I tried to discover whether this testy Croesus had been made to see the light of reason, but the banker was too absorbed in his subject to heed my question.

"Don't write about the very rich," he warned. "It is not a pleasant subject."

"But don't the figures show that the rich actually bought the bonds, whatever their motives may have been?" I asked.

"The bonds were taken mostly by people who didn't take all they should have taken," was his reply.

I mentioned a famous manufacturer who subscribed for $3,000,000 and whose corporation took either for itself or for its employees at least twice as much.

"Take the Bonds," Shouted the Speaker, "and Keep These Gentlemen on the Platform From Buying Them to Reduce Their Supertaxes!"

"Of course they did," was the immediate answer. "Mr. —— and his company are in the limelight. They had to."

"Aren't you too cynical?" I suggested.

"I hope not," he answered seriously. "But it is my disposition to tear off the trappings and pretense and get down to reality. Of course," he admitted, "this much is to be said for the very rich: They expected to be soaked with heavy income and excess-profits taxes. They felt that John Jones, who keeps the corner store, would escape with much lighter taxes and therefore he ought to take the bonds."

"But how about John D. Rockefeller?" I persisted. "He subscribed for $20,000,000; wasn't that pretty good?"

"That was nothing for Rockefeller. What is $20,000,000 out of $500,000,000?"

"But where could he get more money than that without disturbing his other investments?" I mildly suggested.

"He could get it all right if he really wanted to—five times as much if necessary."

"I think Mr. Rockefeller did splendidly," said a Government official to whom I repeated this conversation. "Anyone who says he did not subscribe enough loses sight of the fact that it was a question of a proportion of the whole loan, not the amount itself. You don't expect one man at a church fair to buy out the whole shooting match, even if he can afford it. If we had asked for fifteen billions instead of two billions Mr. Rockefeller would have been expected to come across with a great deal more."

Though J. P. Morgan & Co. and several other banking concerns made larger subscriptions, John D. Rockefeller made the largest single individual subscription to the first Liberty Loan, and he is in a position to make by far the largest to the second loan. His case is one of absorbing interest and unusual significance. But perhaps it is not a typical case for the simple reason that nothing Mr. Rockefeller can do will satisfy everybody. "Nothing he could do would be right," was the rather bitter comment that another man of large wealth made in discussing the case.

This is literally true. Rockefeller was criticized for not taking enough of the bonds, and he would have been even more severely condemned for "hogging it" and trying to escape taxation. Mr. Rockefeller subscribed in four installments of $5,000,000 each through different banks, and it was suggested that he entered his subscription in this manner because he secured four times as much publicity and credit for his action as if he had entered a single subscription. By splitting his subscription he made the technical financial operation much easier, probably roused other multimillionaires to subscribe and gave the credit of entering large subscriptions to more than one bank.

But to get back to the real issue: Did Mr. Rockefeller subscribe from motives of patriotism or of cupidity? No one but he can answer that question, and so tangled are human motives that perhaps he himself could not give a satisfactory reply. But there are some curious bits of evidence. It will be remembered that though Rockefeller subscribed for $20,000,000 his allotment was cut down so that he received only one-fifth that amount, or about $4,000,000. But he had arranged to take the full $20,000,000. He had subscribed to large amounts of short-dated certificates of indebtedness which the Treasury puts out in advance of bond issues; he had made arrangements with banks to take up the full amount, and he was accumulating funds from dividends and interest or from the sale of other securities sufficient to meet his payments.

As a strictly financial proposition it would appear as if Mr. Rockefeller really wanted the bonds. And indeed there is good authority for the statement that after the loan was over and the bonds were listed on the Stock Exchange he put in at least one market order which read "Buy me $5,000,000 Liberty bonds."

But on the other hand had Mr. Rockefeller really wanted the entire $20,000,000 why did he not put in a subscription for a much larger sum, say $50,000,000, for his advisers surely must have known just before the books closed that the loan would be oversubscribed and the large subscribers would get less than they wanted unless they doubled or trebled their subscriptions?

What do the millionaires themselves say? One man with a large fortune, whose subscription to the first loan amounted to several millions, talked freely. He is connected with international banking and corporate interests of the first rank and is active in a small group that controls many of the country's largest corporations. He is also a close student of the theoretical and scientific side of finance, as well as one of its most successful practitioners.

Reading the Minds of the Rich

"THE rich were moved chiefly by motives of patriotism," he said with a dry smile, "but they were moved with extreme reluctance. They needed much urging. I do not believe that many of them subscribed because of the tax-exempt feature. I have several reasons for this opinion. Personally I talked with many people of great wealth, urging them to buy the bonds and trying to show them what a good thing the bonds were because of total freedom from taxation. But the average rich man was timid, fearful, suspicious. All he could see was that the bonds paid only three and a half per cent. He could not be made to see that the real income to him would be much larger. His attitude was this:

"'I'll take my chances with something else—with bonds that I know pay five per cent, even if they are taxable.'

"But the most conclusive reason for believing that tax exemption was not the chief motive is the fact that the bonds fell below par after the subscriptions closed. If the rich had really wanted to obtain investments that would be free from taxes they would have bought so heavily after the bonds were listed on the Stock Exchange that the price would quickly have been driven above par. You can't get away from that.

"I tell you the rich did not want these bonds. No people were ever more delighted and relieved than they when they found that their allotments had been cut by the Secretary of the Treasury and they would not have to take the full amount they subscribed for.

"But mark my words, the rich will subscribe for the next loan. They will make it a success and take it all, if the rest of the population do not. They will subscribe for every loan that is put out and make them all successes, for the very simple reason that they will have to. Why will they have to? Because if they do not they will have the finger of scorn pointed at them, and if there is anything the rich dislike and fear it is that.

(Continued on Page 30)

"I envy the fortunate buyer
This gem of good taste to acquire!
Such a *chef-d'œuvre* if hung in the Louvre,
The nations would flock to admire!"

A Masterpiece

To get the full enjoyment of Campbell's Tomato Soup eat it slowly, deliberately. Taste and enjoy every spoonful. Then you realize why so many people of critical tastes pronounce this popular *Campbell* "kind" the standard of perfection in tomato soup.

"The object of art," declared Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is to *carry out Nature's intention.*" And what this famous "philosopher of art," as he is called, said about painting applies aptly to this masterpiece of culinary art—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Nature, in the red-ripe, vine-matured tomato, provides the "color-scheme" and the keynote of flavor, as you might say; while the accomplished Campbell chefs, by blending the best part of this natural product with the best of other wholesome ingredients, unite the piquant freshness of Nature with the nourishing quality demanded in a food product for daily use. Here you have richness combined with delicacy; a touch of natural sweetness—never cloying; a fine tonic zest which enlivens the appetite and lends added savor to the entire meal. A *chef-d'œuvre* to grace the best appointed table.

No wonder that practical housewives order this tempting soup from the grocer by the dozen or the case.

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

"There is nothing in being rich nowadays anyhow," said this outspoken man of millions as he turned to his desk and closed the interview.

It is not generally known, even in the financial world, with what extraordinary difficulty certain very wealthy corporations and individuals, as well as those of moderate wealth, were induced to subscribe. The fact is probably published here for the first time that in both New York and Chicago secret committees of bankers were appointed literally to drag in the big subscriptions from certain reluctant corporations.

On the secret committee in New York were J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker, chairman of the First National Bank, and a few others. They formed what they called the Million-Dollar Club—perhaps because they went after $1,000,000 subscriptions with a club. Anyway, they set out to overcome the prevailing spirit among many of the wealthy of "letting George do it" and of proving their patriotism by the purchase of a fifty-dollar bond. As there are hundreds of big corporations with which these bankers are affiliated it is easy to see how pressure was brought, though there were cases where corporations had to be approached five or six times and told "You've got to subscribe."

With certain rich individuals the task was far harder. At first thought it seemed to me interesting that the committee should know whom to approach—that is, what men and women were in a position to subscribe $1,000,000 or more. But my informants laughed at such childlike innocence. "How did they know whom to go after?" snorted one banker to whom the question was put. "Don't you suppose the biggest banks in the country know who the rich people are?"

Selling Bonds With a Club

TO DISCOVER people capable of absorbing $1,000,000 of bonds apiece was easy. To get them to do it was another matter. "The loan will be a success anyway," grumbled the millionaire. "There are plenty of others, and you don't need me. Besides, I don't want to anyway." But such excuses did not satisfy the secret committee, especially Mr. Baker, who "sold" more $1,000,000 subscriptions than any other man in the country. Baker is an old man now, but there is no more powerful or influential financial personage in the country than this quiet, modest, retiring old gentleman, and with the single exception of John D. Rockefeller probably there is none so rich. Besides, he is imbued with the whole tradition of Government bonds. As a young man he entered the banking business in Civil War times, and his institution took a leading part both for itself and representing several refunding syndicates in financing United States bonds of successive administrations. During one year, 1879, his bank bought and sold $780,000,000 of United States bonds.

Baker subscribed $1,000,000 for the first Liberty Loan, his son took a like amount, the bank in which they are by far the largest stockholders subscribed for $25,000,000, and the United States Steel Corporation, in which Baker's influence equals that of J. P. Morgan, also subscribed for $25,000,000. But this was only a beginning for the old gentleman. He telephoned rich individuals and corporation heads to come to his office; and when they are summoned by George F. Baker they go. Usually it is not necessary to be called twice to the "captain's office." He also went out and got subscriptions. He talked not only with the rich and powerful but urged commuters on the train to do their small share. The final result was that his bank got in $110,000,000 of subscriptions, or one-sixteenth of the country's total.

Mr. Baker does not like to talk about his achievements, but F. L. Hine, who is president of the bank and who worked with Mr. Baker, was willing to speak for the institution. Mr. Hine himself subscribed for $1,000,000. Something like $30,000,000 or $40,000,000 was obtained by the bank in individual subscriptions of $1,000,000 or over. I asked Mr. Hine how they did it.

"We went after them," was his reply. "Neither individuals nor corporations wanted the bonds, except in a very few cases. We had to show them, in many instances, that they must subscribe. 'You have got to do it!' was the argument. It was a vital necessity that the loan be a success. It simply could not be allowed to fail.

"There was one institution that we went after, a moderate sized one. Its officers thought that $500,000 would be about right for them. 'Tut, tut,' we said; 'that is perfectly absurd. At the very least $1,000,000, or perhaps $2,000,000.' The result of our little argument was that they took $2,000,000 for themselves and $6,000,000 for their customers.

"It is true," he added with a faint, suggestive smile, "that some subscribers had to be gone after with a bludgeon, and you know that such methods won't go so well another time. You can do it once, but not again.

"As for tax exemption, we found it a negligible feature. In our entire canvass we found perhaps half a dozen men who really wanted about $500,000 of the bonds apiece, but of those who subscribed for very large sums I remember only one man who really wanted the several million dollars which he subscribed for, and it was explained in his case that he was old and in poor health, so that Government bonds really afforded a suitable investment for him.

"Of the bonds we received from our subscription we turned back $8,000,000 to the Federal Reserve Bank to enable them to make deliveries to small and moderate sized subscribers, who were yelling for bonds. That shows how badly we wanted them."

From a source of unquestioned reliability I learned that a prominent banker who was in the $1,000,000 class divided up most of his bonds among his children. This of course prevented any reduction in his own taxes, because the bonds no longer counted among his investments. The same man then sold all the bonds he had kept for himself, in order that he might have ample funds for the next loan, which is to be taxable to those who have large incomes.

From still another source it was learned that one man who originally planned to subscribe for $1,000,000 of the bonds—and he could readily do so, because he was worth $10,000,000—finally decided to subscribe for only $15,000 for fear his friends would josh him about being a tax dodger. Indeed, there is no way of telling how many rich men refrained from taking as many bonds as they might for fear of being known as tax dodgers.

All the evidence, much of it contradictory, which this article brings together leads to one inevitable conclusion: namely, that millionaires, like other men, down to the poorest, are of all sorts. Some are patriotic and some are selfish. There is yet another very striking proof of the varied motives and sentiments that animate the wealthy. Many would subscribe only on a promise that their names be used, and many absolutely refused to subscribe a single cent if their names were published. One prominent millionaire had, to the knowledge of his bankers, put in a subscription for $500,000, but he did not care to have the fact made public. From day to day he was visited by innumerable bond salesmen and newspaper reporters who supposed he had not subscribed and who urged him to put in a big subscription and let them make the fact known. Finally in despair he shouted to a group of them:

"You people won't let me attend to my daily business, you come in so often. I have already subscribed for $500,000, and I'll take another half million if you'll keep my subscription out of the papers and keep out of my office yourselves."

Though the policy of publicity was opposed by some banking and financial experts, and without doubt alienated many of the wealthy, it might as well be frankly admitted that the weight of testimony inclines to the view that the majority of rich men were quite willing to let their left hand know what their right hand was doing. Most of them were proud of their big subscriptions to the Liberty Loan and more than willing to have the fact advertised.

Obviously many of the wholesale denunciations of wealth that come at times like these are due to the superficial habit of making a sort of impersonal bogy out of the word wealth—of creating a pure abstraction. Of course there isn't any such animal, and to say that "wealth has never yet sacrificed itself on the altar of patriotism" is exactly as truthful as to say that "men with blue eyes never make good soldiers." What we have to deal with is not an economic bogy but live men, some of whom are patriotic and generous and others selfish and sordid. A rather significant statement made to me by a man who has been closely connected with the long, careful inquiries into taxation of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate, was that nearly all those who had had money for some length of time had shown a fine spirit, but that some of the newly rich had shown a yellow streak.

Some Patriotic Rich Men

SAMUEL UNTERMYER, who investigated the "Money Trust" and the Stock Exchange, and who has probably exposed more corruption in High Finance than any other American lawyer, recently remarked that it might be observed in passing that with all the bitter debate in Congress over the income tax no protest had come from the men most directly affected.

"I appear on behalf of Charles M. Schwab and other stockholders of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation," said a lawyer who recently appeared before the Senate Finance Committee to object to some detail of the proposed tax bill. "But my clients have not asked me to oppose any scheme of fairly distributed taxation, no matter how great the tax may be, and there is no disposition on the part of the gentlemen whom I represent to oppose this proposed tax because of its size or because of the increasing scale on which it is graduated with reference to incomes."

Nor is there any doubt that the benefit to rich men in subscribing to tax-exempt bonds has been grossly exaggerated. Tables prepared to show how the ownership of these bonds would return an income of five to nine per cent to persons with large fortunes are very misleading, despite the fact that many of these tables were prepared by rich men themselves. It is quite true that if a loan of $2,000,000 income were invested in tax-exempt three and a half per cent bonds the real return would be nine per cent, but no one with such a large income has invested it all in these bonds. Nor could such a person do so without driving the price of the bonds up beyond a point where there would be any object in buying them. The amount of taxes dodged by rich men from buying Liberty bonds and the corresponding benefit to them have been actually very small in any given instance, for the simple reason that the proportion of Liberty bonds owned by the very rich to their total investments is very small.

Indeed, in the last analysis it is nothing less than hypocritical to charge rich men with being unpatriotic because they buy tax-exempt bonds, especially when the charge is brought by anyone connected with governmental activities. The Government has sold only tax-exempt bonds for more than forty years. It has itself chosen that method. It alone set the conditions. To break with tradition suddenly and put out the first Liberty Loan as a taxable security, especially at a time when a new and enormous tax burden was in process of being imposed on the wealthy, would have been bad tactics and in a sense bad faith.

But thinkers of the La Follette school do not object to bond issues solely because of the tax-exempt feature. They feel that the rich man is in a better position than his poorer fellow citizen to profit from any rise in the price of bonds, and it is true of course that the wealthy have often reaped large rewards from their ownership of wartime securities. When the first Federal Administration declared its intention of paying debts incurred in the Revolution the price of bonds rose rapidly. John Jacob Astor and his associates in the War of 1812, besides rendering a patriotic service in subscribing to loans, drove a good bargain, for they received a bonus of twelve dollars on every hundred. Not only did thousands of rich people who "expressed their confidence in the Government" benefit greatly from the rise in bond prices after the Civil War, but they had paid the Government in depreciated paper money and the bonds were ultimately redeemed in gold worth nearly $1,000,000,000 more than the paper currency.

Five Per Cent Enough for John D.

BUT, in the main, men hold bonds because they are rich; they do not become rich by holding bonds. In other words, property must be highly concentrated before the bond system can be developed at all. The evil, if there be one, is not in rich men's owning Government bonds, but in their being rich to begin with.

"It may be argued," said Senator La Follette, "that the poor equally with the rich will have the opportunity to purchase war bonds. It is small comfort to have the opportunity to purchase bonds if you have little or no money to invest in bonds."

The fact that the poor have less money to invest than the rich has nothing to do with the question. Whether the poor have too little and the rich too much is a problem for times of peace, except of course so far as the rich enjoy war profits, and these are being taken care of by means of heavy war-profits taxes. Otherwise it is not a question of war finance at all.

In wartime the one vital financial problem is to get the money somehow. Only hopeless cranks and pro-Germans fail to realize that it is a sheer physical impossibility to raise some $20,000,000,000 by taxes alone. If the rich are needed in floating the loans, then the only sensible course is to induce them to subscribe, and one well-recognized inducement is self-interest. But obviously it would be unwise to cater to that instinct so far as to make all future bond issues exempt from Federal income taxes. If this method were carried far enough a dangerously large proportion of the country's wealth would escape taxation.

Besides, when the Government first sold nontaxable bonds there was no such extreme graduation in taxes as now—that is, there was no such undue advantage to the very rich in buying nontaxable securities forty years ago as there is to-day, because the large incomes paid no supertaxes then. Finally, it would be unjust to make United States bonds continuously more attractive to the rich than to the poor. This would be like handing a gift to those least in need of it. Secretary McAdoo has shown excellent judgment in making the second Liberty Loan taxable to those having large incomes but exempt to those with small incomes. The transition has been gradual. The gap has been bridged. The bonds have been made a trifle less attractive to the rich man and a trifle more attractive to the poor man, thus evening things up.

But the second Liberty Loan should appeal fully as much as the first to those of comfortable and moderate means, to the great financial middle class, and to only a slightly less extent to the rich and very rich. It is said that John D. Rockefeller is satisfied with a five per cent investment, provided he can be assured of its safety. But he has the expense of investigation, he may be called upon to finance and supervise the company after the investment is made, and in every case he must pay all manner of heavy state and local taxes, often amounting to two per cent.

(Concluded on Page 33)

The Extra Security of Staggard Studs

Republic's patented Staggard Tread gives perfect traction and extra security against skid.

The long oval studs are scientifically shaped and placed.

No less than four are always in contact with the road.

They are proofed against wear by the Prōdium Process.

This rubber-toughening process is the discovery which makes Republic Tires last longer.

It also prolongs the driving and non-skid efficiency of the Staggard Tread.

Staggard Tread has no counterpart, either in scientific design or satisfactory performance.

The extra wear of this tread cuts down tire cost.

Its extra security is an actual safeguard in Winter driving.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

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Ready for Instant Service—

WHEN the war called on our Uncle Sam's magnificent battle-fleet, it was ready. Not only its superb personnel, not only its guns and ammunition, but its intricate machinery to the last detail has been scientifically built up during years of preparation.

One of the chiefest of these details is the protection of the steam. To that the most painstaking study has been given. Without the steam the battle-ship is only a raft. Without *protection for the steam*, the steam would be a blind, lazy giant, unable to obey the command of its master.

For every metal steam-carrying pipe leaks heat as a sieve leaks water. The heat of the steam seeks equality with outside temperature just as water seeks its level.

Armored with "85% Magnesia"

To enable that steam to do its work those pipes, and the boilers too, must be armored against the cooler temperatures that steal the heat.

Only the very best possible protection is good enough. Therefore for many years the naval constructors studied the vital problem of insulation. Their experiments led them a quarter of a century ago to adopt "85% Magnesia" as the standard pipe and boiler protection for the U. S. Navy.

"85% MAGNESIA"

The Master Covering for Pipes and Boilers

Every one of our battle-ships has its pipes and boilers armored with "85% Magnesia." It was chosen as the most dependable, the most efficient, covering which the supreme test of a battle-ship required.

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Magnesia is Nature's own self-made insulation. Each particle of magnesia contains tiny air-cells in which the air is "dead" and heat cannot pass. When Nature made heat to be a runaway, she made magnesia's infinitesimal "dead-air cells" to imprison it.

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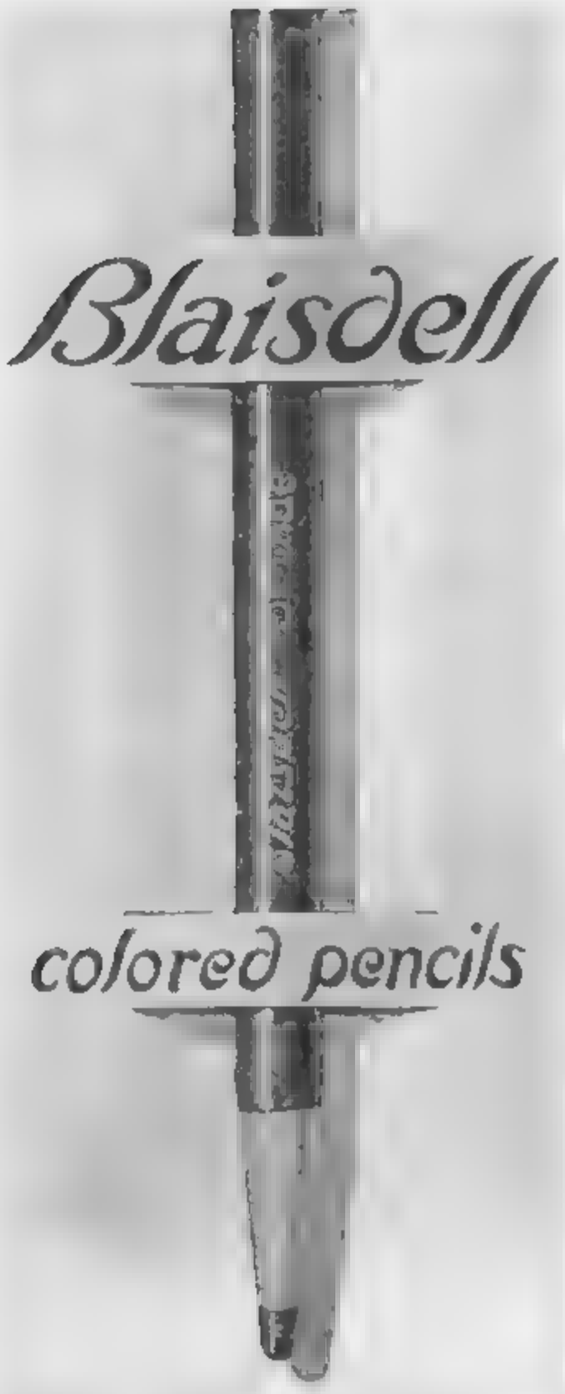

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Order from your stationer today or write us your requirements and we will see that you are supplied.

Blaisdell Pencil Com

(Concluded from Page 30)

The Liberty bonds pay only four per cent, but they are free from all state and local taxes. There is no need of preliminary investigation, no care or thought after the investment is made, and no work except cutting the coupons.

Millionaires have become accustomed and reconciled to Federal income taxes. The collectors are remote officials living in Washington or some other city distant from the residence of the taxpayer. There is no favoritism or politics, and the disclosure of one's affairs is never subject to any danger of leak or publicity. The rate of tax is the same for all sections of the country. But local taxes are different. The rates vary to a bewildering extent. Officials change often, and politics plays a big part. The rate of assessment varies enormously, and taxes are commonly dodged and evaded because of their manifest unfairness. If a man pays all the local taxes which in theory he should pay he probably turns in more than nine out of ten of his neighbors do, and if he fails to pay in full his estate is sure to make up for it when he dies.

How can the rich man do better than to subscribe to the second Liberty Loan? What other investment can he be so sure of selling when the war is over and when he needs funds to seize opportunities that will then present themselves? It is like lending money to the Government on call. For the small investors, the wage-earners, who are learning the lesson of thrift and investment, are sure for years to come to buy Liberty bonds. It will always be their first investment, and this buying force will constitute a steady market.

More than fifty years ago Jay Cooke, who was the chief instrument in floating the great Civil War loans, explained in telling and forceful language to the people of the North why he wanted the poor man's subscription more than that of the rich man. He told how the rich would sell out at the first profitable opportunity and turn their money into other channels, but how the poor would hold on and become woven into the very fabric of the nation's life. The same is true to-day. The national welfare demands that a war for democracy be conducted in a democratic manner, and if the rich and poor alike must render military service it follows that the rich and poor should both render financial service, according to their ability.

Washington's Contribution

Morally and politically, and in the long run financially, it is absolutely essential to enlist the support of all the people for the second Liberty Loan. But as an immediate financial proposition the rich man, because of the very fact of his riches, has a heavy duty to perform. It is a matter of simple arithmetic and everyday experience that the big subscription is needed, for presumably it is easier to persuade one millionaire or one corporation, hard-headed as they may be, to put in a subscription for $1,000,000 than to persuade 10,000 different people of small means, no matter how patriotic, to buy a $100 bond. For it is difficult to get great numbers of people to agree and act on anything.

Mister Rich Man was fairly essential in all our earlier wars. Robert Morris, who "financed" the Revolution not only in the sense of managing its finances but as a big subscriber himself, was the millionaire of his time. George Washington, who advanced some $90,000 to the cause, was well endowed with this world's goods, and Stephen Girard, one of the chief financial supports of the War of 1812, would be considered wealthy even to-day. In the war of 1812 the first loan was a failure until John Jacob Astor, of New York, and Stephen Girard and David Parish, of Philadelphia, took nearly $10,000,000 between them.

Jay Cooke's efforts to popularize the Civil War loans were, considering the resources at his command, perhaps the most successful in history. But it was found fifteen years after the war that out of $644,000,000 of bonds, which excluded the holdings of banks and foreigners, $410,000,000 were owned in amounts of $50,000 and over. Excluding corporations, eighty-four per cent of the total amount was owned in the Middle and New England States, another evidence of the concentration in the hands of the well-to-do.

It is hard to say whether the rich man's contribution is needed as much now as formerly. Through education, cooperation and organization it is possible to collect from millions of small savers an enormous aggregate of money. There are vastly more small and moderate sized savers than in the earlier wars. But then, too, there are far more very wealthy individuals and corporations than formerly.

In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a year ago the writer of this article ventured an estimate that more than one hundred persons would pay income taxes on $1,000,000 and over for the year 1916. The estimate, though made with great care, was put forth with fear and trembling lest it prove a gross exaggeration. But the actual figures published a few weeks ago showed that 120 persons had paid taxes on incomes of $1,000,000 or more.

The first Liberty Loan was a great success in enlisting an unprecedented number of small subscribers, and the actual amount of money which they contributed was indeed impressive. Detailed figures are available at this writing for the New York Federal Reserve District alone, or rather the figures are available for $533,840,050 of the $617,000,000 allotted to that district. A total of 1,141,988 temporary certificates was issued representing these $533,840,050 of bonds. Of these certificates 940,078 were for sums of $50, $100 and $500, representing $92,576,050 of money, or between one-fifth and one-sixth of the total; that is, it can be said that in the New York District small investors subscribed about one-fifth the total amount in that district.

Corporation Subscriptions

Certificates for $1000 accounted for $187,244,000 of the total, but the purchaser of a $1000 bond is rarely a poor man. Indeed he is just as likely to be rich as of moderate means, because large subscribers would in many cases have their bonds split into $1000 units, which are the handiest and most marketable. It was estimated that $250,000,000, or one-twelfth of the entire subscription for the whole country, came from the New York District in amounts of $1,000,000 and over from corporations and individuals. Nearly half the total amount of money subscribed was represented by $5000, $10,000, $50,000, $100,000 and $1,000,000 certificates, though the total number of these subscriptions was but 13,656, out of more than a million.

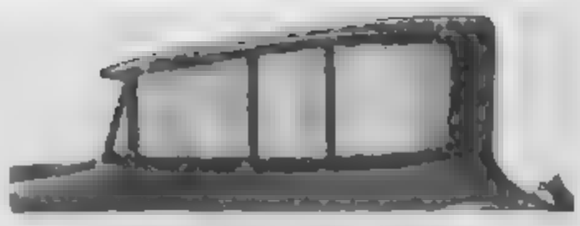
Taking the country as a whole, it appears that nearly two-thirds of the money was subscribed in amounts of $10,000 and over, and half of this was for amounts of $100,000 and over. It is also rather interesting that the greater part of the money came from the four or five states that pay most of the corporation and individual income taxes, which are the states where more than 100 persons with incomes of $1,000,000 or more happen to live.

Any figures that purport to show just what classes, groups or individuals in the country did the most for the Liberty Loan must be viewed with suspicion.

It would be possible to make up a list of millionaires who subscribed for $1,000,000 or more. But such a list would be grossly unfair. Besides Mr. Rockefeller's subscription for $20,000,000 there are on record the facts that former Senator W. A. Clark and Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the late Hetty Green, each subscribed for $5,000,000; and that the Whitney family, of New York, and the Marshall Field family, of Chicago, each applied for the same amount; Charles M. Schwab subscribed for $3,000,000, George Eastman for $2,500,000, William Rockefeller for $2,000,000 and Vincent Astor for the same amount. Then there is a list of perhaps 30 or 40 individuals who subscribed for $1,000,000 each.

But there is no way of knowing how many large subscribers refused to permit the publication of their names, and furthermore many of the largest subscriptions were from closely owned corporations, which practically means that the individual stockholders subscribed, though they are not credited with so doing. The same is true of banks and trust companies where the stock is closely held. Finally there are the great private banking firms, such as J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., which in several cases subscribed sums ranging from $2,000,000 to $50,000,000, with the credit for such amounts going to the firms and not to the individual partners.

But despite the fallibility and incompleteness of all figures, they are enough to show that concentrated wealth must and does play a large part in government-bond operations.



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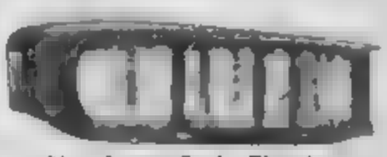

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THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 15)

unit of the effort, show where this failed and that failed; but to what end? The mass is what counts, and the mass is moving, resistlessly, adequately, competently; the result will be what avails, and the result is already to be discerned. Not that there will not be failures, breakdowns, wrong-headedness, errors, stupidities in number; but, conceding all that, the mass is in motion, and it is going strong. No real American will ever have any real cause to feel humiliation or shame or disgust over what his country has done, is doing and will do in this war, except perhaps in isolated and individual or, at the most, group instances. The people of this country are all right; far more so than the regulars at Washington. And the people will be served in the great aggregate.

There is hope, based on certain interior evidence, that the President will presently do some organizing or reorganizing on his own account. There have been developments that predicate this. The delay in composing the difficulties in the shipping board has been referred to. That was a marked instance of the President standing stubbornly by his original choice of heads—not, perhaps, unmixed with political considerations. Let me make this hypothesis: A well-recommended man, and a great engineer, a popular hero, were put in place at the head of that committee. The well-recommended man was of no shipping experience, so far as I am aware, save in admiralty law. The popular hero was an engineer and not a shipbuilder. Presently the well-recommended man—not very long after they came together—got on the nerves of the great engineer until the great engineer saw red all day and all night. Thus was created a situation that was fatal to shipping plans and plans for ships; and results in the way of ships therefrom are the most vital of all our necessities.

The President of the United States, whether he likes it or not, must pay attention to politics and strive to retain, as well as he may, his party prestige, even in wartime. Therefore, it is quite likely that this question came up—this political question: How will the people look on the dismissal of this great engineer and popular hero? What political effect will it have? That was a subject for legitimate political consideration; for, war or no war, our Government will continue to be a partisan Government. Well, it resulted in the dismissal of both of them. Then what happened? The people made no protest. The people said: "Good work! If these men cannot get along together and do their job, fire them and get men who can." The people applauded.

Certain Scotch Traits

Well, that is the politics of it. The great engineer and popular hero was set aside, and there was no protest. Wherefore, it is reasonable to assume that the President, having made this experiment and seen the results, has a basis for future and similar action, and various smug and seemingly secure public servants in Washington have taken exactly the same notice of the episode that the President has taken. There has been a noticeable nipping up in many quarters since that happened, and a quite considerable perkiness in the attitude of the President toward some of his seemingly secure subordinates.

Meantime the Shipping Board has for its heads Edward Hurley, who is a practical and able American business man, who ranks not very far beneath the President as regards importance in the general war scheme, and who is getting results, and Admiral Capps, also of eminent ability, and a shipbuilder. The delay was disconcerting, but the outcome is excellent so far, for Hurley is not only a capable business man and manufacturer and executive, but he is the sort of American to be in the place.

Woodrow Wilson is a War President, and for the reasons I have set forth. There is much veiled criticism of him and some that is direct, but that is by Americans—his own people. If you ask any Englishman who knows, and who is entitled to an opinion, or any Frenchman, or any other man who has been through the crucible since 1914—any of the big men who have come from other countries to this country to work with us—about the progress the United States has made thus far, you will find that he has no criticism, but is astounded at the amount of work that has been done, the results that have been accomplished, and tolerant of the mistakes that have been made. These men are entitled to an opinion. They know. They have been through the game. And they mean what they say, also. To be sure, they realize the errors; but they also appreciate the energy and the results of the mass accomplishment, and applaud it.

The personality of the President is complex, baffling at times even to his closest friends; but there is one phase of him that must always be considered: The President is of Scotch descent. He is a loyal, generous, open-handed man; kindly, courteous, seeking to do pleasant services for his friends; but, also, he is a canny, thrifty man, and he watches out for himself, as a canny, thrifty Scot would do. Likewise he watches out for his country, raising this trait to a high power, and provides for contingencies. The Scot provides for the future when the providing is good. So does the President.

The Future Secure

He is under no delusions over what courses this war may take, so far as the popular esteem of it may be concerned. He knows that it is the history of all wars, of all administrations, from the earliest war to this one, that there comes a period when vox populi is raised against those in power. He knows that no administration can go through two years, say, of war like this and not be assailed. And there is where his vision, seconded by his Scotch trait of thrift, comes in. That is why we note his insistence to Congress on sufficient money, on enormous money, on all sorts of legislation to provide him with war-making and war-supporting machinery. He demands it and gets it, for he foresees the storms, the possible loss of popularity, that will mean the loss of getting power. His house will be in order when the country turns, as it undoubtedly will if the war is greatly prolonged. He will have his plant in efficient shape to continue the war, regardless of what the public clamor may be. He will have his appropriations and his men. No shrewder statesmanship has been known in our time than this forestalling of the possible protests of the future while the opportunity was ripe. He has urged his measures through Congress, and has been successful; for we are in the first flush of the war now. He has or will have his billions and billions provided for, his armies in course of making, his plans under way. Then he can continue as serenely as may be; for the basic things, the foundations, will be secure, and the changes in the superstructure that may be forced will not affect the underlying predication. And there are persons who say this man is entirely an idealist, with no skid of practice or provision! They forget the Scotch in him.

Thus we come to the second Wilsonian mental channel, which is the peace channel. It is in no way derogatory to the war spirit and intention of the President to say that his thought and strivings constantly are for peace. Every sane man or woman in the world—save the youth, perhaps, fired with military ardor, or unholy profiteers—is for peace. It is the burden of the prayers and supplications of all the world and the burden of most of the energies. Every step he takes is a peace step; for the war he is waging has the lasting security of the world for its ultimate.

Let us consider his position in this matter and thus disclose his paramountcy. By their own frank admissions, by the military situation, by the economic necessities, by all the facts, the assistance of the United States was vital to the Allies—vital! Not merely satisfactory and grateful, but vital! The President of the United States, as the head and leader of this country, was the one man who could bring to the support of the Allies the material and as well as the moral support they needed to assure them of victory. No one else in the world could do it. Do you imagine that the President of the United States did not know this as well as the Allies—or better? He did. And do you think that, knowing this, realizing to the fullest the position his country stood and stands in as a factor in this war, do you think for a moment that the President did not demand and receive the fullest and

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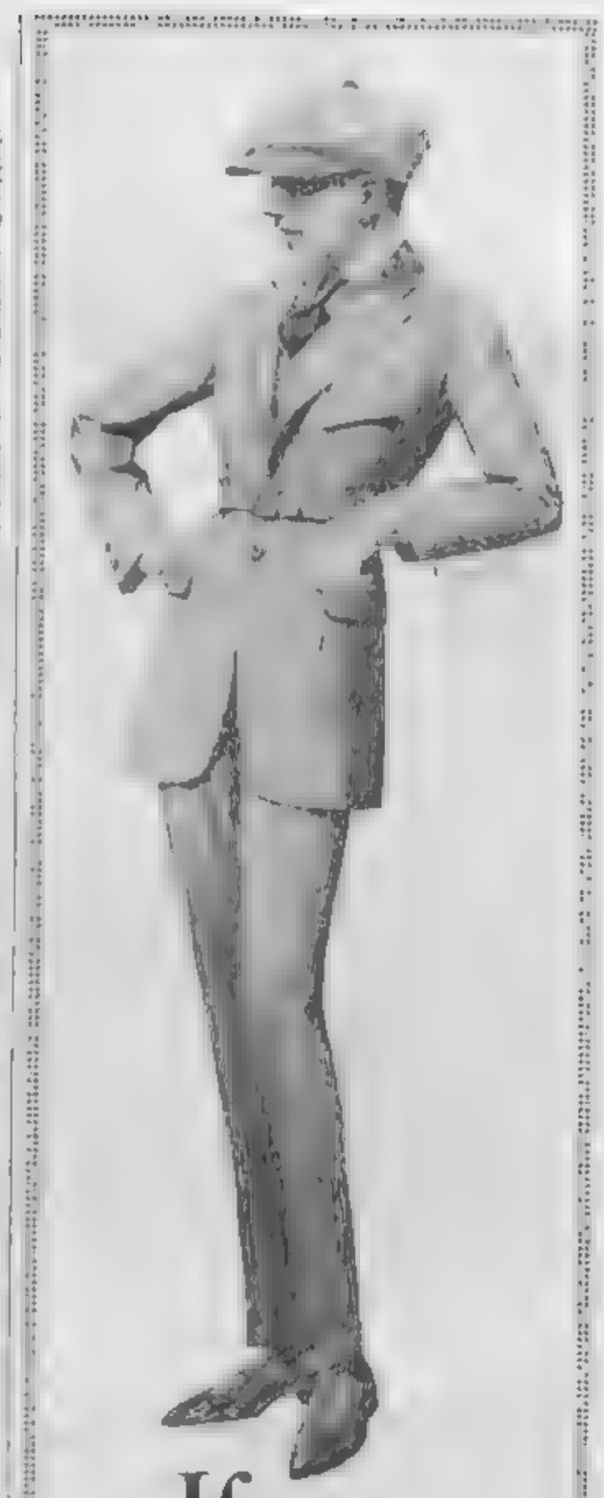

If—

If a machine could do the work of a thinking man, it would have done it long ago. But a machine can only do the work of an *unthinking* man and therefore can only turn out a *mechanical* product. A machine cannot *will* nor even *wish* to make a better suit of clothes than its human competitor. That is why in

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we still retain all of the old hand-made processes that were in use long before machines were invented to take their place. We have not eliminated a single one of these hand processes in fifteen years.

Hand work *costs* more but is *worth* more.

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Chicago

Sanitary, comfortable, restful, and beautiful qualities are bedroom essentials. Bathrooms also are the better for them. Linoleum floors are here shown in soft, neutral tones, refined and unobtrusive in pattern, selected to harmonize, both in color and pattern, with the wall covering, the cane furniture, and the general spirit of the room.—*FRANK ALVAH PARSONS.*

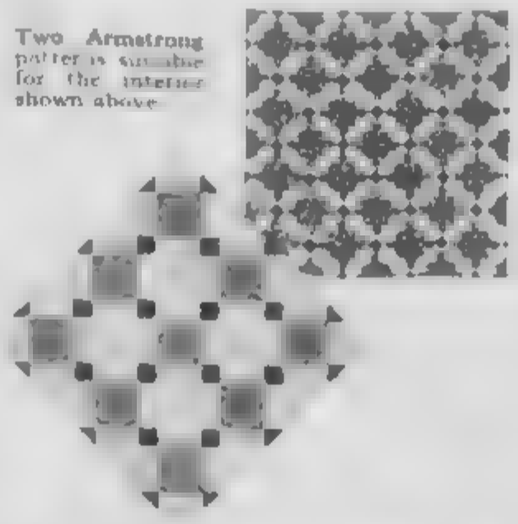
ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM offers unlimited possibilities to the woman who plans her home with an eye to economy and sanitation as well as beauty.

Armstrong's Linoleum as a floor—a base for rugs—is more practical and less expensive than hardwood because it is easier to lay, easier to keep clean, yet just as durable.

Armstrong's Linoleum is beautiful because it is harmonious, because it can be laid in a color and design that will be in keeping with the decorative scheme of your rooms. In this respect again it has an advantage over a wood floor.

Just imagine the delightful satisfaction of being able to have your floors look as though they really *belonged* with the wall-paper and other furnishings on which you have spent so much thought.

The idea of linoleum as a floor for every room is not new; it is one of the excellent hints on interior decoration that has come to us from Europe. There, linoleum floors have for years been used throughout the house.



Two Armstrong patterns suitable for the interior shown above

OUR new book, by Frank Alvah Parsons, America's foremost authority on interior decoration, will soon be ready. It treats of the artistic necessities of every home. It tells you how to use linoleum effectively and covers the whole subject of interior decoration in the author's characteristically interesting style. Sent with portfolio of 16 water-color plates of home interiors for 20 cents in stamps. As the edition will be limited, let us place your name on the waiting list now.

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM comes in rich, deep pure tones—warm, mellow greens and browns and grays—with or without patterns. These, when the patterns are selected properly, make superb backgrounds for rugs in living-rooms. You can wax them, polish them, just like hardwood. Also you can get Armstrong's Linoleums in a pleasing variety of matting and carpet effects—for your bedroom and nursery. Equally attractive are the new Parquetry Inlaid designs for dining-rooms, halls, libraries, and dens.

Think of the saving in labor to keep linoleum floors clean and sanitary. Consider these things—and then go to a dealer in house furnishings and see the new patterns for yourself. The names of merchants near you who sell *Armstrong's* will be supplied on request.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Be careful you get it. For there are inferior floor coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface but which are merely imitations. Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum. First look at the back and make sure it's burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name—there's a differ-

Armstrong's Linoleum

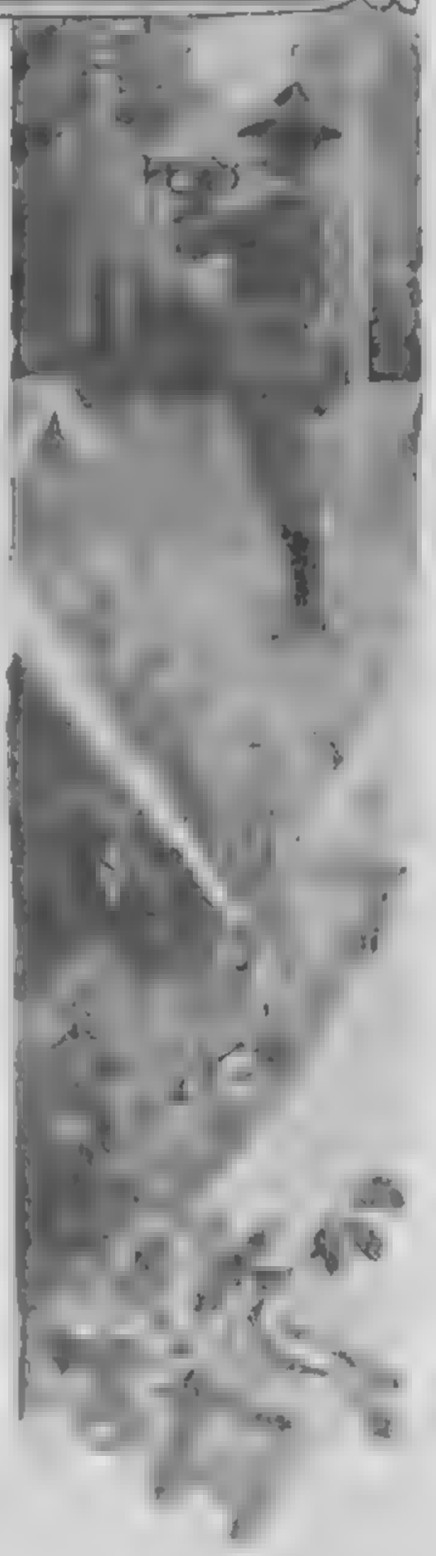
Circle A Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room in the House

Armstrong Cork Company **Linoleum Dept., Lancaster, Pa.**

COOPER'S BENNINGTON

Spring Needle Underwear



ASTRIDE the wheel-horse of a plunging fieldpiece, guiding a tractor plow, or training a battleship's guns; three thousand feet o'erhead or knee deep in trench mud; bombing an outpost or buying supplies; wherever you find American manhood you will also find real appreciation for Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear.

Cooper's-Bennington is made to meet men's needs. It fits in any posture. In field or factory, gun turret or counting-house; in the homeless wilderness, or the great city's wilderness of homes, Cooper's-Bennington is the first choice of men who demand utmost comfort, utmost service and reasonable price. It assures

True Fit for America's Finest

Cooper's Spring Needle Fabric gained for Cooper's-Bennington the name "three year underwear." The close Spring Needle stitch, drawn tight in the knitting, requires a full mile more of yarn than ordinary underwear, but gives a full year more of wear.

The closed crotch, the French neck, the flat unchafing seams, the shoulder insert, shaped legs, rib knit cuffs and ankles all add to the comfort, fit and wear service of the garment.

Dealers who buy and sell on a quality basis will gladly supply you with Cooper's-Bennington Underwear in sizes and styles and prices which will be found suitable to your needs.

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The Cudaby Curled Hair Works
111-115 W Monroe St
Chicago

(Concluded from Page 34)

most binding assurances and certitudes of the position and power this country would assume and maintain, not only in the war but in the peace negotiations? Do you think this country is in the position of being a tail to the kite of the Allies? If you do, dismiss the thought from your mind.

The President of the United States did not allow his country to be relegated to a secondary position. He demanded and received the power of decision. In effect, the Allies, needing the aid of this country as the Allies do need it and are getting it, fully and freely, made the President referee. They are bound to abide by his decisions. And the President was not so casual as to allow himself to be cajoled into a supporting position, even. He demanded and has freedom of action, subject, of course, to discussion, but always with the United States at the head of the council table. He maintained an independent position; and that does not mean entire coöperation with the Allies, as has been shown in various ways; but it does mean the power of initiative, which is his greatest asset.

The acceptance by the Allies of the President's reply to the peace proposals of the Pope as their reply, points where he stands in the matter of peace. The President holds all the cards. Therefore, when the question of peace becomes negotiably vital the prime negotiator will be Woodrow Wilson. The peace that will be made will not be a German peace, or a pontifical peace, or a parti-Ally peace. The peace that will be made and proposed and acceded to will be a United States peace; and, therefore, a Woodrow Wilson peace. The only event that can stop or prevent that will be the absolute failure of the United States in this war; and that is inconceivable.

The Reichstag will meet in the latter part of September, between the writing and printing of this article, and the outcome of its peace deliberations may be known before this is read. There is no foreknowledge in this country of what will happen. There is nothing but conjecture, based largely on hope and not on information. However, it is quite a reasonable assumption to say that the peace talk, in a governmental sense, that Germany will make, or the peace maneuvers in the way of democratization—if there are any—will be based on one situation, and one only. That situation is the submarine situation. If the German officials are convinced that the submarine warfare they are carrying on has met their expectations and is calculated to do what they hope—ultimately restrict transatlantic traffic to such an extent that the United States can get neither men nor materials to France or food to the Allies—there will be no acceptable German peace talk.

The Foundation of Our Power

If, on the other hand, the Germans despair of the submarine warfare as doing this; if they consider it only a partial success; if they foresee that the United States and England, and the other Allied countries, can build and supply tonnage fast enough to meet the wastage and keep the lines of communication open—then the Germans will talk peace on a basis that can be discussed. The wisest men I know say the situation resolves itself to this, which is my reason for saying, in another part of this article, that the most formidable war factors are the submarines.

It all depends on the slugs of the sea, for Germany cannot win on land in a military sense; and, disastrous as the defection of Russia may be, the real issue is on the Atlantic. The real question is this: Can we and the Allies supply enough ships to replace the wastage?

That makes pertinent the further statement that was made above—the statement that the most important factor of this war is not men, or food, or fuel, or money, but is ships. Ask yourself one question: What effect can any army, any equipment, any food, have on the fortunes of a war three thousand miles away if that army, that food, those munitions, cannot be taken to the Front? The thing is elementary. Without ships we cannot go on with the war. With ships we can win it. We have done wonders with the ships we have. With adequate transport there can be no doubt of success. The President knows this; and he knows further that ships will be as vital after the war as during the war. The basis of all our endeavor is ships, the foundation of our power.

When the story shall be written of what this country has done thus far in this war, with the few ships we have had—the comparatively few—Americans will have cause to be proud, no matter what the carpers say now. I wish I might tell it. And, at that, there are hundreds of thousands of tons of French and English and American supplies ready for shipment which cannot be sent because of the lack of ships. There will be epics written about this war; but the greatest will be the epic of the sea and the part the men have played who have gone down to that sea in ships.

This war may last one year—two years—three years. I do not know. Nobody knows. One man's conjecture is as acceptable as another's. There is good authority for saying that, unless there is in sight, by the end of this year or sooner, something tangible on which peace discussions may be based, the probabilities are that the war will last for a year or two; perhaps longer. Whether there will be a definite peace trend by the end of the year is also a matter of conjecture. It is expected in some places—that is certain; but the expectation is based largely on hope rather than information. The peace trend may develop at any moment, or it may not come at all.

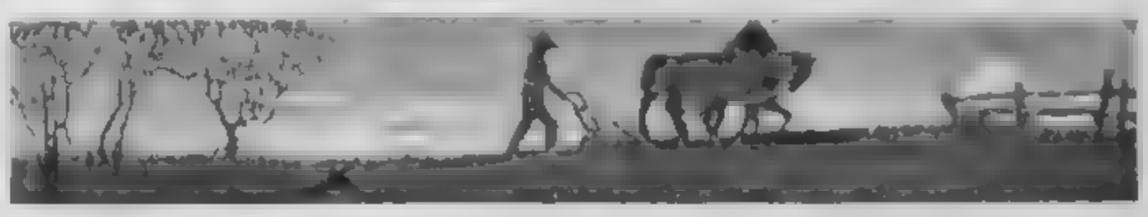
President and People

Whether or not, it is apparent that, stripped of all nonessentials, the three outstanding war facts in this country and in the world are that President Wilson is the most important man in the world, from both a war and a peace viewpoint; that the chief disturbing war factor is the submarine; and that the greatest, incomparably the greatest, war need is ships.

Furthermore, I am here to say, first admitting all our blunders, mistakes, stupidities, delays that were criminal and maladministrations that were inexcusable, all our backing and filling, all our wrongheadedness and crass ignorance, all our overzeal and meticulous caution, all our extravagances where close buying was essential and our penuriousness where liberality was needed, all our lacks and all our weaknesses, admitting all these, I am here to say, regardless of the wormhole critics, the traitors who cover their treasons with the yelp for free speech, the senatorial obstructors, the carpers, the self-seekers, the demagogues, the tricksters, trimmers, politicians and timeservers, the peace-at-any-price defectives, the seditious press, the vealy essayists, the professorial theorists—regardless of them all, that in the mass, in the great way a country like ours moves, in the large measure no American need feel either concerned or ashamed over what has been done, of what is being done, of the progress made and the results accomplished; or of the future prospects.

Entirely sensible of the fact that the President is neither omniscient nor omnipotent, and that he is entirely human and subject to human limitations, his own temperamental stresses, and his official inhibitions; quite well aware that a democracy is the poorest of war makers and to be successful must be autocratic in its high places and thereby evoke frantic protests; not uninformed as to the deficiencies that exist, to the awakenings that must come of mistakes made and in the making; perfectly realizing that there will be clamor, probably justified in a measure, and that there will be many sacrifices in vain; cognizant of the burdens that will be imposed on all of us, and of the protests that will arise—knowing all these things, I am here to say that the United States will win this war—win it gloriously—and that the peace which shall come will be a peace satisfactory to the United States—our peace; because I know, also, two things:

The first is, that the people of the United States will not fail the President; and the second is, that in the vital moments the President will not fail the people.



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Douglas Fairbanks

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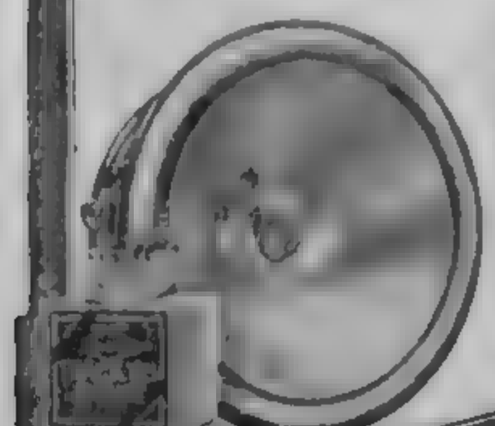

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CREW LEVICK

UNDER ONE FLAG

By Grace Ellery Channing

WAR makes strange and sometimes curiously poetic transitions. Just outside of Paris, at Nogent-sur-Marne, is the Jardin Colonial, whose central building housed at the Paris Exposition the Colonial Exhibit, which thereafter became permanent. It still remains there in part, forming the oddest nucleus for an exhibit still more interesting—that strange mélange of races that furnish the *blessés* of the colonial troops of France.

The Hôpital Jardin Colonial is a hospital all apart. In an hour there one better grasps the sweep of this world war than in many months of visiting the hospitals of the Caucasian race alone.

In any case there is something singularly moving in the thought of men brought from so far, not merely in the geographical sense, to fight for a flag their ancestors never heard of. One entered this hospital with a sense of compassion; one left it smiling.

In the first place it is, happily, one of the most attractive hospitals of the war, beautifully located in the midst of green trees and charming grounds. You could not help thinking it was not by mere chance that these children of Nature had been placed in its midst.

There is a French *médecin-chef*, Doctor Bresson; and a surgeon, Doctor Bodeleck. They are assisted by an Arab physician, Doctor Bentami, whose appearance in the wards is a signal for the gleaming of white teeth in welcome. One American woman, Mrs. Walter A. Fox, a Philadelphian, is on the staff.

This war has reversed all traditions. For the first time the West has sent its troops back to the Old World to fight, and the Orient has sent its men to meet them. East and West have come face to face, not as of old, but on one common errand. The oldest civilization, the youngest civilization, and the most primitive peoples [illegible] all in one grand obliteration of time, space and history have been brought together for one common end. It is after all a spectacle so sublime that one sometimes wonders whether Germany was appointed to be through madness—the sacrifice for the unification of the human race.

Plucky Asiatics

There are many pavilions in the Jardin Colonial. In them are gathered Arabians, Malagasy, Senegalese, Sudanese, Moroccans, Algerians, Hindu-Chinese, Anamese, and Frenchmen from the colonies. There are wards where all these races are mingled; others where they have been as much as possible separated by nationalities.

It is hard to say which are the more interesting, which the men themselves prefer. In all this mingling, two things were striking—the fineness of nearly all the faces and their cheerfulness. One boy alone was homesick visibly. Poor lad! He had small chance of seeing the family he longed for, for he was both badly wounded and tuberculous.

Somebody has said that the one thing this war has proved is that there does not exist such a thing as a coward. If there does it is not in the Colonial Hospital one should go to look for him. I came away with my head ringing with tales of heroism whose special quality was that they were the monopoly of no one race. If there is a blue ribbon for fortitude under suffering perhaps the Senegalese might have a special claim to it—if there were not also the Hindu-Chinese. The Senegalese have altogether a very human charm; one could understand how it is that they seem to be specially appreciated by the French. They are winning; they are human in an indefinable sense; and courage is their virtue.

It was a piece of fortune to have arrived just as lunch was about to be served. Numbers of the men who were well enough stood about under the trees waiting for the signal, or were gathered about tables in the garden or in the pleasant airy rooms. There is one thing that I never get used to in war hospitals—the something that is never found in other hospitals anywhere—the health in the midst of wounds and agony and suffering. The merely wounded soldier is not a sick man; he is a well man temporarily disabled. He may be suffering greatly, but still he is not ill in the ordinary sense, and if things go well he is healed miraculously. The moment this happens, even in part, he is a cheerful invalid, ready to play games, to talk, to smoke, to move about the wards.

It was an American nurse of large experience who first translated this mystery into words for me. "I could not get used to it," she said, "for I have been nursing sick people so long; but these men are not sick; they are merely wounded."

It is a difference to be understood only when you have seen it. It explains why it is possible to live in war hospitals and remain sane. Sanity and health—health of the highest—are there in the very midst of so much suffering. The splendid health of the men is the underlying factor, perhaps when soldiers are not ill they seem to be preternaturally well; their mental state certainly enters. Then there are the doctors and the nurses. Personally I feel like reversing the order of the last phrase, the nurse counts so enormously.

We waited with the rest for that lunch, and when it came it made me very hungry, because for six months I had been in a hotel—a Paris hotel. With one high-priced exception, that was, I think, the best food I saw served in France: Generous platters of meat—the flesh of the pig is not eaten by these men, but other meat they eat with zest; heaped dishes of vegetables; bread portions at which one stared unbelievingly; wine, too, which, with The Talisman in mind, one was surprised to learn that the Arabs drank; the Senegalese drink but little.

Great Hand-Shakers

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Fox, "that it is not a couscous day." We procured, however, a sample of this dainty, which appears to be a kind of maize. Cooked like rice, it is served in a heaping dish and eaten with a sauce so hot with pepper that few Occidental throats can stand it. It is always served on Thursdays, but whether this is a ritual observance or merely a hospital one I do not know.

It was pleasant to go from pavilion to pavilion to find the men all merry over the lunch; and the merriest groups of all gathered on the lawn, with one *blessé* rolled to the table in his lying-down chair, a part of the social hour. Everywhere smiles and greetings saluted my companion, impartially addressed as *Allijusa*—mother; or *Oerti* sister—by the Arabians, but appealed to by the others as "Mama." The Senegalese had a mania for hand-shaking; everyone wished to shake our hands. There is a great deal of hand-shaking among themselves at all times. To this the Arab adds the beautiful gesture of the finger laid on the lip and then on the heart, a singularly graceful and noble salutation. The Arabs are a beautiful race, incomparably dignified. Dignified, too, in another way are the Hindu-Chinese. The Senegalese is the cheerful child of this happy family; while for pure picturesqueness it is hard to surpass the Algerian with his crimson fez and blue trousers. What would one not have given to know the thoughts of one single wardful of these remote brothers of ours!

Even the *salle* of the *grands blessés* was in a cheerful mood, for nearly all were improving. As soon as able the convalescents are sent on to other places for after-cures; the permanently disabled are returned to their homes, where one hopes they live on, as great heroes, ever after.

"They recover from the most unthinkable wounds," said my companion.

Perhaps their fatalism helps. Why fret over the inevitable? Yet men everywhere recover from unthinkable wounds in this war.

Checkers is a favorite game with them all. The great joys of life otherwise are cigarettes and hand mirrors. Cigarettes there are, of course; a world in which everyone is not smoking has ceased to be imaginable. If there is anyone who is not, be sure it is merely to save a cigarette for some *poilu*. Smoking, once a calendar crime for some of us, has lost all meaning—all relation. A sane world may possibly again recover a viewpoint about this habit;

(Continued on Page 41)

Ford Owners: Meet Dr. Lavendar

It is not good business to talk too much about huge tire mileages, because it stands to reason that not every car owner can get them.

But once in a while in the mass of congratulatory letters comes one that is too good to keep, but not too good to be true.

Like this one:

> Empire Rubber & Tire Company, Trenton, N. J.
>
> Dear Sirs:
>
> In Oct. 1914, I put one of your tires on the right hind wheel of my Ford car, and in Sept. 1915, I put another on the left hind wheel. The one put on in Oct. 1914 has just about played its last tune, but the other is in fairly good shape. I am sure I have run the first tire put on at least twenty to twenty-five thousand miles. I am needing some more tires and shall be glad for you to send me price list. . . . . .
>
> (Signed) C. B. LAVENDAR, M. D.,
> Reform, Alabama.

Anybody who knows the kind of going that a country doctor gets—the rutty roads, the rocky hillsides, the hurry calls in all kinds of weather, will appreciate what twenty to twenty-five thousand miles on one tire means.

The Ford Owner's best reason for using Empires is Empire's remarkable reputation for extra miles on big heavy cars.

Empires made their first high mileage records on cars of great weight and high power. Everyone knows that these cars give a tire the hardest wear.

Empire is every month selling more and more of these big tires because of their economy. At the same time it is building Ford sizes of the same material and of the same careful workmanship, which deliver an ever-greater surplus of extra miles—exceeding the greatest expectations of the purchasers.

One reason for these extra miles is in the rubber. For 30 years Empire has had the secret of putting long life into rubber. Its red tubes, its hose, and other rubber products have proved that.

The other reason is in the fabric. Empire has now discovered an exclusive process for handling fabric under equal tension which gets rid of the weak spots that cause 53% of the blowouts.

This is why the *average* Ford owner in *average* running can get *many thousand extra miles* out of the average Empire Tire.

Come to the Empire Store and let us show you how this works out in terms of economy for you.

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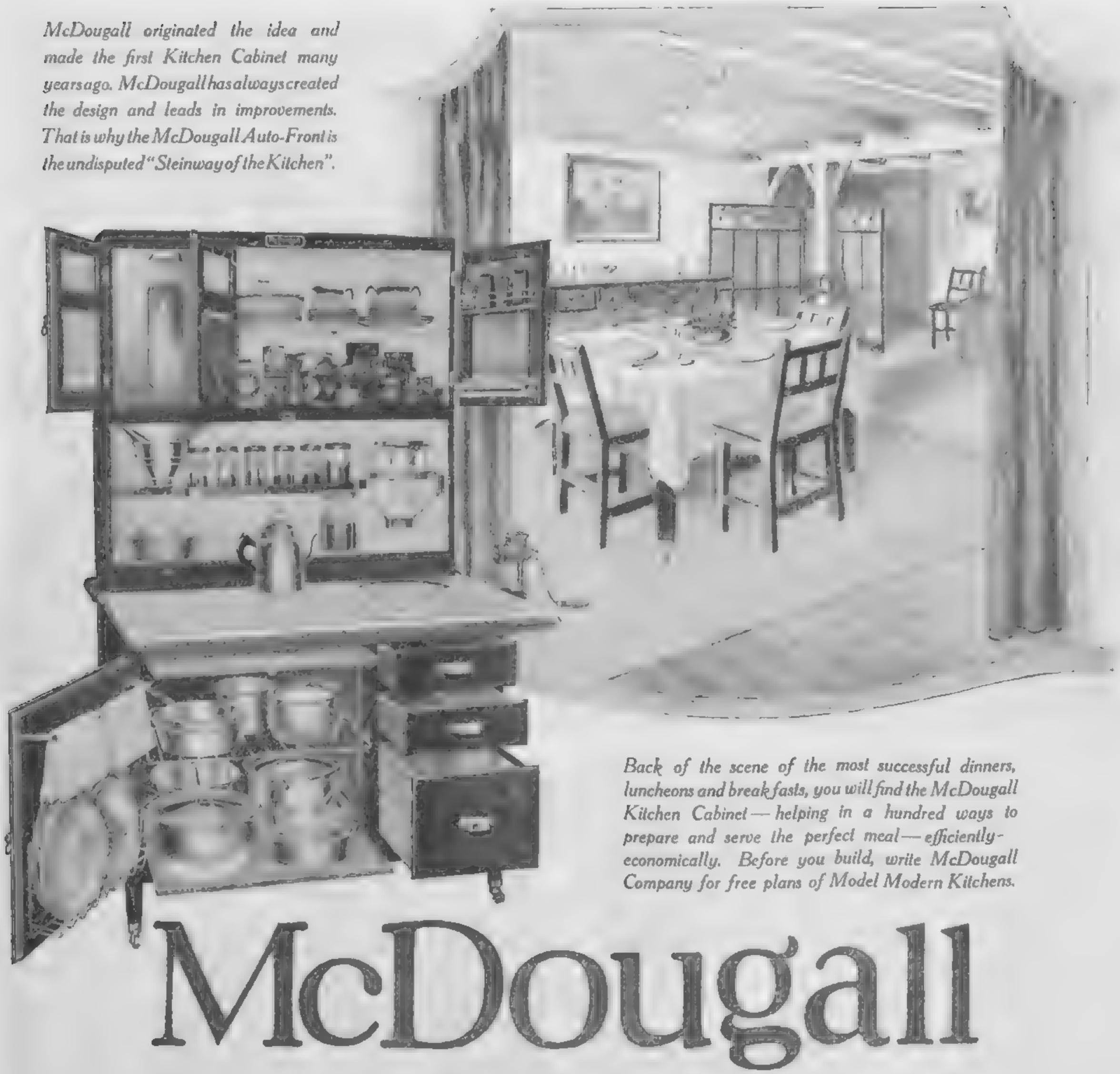
McDougall originated the idea and made the first Kitchen Cabinet many years ago. McDougall has always created the design and leads in improvements. That is why the McDougall Auto-Front is the undisputed "Steinway of the Kitchen".



Back of the scene of the most successful dinners, luncheons and breakfasts, you will find the McDougall Kitchen Cabinet — helping in a hundred ways to prepare and serve the perfect meal — efficiently-economically. Before you build, write McDougall Company for free plans of Model Modern Kitchens.

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Go to your furniture dealer, select the McDougall you prefer—prices $14.50 to $54.00 according to design—and the dealer will deliver the McDougall to your home on approval. Afterwards, as little as $1.00 a week will pay for it.

Write McDougall Company, Frankfort, Indiana, U. S. A., for Illustrated Catalog.

(Continued from Page 38)

at present the reprobate cigarette appears as a good angel—the minimizer of suffering, the giver of a moment's pleasure where one longs to give all. How many billions have gone up in smoke, I wonder? Wasted? Not unless it is waste to keep up the nerve and the spirits of men called upon to do the work of supermen; not unless all is wasted that is not eaten or worn; not unless the impalpable treasure of memory is wasted. Women who have spent their lives in fighting "the tobacco evil" may be heard to-day begging tobacco from anybody; they would steal it at need, to put it into the mutilated or pain-racked hands of these far brothers with all the glowing consciousness of a virtuous action performed. I remember when I used to rank cigarettes with homicide rather than suicide. But then, nothing seems to hurt the soldier—nothing but bona fide wounds.

The Outraged Kri-Kri

The Senegalese, however, is happy in yet another solace: he has a private fund of happiness in his *kri-kri*. There is a whole chapter in *kri-kris*, which are, of course, talismans, amulets. They are generally bits of leather with some sacred writing on them; sometimes the horns of a small animal are used, into whose hollow the writing is thrust and the end covered with leather. On no account may they be touched. A mischievous French soldier incited an innocent nurse to touch one early in her hospital career, producing an explosion of anger and all but ending a friendship that had been particularly close.

"*Fini—tout fini!*" exclaimed the outraged Senegalese between fury and sadness. "No more friends—*tout fini!*"

"But not forever?" pleaded the nurse, greatly distressed. "*Fini* for to-day—yes; *mais demain?*" she added coaxingly.

The Senegalese looked at her; perhaps he saw the sincerity of her regret. He relented a very little.

"*Peut-être demain*"—perhaps to-morrow—he conceded doubtfully. "We great friends—*peut-être demain.*" He went to bed, however, wrapping himself closely in his blanket, refusing all comfort or approach for the rest of the day.

When the *kri-kri* fails to save its owner from wounds, this does not, as one might think, diminish its reputation; it is held to have saved him from death instead. When it fails to do that—"*Maktoob!*"—It was written!—or whatever is the Senegalese equivalent.

One wonders whether this calm fatalism has anything to do with the beauty of Arabian and Senegalese faces, for even the latter are often beautiful in expression. As for the Arabians, they are strikingly so. One splendid Arab, who might have been a great chieftain—the Sheik Ilderim himself—but who was in reality a very humble person, lay looking with unfathomable eyes into space. He was magnificent—and he had lost both feet. The man next him had lost one. We stopped to tell them the tale of a well-known physician who had artificial feet and went his unsuspected way until death revealed the fact to most of his friends. We left them both smiling; it was quite worth a visit to do that. But then—there is always something that makes it quite worth while to visit in any war hospital.

Bobo had been more fortunate than his Arabian brothers; with an arm gone, the surgeon had actually come to amputate the two worst frost-bitten feet the hospital had ever seen, when the nurse pleaded for just fifteen days more, to try the Ambrin treatment—the sealing with hot paraffin. She won her plea, and to-day Bobo's feet are as good as anyone's, and he has become a famous "case."

I can believe anything of the Ambrin cure after seeing it at the Issy hospital, where living miracles are done. The side of it that appeals most merely to the anguished spectator is that which surgeons care least about—it mercifully abates pain.

In general it is astonishing how the men recover. "I should think there have hardly been twenty deaths in six months," said Mrs. Fox. "And such wounds! I have gone outside and cried when my work was done; I have come back in the morning expecting to find dead men—but they nearly all get well. Notice the lock of hair on that man's head," she suddenly called my attention; but it was hardly necessary—the lock stood out rakishly from an otherwise barren landscape. Even when their heads are shaved this sacred lock is respected. I believe it is with this handle that Mohammed transports them to Paradise. Whether without it they would have to remain outside Mrs. Fox did not know.

"Observe the man who is coming to us now," was the next injunction. "He is our fanatic."

He might be, but he was in appearance a singularly smiling, cheery individual, who pressed forward for the inevitable handshake. He had the unvarying practice of rising at two or three in the morning—dawn, in other words—and just before sunset, to pray. And he saw no reason for interrupting the practice for so slight a matter as an operation. On the night after he had been operated on, to the horror of the nurses his bed was found to be empty; he himself was found in the garden comfortably praying. Of course it ought to have killed him; of course it did nothing of the kind—didn't even raise his temperature, so far as I am aware.

The Senegalese fight with one knife in their hands and another between their teeth—or they did. They have learned better now; it proved too expensive to themselves. Guns they cast away in action in those times, but the gun is not in much repute in trench warfare; the latter end of the war may see its revival.

Fierce fighters though the Senegalese are, they are anything but savages. "You don't mean—really mean—that you cut his head off!" exclaimed a horrified nurse, listening to one narrating an exploit. And the warrior answered in the tear-filled voice of a little child: "But he had killed my little brother!" Grief and tenderness justified the sad necessity he had felt himself under.

It was Bobo who enlightened one as to still another province of the *kri-kri:* When for any reason you desire to disembarrass yourself of an inconvenient "friend," this can be accomplished with fatality and in perfect good form by placing an infinitesimal fragment of your *kri-kri* under your finger nail and snapping it thence with your thumb upon your friend. The friend will curl up and die promptly. He will do this because he knows what the *kri-kri* can do. You press the button, as it were; the friend's imagination does the rest. Bobo guarantees the results.

Popular Godsons

It is impossible not to wonder what passes in the mind of the Oriental who sees the Occidental woman not only filling posts of responsibility but also waiting upon him patiently, tenderly, doing even humble services. I had already speculated a good deal upon the matter when at Sainte-Sulpice I had seen the convalescent Orientals writing letters and had been told these were almost invariably to their *marraines*—largely young girls who take pride in choosing Orientals for their *filleuls*, and may be seen almost ostentatiously displaying themselves in public with their tall Senegalese or Sudanese godsons.

What new ideas and ideals of womanhood, one wondered, must be framing themselves in the silent brains of these men of many races, all alike in their scorn of woman? The Arab has great and chivalrous traits; I think it is he who originated the beautiful phrase "a brother to girls," which would seem to hold within it the loftiest conception. And who has forgotten Lafcadio Hearn's epic hero who "defended his women even after he was dead"? *His* women, however.

"Do you want to know what woman is?" asked one Arabian of the nurse. "I can tell you: She is that fly there on the ground, and if I choose I can set my foot on her—so."

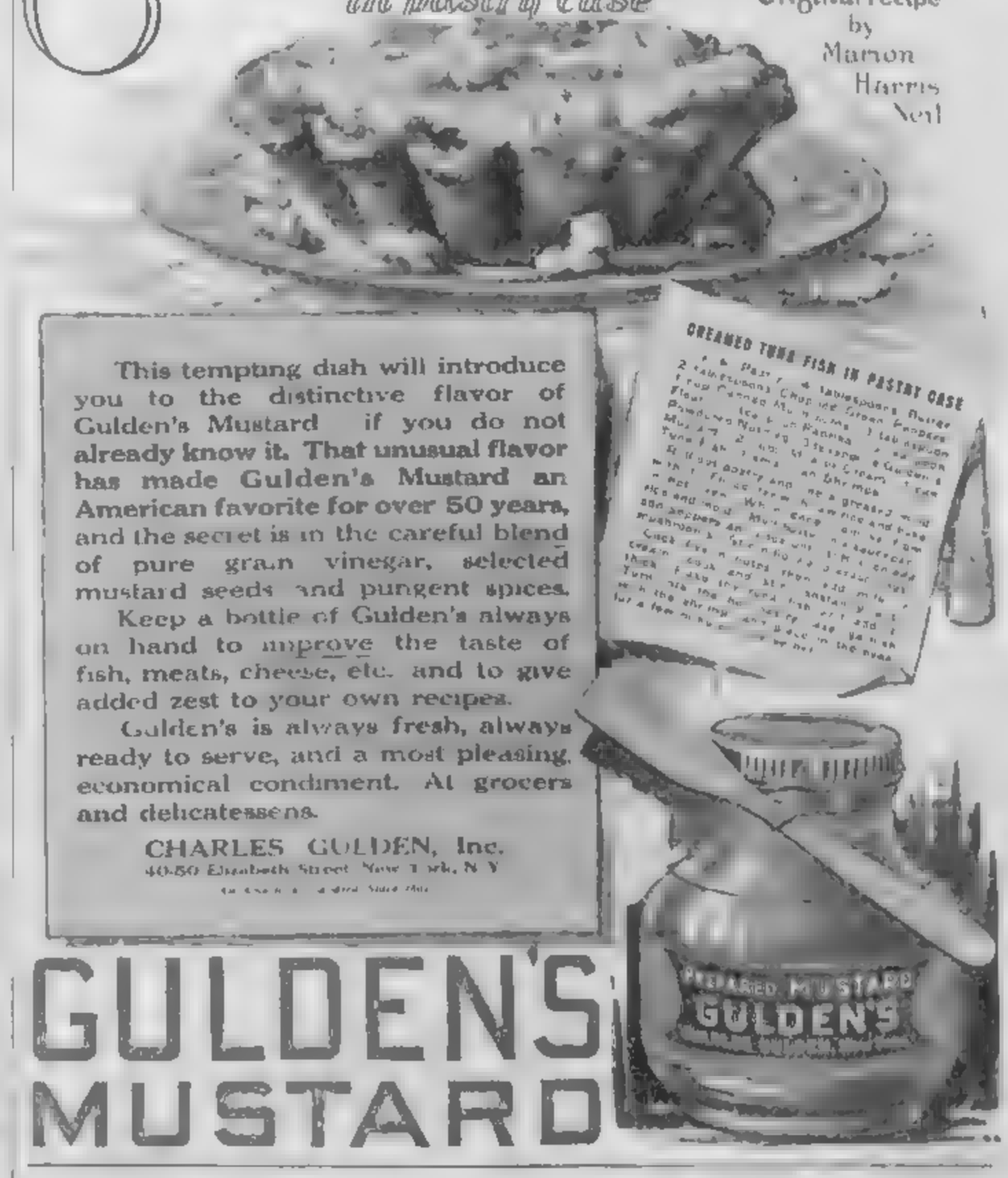
A Hindu-Chinese in the ward had, however, too much property-sense for that.

"I sold my wife," he related. "What was the use of keeping her through the war? So I sold her and bought a little field instead. But my daughter I have guarded; I knew I should want a cow when I go back."

Amusing, or horrifying—it does not much matter which. The primitive being has looked at close quarters for the first time upon the woman of a superior civilization; the first doubt must have been sown which will lead him one day to the heretic speculation whether, after all, woman has a soul. What immense reactions—to be felt by dumb millions in remotest wildernesses at last—this fusion of all races on the Western Front is preparing!

Creamed Tuna Fish à la Gulden
in pastry case

Original recipe by Marion Harris Neil



This tempting dish will introduce you to the distinctive flavor of Gulden's Mustard if you do not already know it. That unusual flavor has made Gulden's Mustard an American favorite for over 50 years, and the secret is in the careful blend of pure grain vinegar, selected mustard seeds and pungent spices.

Keep a bottle of Gulden's always on hand to improve the taste of fish, meats, cheese, etc. and to give added zest to your own recipes.

Gulden's is always fresh, always ready to serve, and a most pleasing, economical condiment. At grocers and delicatessens.

CHARLES GULDEN, Inc.
40-50 Elizabeth Street New York, N. Y.

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

Their Power Lasts!

Pep, sizzle and go—galore! Regular blue blazes for ignition. Steady strong current for telephone and general service. And the power stays *right with* Acme and 1900 Batteries. The 28 years' experience that puts it there makes it *stay put.*

Use either Acme "RAPID FIRES" or Acme "1900's."
If not at your dealers, write us.

Nungesser Carbon and Battery Works
of National Carbon Co., Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio

"FIRST—because they LAST"

Patrick
DULUTH
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Macka-Knit Sweaters

Bigger-Than-Weather

PATRICK Mackinaw Yarn comes from Northern sheep. It is long fibre wool and possesses great insulating properties.

Of this yarn are made the Patrick-Duluth Macka-Knit Sweaters.

You will recognize at first sight their unusual quality—their warmth—their style.

Of the Patrick Wool are also "patricks" (mackinaws), "great patricks" (long coats), caps, socks, auto robes and blankets.

For sale at best stores.

Write for "The Patrick Book" showing styles, patterns and colors.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL
207 COMMERCE STREET
DULUTH, MINNESOTA

STYLE 285
Heavy Jumbo stitch, ruff neck collar, two pockets, brown heather only
Sizes 36 to 46

Look to the future of your roof

Will your roof come to an early end—attended by leaks and repair bills?

Or, will it give you many long years of service?

YOU answer these questions when you buy the roofing.

RU-BER-OID, the long life roofing, lasts for years and years and saves repair bills *because it contains nothing that can crack, warp, rot, run, rust or leak.*

The "Ru-ber-oid Man" is on every roll of REAL RU-BER-OID.

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
568 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS
Any books you check on these terms, you free. We
Building a Barn
Building a Poultry House
Building a Bungalow
Building a Barn
Building Your Own Garage
Covering Your Factory
Artistic Roofs
Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID
ROOFING
COSTS MORE WEARS LONGER
THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ru-ber-oid

"What are the immediate and visible reactions here and now?" I asked Mrs. Fox.

"Well, for one thing," she answered, "their interest in home things diminishes, and that in things here increases. They write more to, and are more eager for replies from, the trenches and news of Mombo-Pombo or other comrades, than for home letters. At first that was not so marked. To-day I read to one man of the death of one child and the birth of another; he took slight interest in it."

This of course might be an exception, but it went with what I had been told elsewhere, that in general the letters go to the *marraines* or to the trenches rather than to the families. Perhaps the long delays of distance have to do with this; perhaps it is the insistence of a vivider life than home life. Another significant indication is their willingness to sell their *kri-kris*, which at first they would part with under no consideration.

The remark about the children roused a memory. Only the day before in the Latin Quarter the young clergyman of the English Church in Paris had told me of a Canadian officer's showing him the photograph of his two children; and of the two one had died during his absence and the other had been born.

Canadian and Senegalese—Fate had dealt with both alike.

There is one ground on which all these men meet—simple or subtle, wise or unlettered, barbaric, primitive or highly civilized—they are united in the fundamental possessions of courage and loyalty. You cannot say that this or that race is braver than another. I can give but a few examples of this universal heroism, taken from that book of living stories which is the Colonial Hospital:

A young, smiling and handsome boy from Martinique interested me even without knowing his story. Both his feet had been frozen in the trenches, but he had remained at his post, refusing to go to the hospital, and had actually made the charge with his troops. His lieutenant fell into one of the deep holes made by shells, full of water from the heavy rains, and on the point of drowning was saved by this lad, who won the *Médaille militaire*—but lost both feet.

Scouting at night seems to be the favorite dangerous amusement. On one such sortie, out of five who went, one returned—Louis Fredonis. On another of these occasions a young Lyonese—Fernand Fléchard, of the colonial troops—went with a single comrade to the German trenches. The comrade was almost instantly killed, but with revolver and grenades Fléchard held eighty Germans at bay. For this he was awarded the precious distinction of the *Médaille d'Honneur*.

The Exploits of Marcel Gély

One of the most splendid stories of all is that of Sergeant Marcel Gély, a professor in a college of Algeria, speaking four languages. At Verdun he had spent four days and nights in the trenches, the only food obtainable being passed from hand to hand. He was wounded in both the foot and the hand. Between the German and French trenches, in the terrible No Man's Land, he saw two wounded comrades lying. Creeping painfully over the frozen ground on his stomach he wound his sash about one and in an hour and a half under fire dragged him to safety. He returned for the other—taking in all three hours for the double rescue. After which he walked four miles to a hospital, binding his foot with the useful sash. He received the *Croix de guerre* "with palm." Here let it be stated, for the benefit of those unfamiliar, that the cross "with star" is given for a regimental citation, but the cross "with palm" for a citation by the army.

After this exploit Gély went for seven days to his home at Oran, and then returned to the Front. This time he lay in water for five days and nights, until his feet were frozen. He lost one foot and half a leg, and the other foot was partially mutilated. For this second heroic sticking at his post he was awarded the military medal.

It is often asked whether these men come willingly to fight for France. The reply can be given in the words of a young—very young—soldier, I forget whether Moroccan or of what race, but it does not matter, since he spoke for all. He looked about seventeen, and was, at most, eighteen. An *infirmier*, also young, was amusing himself teasing the boy. "You are nothing but a kid," said he. "What did you come over for anyway?" The boy fairly blazed back at him.

"Child!" said he. "You call me a child! I tell you I have been in the front-line trenches fighting—and you never did that! Why did I come? I came to hold up the flag of France! Don't you know the flag of France was falling—and that it has to be held high up? I came to hold it up!"

"It was perfectly thrilling to hear that boy," said Mrs. Fox.

The colonial troops of France have borne unfaltering testimony to her genius for colonization, even as the loyal troops of Great Britain's wide empire. At best the subject of dominant and subject races is a difficult one for an American. In this war everything indicates that here again the superior morality—the better conscience—of the Allied nations has been rewarded in the constancy of their colonies. It is the finest tribute to that in them expressed in the Indian phrase—"The Raj is just." Blunders they both have made, no doubt, but on the whole this war has superbly vindicated them as rulers. "*La force volontairement juste*"—this was the phrase of Admiral de Gueydon. Applied in practice by General Lyautey, it has borne fruits incomparably precious for France in her crucial hour.

The Loyalty of Weaker Peoples

In 1871 the Mokrani wrote to the French Government:

"I will wait to declare war against you until the last of your enemies shall have quitted your territory." In recalling this lately Le Matin added:

"To-day, the sons of our great chiefs, our most humble Mussulman soldiers, declare: 'We will wait to return to our own homes until the last of your enemies shall have left your soil.'"

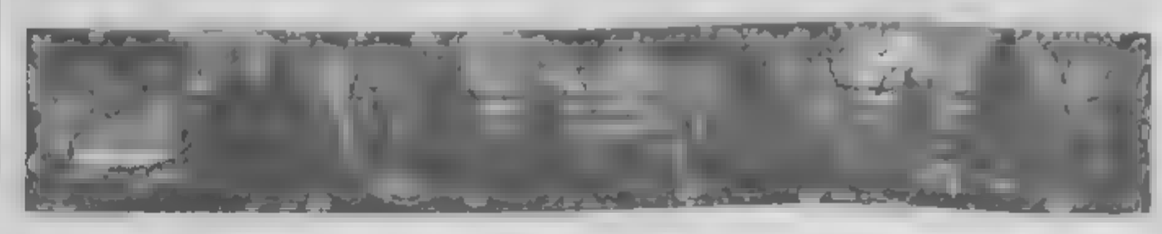
Forty-five years—the same forty-five years that Germany has spent in preparing for a ruthless domination and extermination of weaker peoples—has sufficed for France to bind to herself by bonds like this the weaker peoples beneath her flag. She who herself has become a flag—the banner-nation about which is gathered the defense of a world—knows that her own colors are safe in the dusky hands of her tribesmen everywhere.

I went away through the grounds, past the men sitting, lying on stretchers in the sunlight, strolling, pushing themselves or one another in wheel-chairs—past the mosque of their devotions, with a sense of comfort and peace. Nowhere in Europe had I seen soldiers more happily placed, better provided, more kindly cared for or seeming more cheerful and content.

That was as it should be—in mere honor; but far beyond this stretched the immense vista of the meaning of what I had seen: Out of this evil of war what incomparable good may come! The greatest democratic mingling of races earth has seen—that has already come; most of mankind has met and touched hands; hearts also have been touched, not a few. The Arabic greeting becomes as a vast symbol and promise. Injustice and oppression and greed surely will not die overnight, but the root of all these—ignorance, and the misunderstanding born of it—has never had so heavy an ax laid to it in all human history before. The black, the brown, the yellow man has looked intimately on the white man's world—and it does not so much matter that it was a world in cataclysm, because in so many ways it is even thus a world at its best; and the white man has fought shoulder to shoulder for one cause with all these. East and West have met at last really.

There is nothing too much to hope from that meeting if we of the West will take for our device in dealing with all peoples De Gueydon's motto:

"*La force volontairement juste.*"



SPRUSTEX

The STEEL Mop with the REMOVABLE PAD NO MORE GUMMY MOPS

It's Fun to Clean The SPRUSTEX

WE BELIEVE THAT THE Sprustex is the final form of mop. It is the first mop that allows quick and easy removal of the pad. In a few moments you separate the pad from the base. You clean it. You replace it as quickly as you took it off. It's so easy to keep the Sprustex clean that you need never be annoyed by its becoming gummy and sticky.

THINK OF THE SATISFACTION OF using a mop that is always in first-rate working condition! Just a few weeks with the Sprustex in your home and you'll realize what the invention of the removable pad means to you. You'll see for yourself how much better work you do with the *clean* Sprustex mop.

AND YOU CAN HAVE A NEW MOP for the price of a new pad, which is only fifty cents. You'll find that each Sprustex pad will outwear the ordinary mop. There are over three thousand feet of extra grade hard twist cotton yarn in each pad. One of the first things you'll notice about the Sprustex is its full, thick body. Just a few minutes' use will show you how the even length of these strands increases the efficiency of the Sprustex. Strands of equal length have less tendency to break and pull out than the ragged, uneven warp of the ordinary mop.

YOU WON'T BRUISE THE FURNITURE with the Sprustex Mop. Because the heavy, eight-ounce cotton duck base acts as a safety buffer.

THE CENTER OF THE SPRUSTEX Mop is cold rolled steel. This heart-shaped center works well in corners and also affords the width necessary to cover broad spaces quickly. Japan finish, baked in 450° Fahrenheit, prevents rust.

THE SPRUSTEX RATCHET GRIP binds the pad into immovable contact with the steel center. The deep grooved edge is a special Sprustex feature.

THE SPRUSTEX NON-SLIP LOCK clamps the polished hard maple handle to the base of the mop. No wood thread to break off. The Sprustex Pivot-Hinge allows free movement of the handle. Keeps the mop level and aids in working under low chairs, davenports or cabinets.

Order a Sprustex Mop Today

If your dealer hasn't it, and cannot get it for you, we will see that you are supplied. A Sprustex Mop and 4-ounce bottle of Sprustex Polish, $1.25.

Sprustex No. 1, Polishing Mop	$1.00
Sprustex No. 2, Polishing Mop	.75
Sprustex No. 3, Dusting Mop	1.00
Sprustex No. 4, Dusting Mop	.75
Extra Sprustex Pads, either Polishing or Dusting	.50
Sprustex No. 5, Floor Brush, 12 inches long	1.25

Read this Sprustex Guarantee

The Sprustex Mop, used with Sprustex Polish, is absolutely guaranteed. Your dealer is authorized to refund the purchase price upon the return of the mop if you are not entirely satisfied.

SPRUSTEX POLISH—"Gloss Without Grease"

SPRUSTEX POLISH AND MOPS

Trademark

Makes Any Mop Give Better Results

Every woman appreciates the clean, dry, lustrous surface imparted to floors and furniture by Sprustex Polish.

"Gloss without grease" tells the story of Sprustex Polish. Every room in your home will be cleaner, neater through the use of Sprustex Polish, with its pleasant odor of Spruce Oil. Dust and dirt and grit are banished instantly—better air and better health for the entire household.

And Sprustex Polish is economical. It adheres to the mop or dust cloth. It is enduring on the floors, woodwork and furniture. Save time, save labor, save the mop, save polish expense by using Sprustex Polish *always*.

THE SPRUSTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO

214-218 South Hoyne Avenue

JOBBERS—Write or wire for Special Sprustex Selling Plan and terms.

DEALERS—Ask your jobber about the Sprustex Mop at once. Don't miss the first demand already created by these unique and practical qualities which lift the Sprustex beyond competition.

"Commerce TRUCKS FOR BUSINESS"

The Product of Seven Successful Years

In seven years of successful production we have built and sold thousands of Commerce Trucks. It is our conviction that a single model and concentration upon that single model make for a better product.

Therefore, upon one truck chassis we concentrate our entire seven years' experience, our entire engineering organization, mechanical equipment and large factory production.

The One-Ton Commerce Truck

Seven years' experience has convinced us that the one-ton truck offers the widest and most diversified utility.

Seven years' experience has convinced us that only by such concentration can we design and build a one-ton truck possessing—

First—the stamina, durability and month-in-month-out serviceability of the One-Ton Commerce Truck.

Second—the completeness of equipment which means that the One-Ton Commerce is ready to meet any and every conceivable demand upon a one-ton truck when it leaves the Commerce factory.

Third—the good looks and distinctive appearance of the One-Ton Commerce Truck—so desirable to the merchant who prizes the good opinion of discriminating customers.

Fourth—the standard-excellence of every detail and feature of equipment that go into the One-Ton Commerce.

It is our determination—and we believe we are achieving it—to make the One-Ton Commerce the most thoroughly equipped one-ton truck manufactured in the United States today.

An examination of the specifications and standard equipment charted below will convince you of the accuracy of this claim.

In your city or town there is a Commerce Dealer. Let him show you the most-completely-equipped One-Ton Truck. Let him give you advice and service on your delivery problem. He has factory records and experiences behind him.

One-ton Chassis	**$1340**
With Express Body	**$1375**
With Post Top and Storm Curtains	**$1450**
With Standard Stake Body	**$1490**

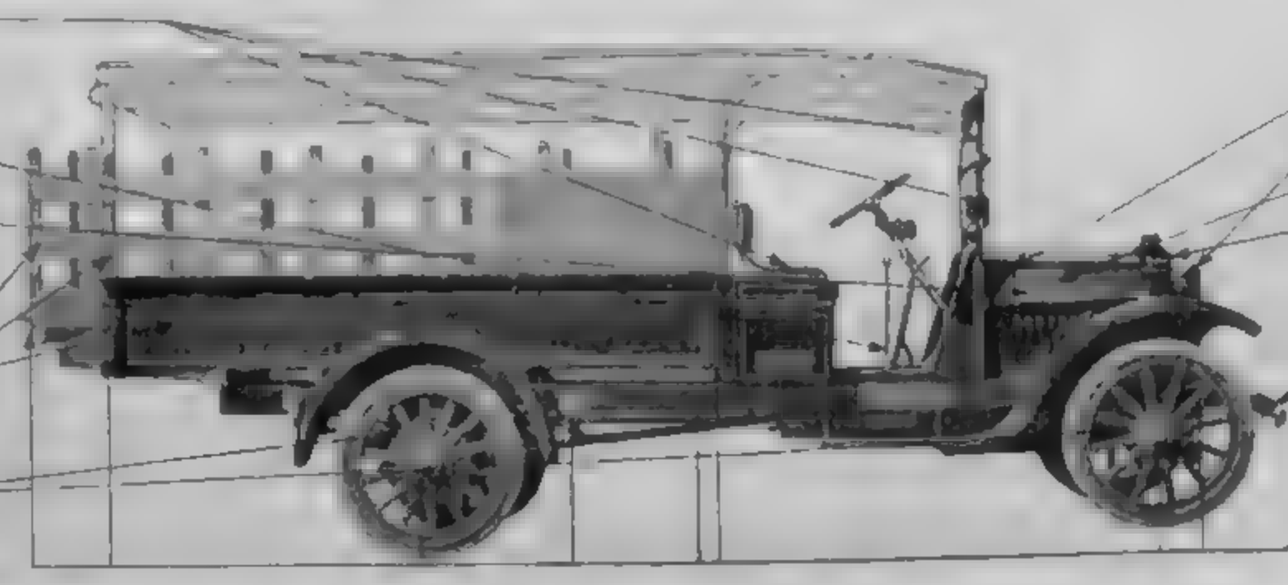
Prices f. o. b. Detroit

Commerce Dealers—everywhere—are substantial, progressive business men. They all have a thriving business twelve months in the year. And we are only just beginning to herald in national advertising, the nation-wide popularity of Commerce Trucks.

Commerce Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Applications will be considered for District Managers of ability and experience to represent this company in organising truck dealers for open territory.

NOTE TO DEALERS—Watch the pages of The Saturday Evening Post and other National Magazines for Commerce advertisements. This is only one of a long series.


Folding windshield and driver's searchlight. Seat wide enough for three persons. Dash handles on windshield frame.
Transmission a unit with motor, designed for Commerce trucks. Extra width of gears.
Stewart vacuum system and Pierce automatic governor, driven by gears and flexible shaft from propeller shaft.
Bodies: Stake, Open Express and Express with top (4 Post), finished in green, gold stripe.
Axles: Front, Commerce truck type, Bower roller bearings. Rear Torbensen internal gear drive
Remy starting and lighting system; Willard 80 Ampere storage battery; head lamps with dimmers. System designed for Commerce trucks.
Motor Commerce truck type 3½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Removable head 26 horse power, Zenith carburetor
Radiator Commerce truck design, finned top and bottom tanks, removable core Capacity 5 gallons
Bumper: truck type, integral with frame. Mounted solidly on front end frame fittings.
Springs Detroit Steel Products Co. highest grade manufactured. Frame, unusual depth and width of members. Wheelbase 126 inches. Loading space, 9 feet 2 inches on Express bodies, 10 feet on Stake bodies.

Stunts That Get You

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

A LANKY young man from Virginia went to New York to hunt a job, and in the course of his peregrinations came upon a cataleptic clothing store out Harlem way. The proprietor was standing in front of his emporium watching the people go by, and, therefore, was not in a frame of mind to receive the Virginian with palpitating enthusiasm.

"You may be a jimcrack of a clerk," he conceded, "but you can't sell goods without customers to buy 'em."

This led to persiflage, in the course of which the lanky chap offered to bet the doubting merchant a dollar that in twenty minutes he could get a hundred people into the store, provided he might have a handicap of one hour in which to lay his strategy.

This wager was accepted with more gusto, I imagine, than the soporific retailer was given to showing; and the Virginian went to it.

Crowds and Customers

There are some men born with kinematic brains in which ideas play hide and seek all the time, and this was a magnified specimen. He got some cardboard and rolled it into the shape of a telescope eight feet long, which he bronzed with radiator paint. Then he put a funnel in one end for an eyepiece.

This imposing telescope he set up in the store window, pointing straight back toward the interior, with the funnel end close to the glass, and the hypothetical business end concealed in mysterious black hangings. Then on a big piece of white cardboard he lettered the legend:

"No women allowed to look through this telescope."

The effect was stupendous. In ten seconds a dozen men were trying to squint through the mysterious funnel. In four minutes traffic was suspended in the street. Then came a fight, and the murmur of impending riot ran through the mob.

Meanwhile one of the squinters was seized with an inspiration and slipped into the store to discover the secret on the other side of those baffling curtains. Other men took the cue, until the store as well as the street was jammed. Just then the plate-glass window gave way and the telescope collapsed beneath jagged fragments. A number of would-be gazers were cut, and blood splotched the sidewalk. By this time the police were there. The lanky Virginian won his bet, but not the dollar. The possibilities in his crude genius were not recognized, and he went away ruefully.

To-day this man is a high-salaried executive in a department store. He is still full of fresh assorted ideas, but he has toned them down. His imagination is even more vivid, he says, than when he perpetrated the telescope, but he flavors it with caution. He is now a philosophic student of selling forces. He distinguishes between crowds and customers.

You might call him the stunt artist, for he is one of those merchandisers who get people into their stores. He doesn't stand in front of his door and watch the dollars go by in their endless parade, but he hides himself up in his den and lays out his strategy. He says that a dollar out in the street is the most elusive thing in the world, but that almost always there is some way to make it stop and listen. You can tempt a horse in the pasture with an ear of corn, and by maneuvering get the halter on. It is harder to get the leash on a restive dollar, but brains can do it. No matter how dull the times, he declares, he can always go out and drag in a hundred customers.

It is proper, of course, to bank on quality and on having the best-scrubbed store in town, painted inside every six months; and advertising plays a big part. But it is really amazing to discover the imagination that is constantly on tap in the aggressive store to supplement the more conventional pulling forces. Indeed, I have the testimony of keen merchandisers that bankruptcy would have dogged them except for a constant succession of ideas, often tinged with more or less secrecy in their inside operation, to get customers coming.

There is in existence an organization of store managers called the Stunt Club, composed of executives of department stores that are in different cities and so do not compete with each other. The members of this club meet twice a year and exchange ideas; and any one of these sessions is as good as a show. One important principle is that a stunt cannot be repeated, except, perhaps, at long intervals. The store brains must be kept moving.

One member is especially strong on ideas that have a suggestion of mystery. He finds that the women customers respond quickly to selling schemes that leave something to the imagination. He sent out personal announcements of a private display of union suits of different types, shown on living models who were picked from the salesgirls and paid something extra. The event proved a sensation from a sales standpoint, the stock being cleaned out in one day; and telegraphic re-orders had to be made.

Then he had a spring exhibit that he called Miss Vanity Fair's Dishabille Demonstration. In the newspaper advertisements no specific goods were mentioned. There was just a hint of lace things. Behind Closed Doors was the mystic call that jammed one of the upper-floor rooms with women. Business had been bad in lingerie, but it took a spurt.

Another manager staged a Society Sale. He got the daughters of the town's most prominent families to clerk in his store a few hours a day, taking them in batches of half a dozen and advertising the departments where they were. Their individual sales may not have been high, but the event got the people. General sales took a big spurt.

Miss Lucinda, dashing daughter of Y. Philetus Bigfellow, was back of the ribbon counter, which of course set her off to advantage. All her girl friends came down to see her sell ribbons and to help swell her sales record, and along toward quitting time Messrs. Jack Fondone, Harry Hope, Claude Singleman, and maybe half a dozen other ardent young chaps, came round with their cars in the hope of taking her home. Marie Haughty, the famous brunette, of course was there; also Madge Proudfoot, the arch beauty of Millionaire Hill; and Millicent Blueblood, the petite blonde of a thousand admirers. Every one of them brought their Chaunceys, Freds, Archies, Reginalds and Cecils, and all the accompanying retinue. According to the story as told at the Stunt Club—verbatim proceedings of which are before me—it wasn't so much a matter of immediate results in sales. Publicity of this sort is cumulative.

Contrary Stunts

One member of the club hit on a line of stunts built on the psychology that people want things that seem hard to get. For example, he gave an exhibition of unusual gowns, and admission was by card only. The room was decorated like a private salon and the atmosphere was exclusive. The ladies came in their best afternoon apparel. Mrs. Datus Oilfields, richest widow in town, bestowed on the store her benign presence; and Mesdames De Coupon and De Bond came in their limousines.

There was a hitch for a minute when Mrs. B. Le Baron Banker discovered she had left her ticket at home; but in this distressing emergency word was quickly passed up to the manager, who obligingly came down in person with a duplicate card of admission bearing Madam Banker's name in aristocratic chirography.

This store had another contrary stunt that always worked. On the theory that people do things they are told not to do, customers would sometimes confront a sign reading: Don't Look Behind You. One day a record was kept, and not one customer who saw that sign failed instantly to turn round—to see a most attractive display of something or other. In the newspaper and other advertising, words were sometimes misspelled purposely, and small prizes were given to persons who came to the store and reported the correct spelling. Hidden words in the advertisements were used in the same way.

A certain store used character impersonations and worked out a peculiarly attractive series of stunts. It was announced in the advertisements that Jennie Cleanface

A Necessity in Every Home

Lasts a lifetime. Made of asbestos and automatically adjusted to prevent overheating. Fits any lamp socket. Current costs the same as for an ordinary lamp. Full Factory Guaranty on every Safety Pad.

The Most Necessary Electrical Device

The Safety Electric Warming Pad is both convenient and necessary. Connect it to any lamp socket and in a few seconds you have dependable heat without water, at constant temperature, for an hour, a day or a week, absolutely free from danger of shock, scald or scorch, and adjustable up or down, by a finger turn of the regulator. It can't get too hot. Anybody can use it.

Safety
Electric Warming Pad

The Safety Pad is extremely flexible, soft, comfortable and sanitary; it is light, dependable, durable. It weighs only twelve ounces. It stays where you want it. You can tie it around a joint, or apply it to any spot that needs constant, comforting heat.

Always ready for use. Choice of six attractive colors, in beautiful elderdown or cretonne. Covers removable for cleansing. Approved by physicians, nurses, hospitals and thousands of satisfied users. Price $7.00 at drug, electric, hardware and department stores, and Lighting Companies, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Send us your dealer's name and we will mail you descriptive folder.

Scientific Products Company
205 Sinclair Building Steubenville, Ohio
Reliable dealers wanted

This Smiling Kyanize Painter Marks the Kyanize Dealer's Store

Kyanize Products
KY-AN-IZE

JUST DIP THE BRUSH

in the handy can of Kyanize Floor Finish—one of the popular Kyanize Products for beautifying and preserving your home. It will make your home brighter and healthier—and the cost is so moderate!

A few strokes over your worn Floor, Furniture, or Woodwork and—it's all done. It will be dry by tomorrow.

Kyanize Floor Finish is water, scratch and blister-proof. It's tough and elastic; comes in eight *permanent* colors and "Clear"—no mixing required.

Your Kyanize Dealer—the store where the Smiling Kyanize Painter bids you a cheery welcome—will give you a twenty cent can of any Kyanize Product if you'll buy from him a ten cent brush to apply it.

Just Try Kyanize—It Beautifies

Boston Varnish Company
Fine Varnishes and Enamels
Everett Station, Boston, U. S. A.

Making Men Over

Every night we receive hundreds of tired men, worn out by a hard day in a strange city. And we make them over, and they go out to a new day, ready for it.

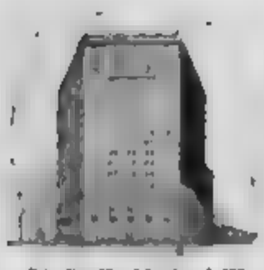
Pleasant, well-ventilated, quiet rooms; good beds; courteous, gracious service; every convenience and comfort a tired man wants which a hotel can supply—these are among the good things we promise you at any Hotel Statler.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, whether you spend $2 or $20 a day.

Every—every—Hotel Statler room has private bath; outside light and air; circulating ice-water; writing desk with plenty of stationery, etc., local and long distance telephones, pin-cushion, with needles, thread, buttons, etc., candle for low night-light, and numerous other unusual conveniences. Morning paper delivered free to every guest-room.

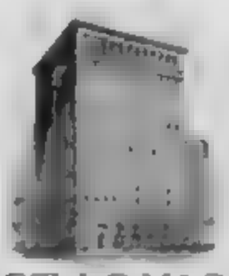
BUFFALO
450 Rooms 450 Baths

CLEVELAND
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths



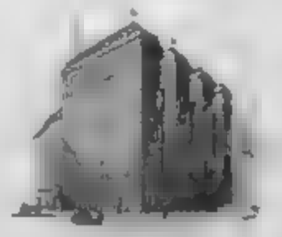
DETROIT
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

Opens Shortly



ST. LOUIS
650 Rooms 650 Baths

New building
Opens in July, 1918



NEW YORK
2200 Rooms 2200 Baths

HOTELS STATLER
BUFFALO—CLEVELAND—DETROIT
(Now building in St. Louis and New York)

Hotels Statler—the hotels where "the guest is always right"

An Antiseptic of Many Uses

Care of the Teeth

Mouth Wash

Gargle

Protection Against Infection of Cuts and Wounds

Lotion After Shaving

Cleansing the Scalp

Personal Hygiene

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic
Manufactured only by Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

would arrive in town on the nine-forty-six, and would shop in the store all day. Miss Jennie was a celebrated mythical character in the soap world.

She was greeted by a throng of citizens when she stepped off the train, arrayed in costume; and her day was one of triumph. Her presence in the store drew double the ordinary number of people, especially in view of the fact that opportunity was given to meet the young lady.

At various times distinguished imaginative characters visited the book department, including Trilby, Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, Oliver Twist and David Copperfield. For the little ones many brain children, famous in the nursery, came to the store. Among them were Cinderella, Jack the Giant Killer, Jack Horner, Bluebeard, Tom Thumb, Babes in the Wood and Humpty Dumpty, all living again in the flesh. With each visit the sale of juvenile books was accelerated.

Merchandise Flirtations

These events often took the form of story-telling affairs, with some of the drama acted out on a platform as the reading proceeded. When Oliver Twist came, prizes were offered to children for little essays on characters in Dickens' stories, and quite a drive was made on sets of Dickens' books. Sometimes prizes were offered to anyone who could pick out the persons in the store who impersonated the characters. One day considerable excitement was caused by the arrival of the Duke of Bridgewater and the late Dauphin, direct from the Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. They rode round town in an automobile before going to the store.

One stunt was a book party, to which the public was invited. Guests were asked to decorate themselves with something that would suggest the titles of books, and were induced to sign their names in a register and give their favorite authors. The children were asked to state what books they wanted especially. This made a valuable list for the Christmas season, which was near at hand. Personal solicitors were sent out to visit these families and numerous sales resulted.

Men's hats are pretty much alike the country over, and it takes original thinking to impart personality to a fedora or derby or even to the aristocratic silk hat. But one hat manager bestowed snappy names on his models, announcing that Mr. Nifty Jones was in town, Mr. Pert Jackson or Master Harry Juvenile. In contrast he sometimes showed alluring feminine hats in the same window, and paired them off with the sedate masculine headgear. Blanche Breakers would flirt a little with Mr. Jackson, and Flossie Plume and Young Jones would be off in a corner by themselves. Just a sentence on a window card would tell the story.

Trunks and bags were also personified. Two wardrobe trunks were placed together partly facing each other, one filled with men's wear and the other showing mysterious glimpses of more dainty apparel, with a window card reading: "We are Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, off for our honeymoon." There was an irresistible appeal in this window that led many prospective tourists to the trunk department who never would have gone there otherwise.

The Stunt Club seems particularly fond of what it calls service stunts. Anything that really serves a customer is productive of results. The Oversize Department has become a permanent stunt in several stores. Of course the existence of this department, as a separate division, is a secret. It is not railed off and has no special counters. As one of the managers put the idea:

"It is a department that shows up only in the book-keeping, but its hidden purpose is to serve men and women of unusual bath-tub displacement."

When a private census was taken of the ladies who belonged to this class the figures were somewhat astonishing. Investigation showed that this was not an erratic trade, but could be made thoroughly staple. Many of these possible customers were having great difficulty in getting garments big enough, and were forced to go from store to store, encountering the most undiplomatic treatment. A special line of oversize garments was created, embracing not only coats and suits, but lingerie and hosiery, with adjustable waistbands and bust measures from forty-six to fifty-two. The salespeople who handled these goods were especially selected and thoroughly trained; and the publicity was shrewd but discreet.

This led to similar service for undersized women. For several months statistics were kept of the number of women in this category who bought goods. It was found that a large number of them, unable to fit themselves in the regular women's departments, went to the misses' counters and bought cheaper goods. The efforts of the store were directed toward getting them back to the more profitable lines.

In a large Eastern store the idea artist had an itemized census made of teachers, nurses, telephone girls, stenographers, dressmakers, milliners, housekeepers and professional women, and the particular dress and office requirements of each class were tabulated. Thus special information was secured concerning the needs of nurses, as to uniforms and caps, and sick-room supplies that they might influence.

Then exhibitions, demonstrations and window displays were invented, designed especially to reach these classes. It was found that a strong play for the sale of stenographers' office cuffs and aprons brought much general trade from this class of workers. The underlying purpose was to get them coming for suits, waists and other goods. One detail of this plan was a series of "storegrams," or imitation telegrams, sent by messenger to the selected lists.

Telephone stunts in great variety have been described at the meetings of this club, and all degrees of success or failure reported. One member got up and recited this experience: At twelve-thirty on a certain day specified departments called Mesdames Buywell, Spendmoney, Gotcash and Bigbills, and told them about attractive showings. Then at twelve-thirty the following day other departments called other prominent mesdames.

It worked well for a day or two, but then the wires began to get crossed. Mrs. Gotcash had felt complimented when she received a phone invitation to inspect the marvelous new silhouette evening gowns in velvet, which fact she imparted next day when she took luncheon with Mrs. Buywell. Just at that moment Mrs. Buywell herself was called on the phone with an invitation to come down and inspect the new evening capes. Naturally Mrs. Gotcash, not having received the cape invitation, was chagrined. Mrs. Buywell was offended because Mrs. Gotcash had been invited ahead of her to see the silhouette gowns.

Diplomatic Recognition

"We got ourselves much disliked," said the manager, "before we called off this telephone stunt. We have found that we can't play favorites in anything we do; and this, I believe, is a fundamental principle of good merchandising."

One manager found that if he could get women to the store in pairs they bought more goods than if they came singly. Companionship engenders liberality. They bought more expensive goods because each didn't want the other to think she was stingy. Mrs. Vanity takes more pleasure in posing a new hat before her friend Mrs. Flattery than in trying it on before an uncomplimenting mirror. She indulges a secret joy in buying a twenty-dollar hat when Mrs. Flattery can see her pay for it or hear her say carelessly: "Charge it!" Alone, she might feel quite friendly toward even a twelve-dollar creation. Almost any sort of store affair for which invitations or tickets can be issued, "For yourself and friend," has been found good merchandising.

The psychology of store crowds is a fascinating and profitable study. The per-capita sale is always much larger on a busy day than when only a few customers are in the store. The more people, even if some are merely lookers, the higher the individual sales. Higher priced goods go relatively faster in a crowd.

There is a well-defined principle in store management that the feminine public will respond to diplomatic recognition of its knowledge of goods and its all-round judgment. This has led to many so-called stunts. An inland store appointed a committee of five hundred women, among whom were all the prominent ones in the city, and asked them to come in on a certain Tuesday and give their opinions on suits, waists, skirts and other goods. There was finesse in the way this was put to them, and three hundred came. More than half bought goods that day.

(Concluded on Page 49)

Madge Kennedy | Jane Cowl | Mae Marsh | Mary Garden | Maxine Elliott | Mabel Normand

These Beautiful, World-Known Stars

are the greatest artists who have ever loaned their talents to the motion picture art. They have cast their fortunes with and trusted their artistic reputations to a new company that is responsible for revolutionary advancements and achievements on the screen.

In every community and neighborhood on the North American continent these lovely and popular celebrities—familiar by name and reputation to all of you—will be seen exclusively as stars in

Goldwyn Pictures

GOLDWYN is more than a mere trade name. It denotes the skilled and powerful combination of the capacities and talents of Samuel Goldfish, the founder and organizer of the Lasky Company and a pioneer in the movement for better, cleaner films, and the genius of Edgar Selwyn, Margaret Mayo and Archibald Selwyn, famous playwrights and successful producing managers in the theatre.

These successful leaders have been able to gather around themselves, as aides and allies, the best known figures in modern American literature, in present day world art, in contemporary playwrighting, and in stage and screen direction. Through Goldwyn Pictures alone, now and for the future, you are to witness and unquestionably approve the greatest efforts of such brilliant personalities as

These Famous Authors

IRVIN S. COBB
EDGAR SELWYN
ANATOLE FRANCE
MARGARET MAYO
BASIL KING
ARTHUR TRAIN
ROBERT McLAUGHLIN
ROI COOPER MEGRUE
PORTER EMERSON BROWNE
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER

and many others with whom you are familiar through the great magazines and periodicals of the nation.

If the motion picture theatre you attend regularly is not presenting the Goldwyn productions with these and other famous Goldwyn Stars, we ask you not only to request the manager to present these beautiful attractions, but also invite you to write for the handsome souvenir pictorial booklet telling "THE STORY OF GOLDWYN, ITS STARS AND ITS PLAYS," using the coupon in the right hand corner of the page.

ADVISORY BOARD
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MARGARET MAYO
ROI COOPER MEGRUE
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CROSBY GAIGE
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Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

16 East 42nd Street New York City

Goldwyn Pictures, 16 E. 42nd St., New York:
Please send me the souvenir pictorial booklet "The Story of Goldwyn, Its Stars and Its Plays."

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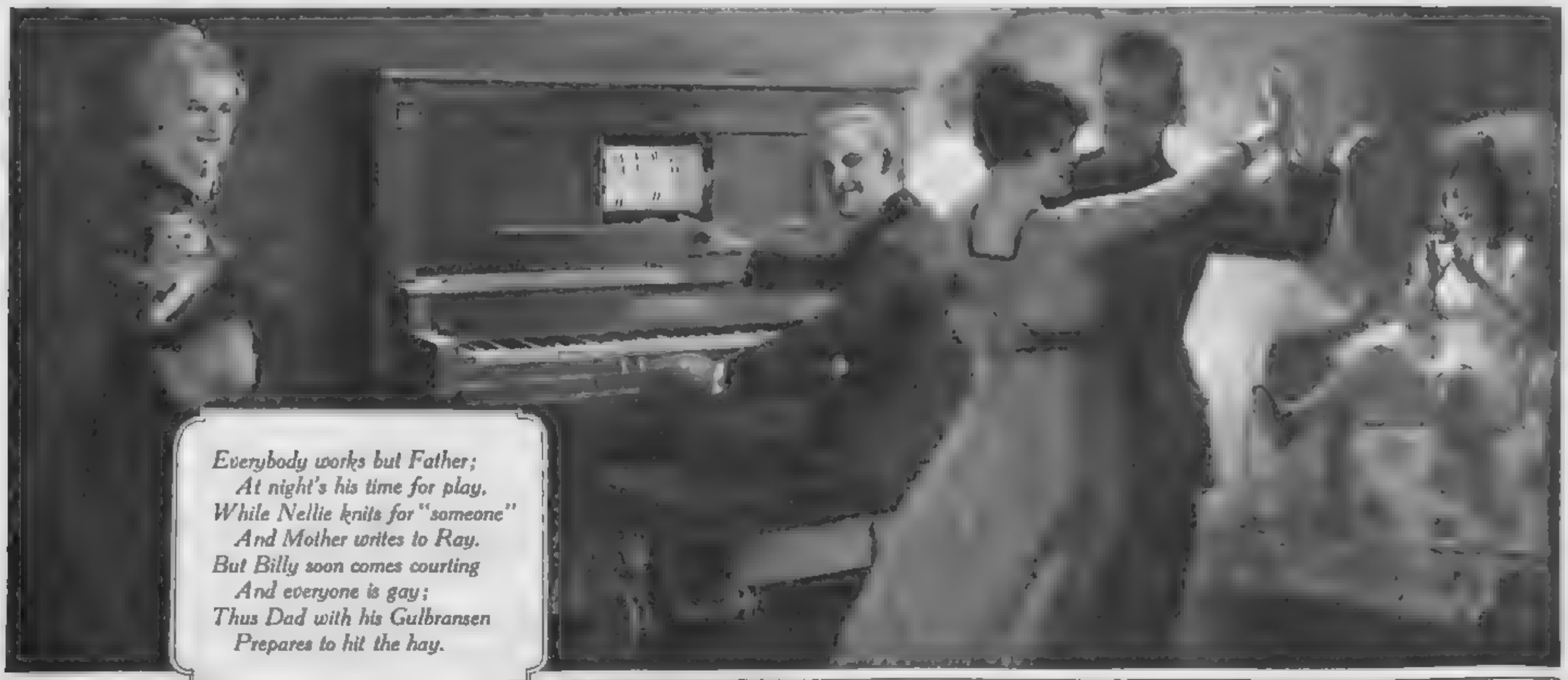

Everybody works but Father;
At night's his time for play.
While Nellie knits for "someone"
And Mother writes to Ray.
But Billy soon comes courting
And everyone is gay;
Thus Dad with his Gulbransen
Prepares to hit the hay.

What Should a Truly Fine Player-Piano Cost?

All the wonderful good times a player-piano can bring you—all the fun, the relaxation—all the satisfaction of owning the finest instrument produced by a great maker—all these need cost you today only $525.

That $525 buys the very best, remember—our "White House" Model.

A year ago our best instrument would have cost you $750 or more. In fact, we have seen it priced by dealers at nearly $1000. Judge its quality by that, if you please.

And note this—we are not cutting the quality to reach this new $525 price. Instead, we have adopted new policies—achieved new economies—that make the lower price possible.

Our "Nationally Priced" Plan Sets New Standard of Value

Our new policies save much. We do not sell to piano dealers on the customary "consignment plan" or "note settlements" running one, two or three years.

Every Gulbransen distributor must pay cash—thirty days net. The saving to him is important, as you can judge—also to us.

There is not a penny inflation in our price to cover the usual losses and cost of handling long time accounts with weak dealers. We have eliminated all that. You get the benefit.

And we now mark every Gulbransen—before it leaves our factory—with its fair net price to you. No matter in which state or town you live, you pay just that same national price (see illustration). If sold at any other price our ten-year guaranty is withdrawn. No other player-pianos have their prices thus standardized for you.

"Asking Price" Now the True Value

It is cold truth that dealers formerly "asked" $750 or more for Gulbransen Player-Pianos. Often got it, too!

And those Gulbransens were not quite as good as the "White House" Model—now $525—didn't possess the refinements of this latest Gulbransen product.

But dealers asked $750 or more because most people judge things by the price—and because human nature likes to be flattered by a huge allowance on an old instrument.

They asked these fancy prices for Gulbransens because they are as well worth it as any fine player-piano—and there was no one to say what a truly fine player-piano should cost. No manufacturer cared to set a fair price on his instrument.

Our Price the Standard Your Guide to Value

But now we have said the word, fixed the price. We are building player-pianos that represent forty years' devotion to a quality ideal. We have the largest player-piano business and the most efficient manufactory in the U. S. Our firm, we believe, is the logical one to set the price standard.

Compare the Gulbransen "White House" Model with any player-piano for which you are "asked" to pay $750 to $1000. You can see no difference, hear no difference, find no difference that does not favor the Gulbransen.

You Ought to Buy Now 30 Days' Free Trial

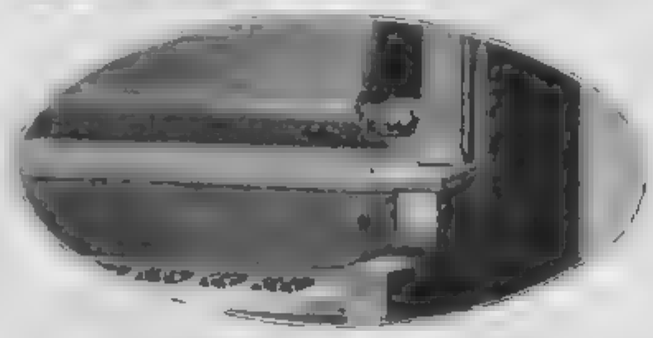
Business pressure is high; you need relaxation. You are making more money. And there never was a time when so small a part of your income would buy a fine player-piano. At our new price your advantage is well-nigh doubled.

If you wish to "trade in" your playerless piano, our dealer will allow you its market value, or put it on sale for you in his store at the price you name.

We will gladly send you our interesting Catalog, also an impartial booklet by an expert, on "How to Judge a Player-Piano." A postal will do. Just say, "Send booklets and name of local dealer," and sign your name and address. Write it now.

We Say, $525

30 Days' Free Trial in Your Own Home
Divided Payment if Desired
10-Year Guaranty



NATIONALLY PRICED

The picture (at above) shows where to look for [illegible] of the Gulbransen Player-Piano [illegible] marked on the [illegible]

[illegible] in price between the four standard models [illegible] to you by [illegible] dealer from a chart, showing the equipment of each [illegible]

White House Model, $525	Town House Model, $430
Country Seat Model, $475	Suburban Model, $395

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

—easy to play

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY, 3230 CHICAGO AVENUE, CHICAGO

(Concluded from Page 46)

On the same day the store engaged a woman to lecture on labor-saving devices in housekeeping, such as vacuum cleaners, bread mixers, electric cookers, washing and ironing contrivances and fireless cookers. This women-committee idea resulted ultimately in large sales of these articles, and brought publicity that became almost perpetual.

In another city an original thinker in one of the stores invited leading women to lunch with the store's high executives. No intimation was given of the purpose of the affair until the feast was over. Then it was announced that the ladies would criticize the store's advertising and publicity methods. Some of them made spirited speeches and told why certain things appealed to them, or why they did not. The result was a so-called buying committee of women, and they were often invited to come in and inspect samples.

It is not to be gainsaid that the ladies like attention, if it is not overdone. The shrewd members of the Stunt Club have all sorts of ways of keeping in touch with women's clubs. Said one of them:

"For a long time we allowed the store to drift along without paying any attention to this sort of planning. It seems incredible now that we should have been so blind. We have picked up in an extraordinary way since we began to recognize the psychological possibilities in women."

It was found that educational stunts were especially valuable in getting the women, and especially the younger ones, into the store. Lectures on household and cultural subjects were always productive of increased business. Interior decorating and art subjects were tied up especially to the daughters of the rich, and at the same time hitched to the corresponding goods in the store.

Good results were obtained from all the little attentions that could be used consistently, with due regard for expense ratios, in behalf of the comfort of women customers. Little rest nooks were established in many departments, with easy-chairs, writing desks and page service. This page service especially proved popular. On the main floor was the paging desk in charge of a picked girl. Customers could register and tell what departments they expected to visit. Thus Mrs. Income could leave word for Mr. Income to come up in the millinery when he reached the store, and help her buy her new hat. This had some advantage also for Mr. Income, who perhaps might otherwise have been compelled to stand round an hour or so and do some quiet cussing.

Another service of the same sort was reported by a manager who had established a chauffeurs' station, in which the drivers of private cars could wait for their calls. If a man wished to communicate with his better half, whom he knew to be in the store, he could call this chauffeurs' station and talk with his driver. Of if young Mr. Lovewell desired to reach his fiancée during shopping hours he could do so. An average of four hundred cars a day drive up to that store, and sometimes six hundred.

Pushing Sporting Goods

Almost any window display showing action will draw a crowd; but drawing a crowd in the street and getting people into the store, remember, are different propositions. To join the two usually takes the exercise of gray matter. One manager got up at a meeting of the Stunt Club and told about hiring two boys to box in his show window. One of the boys hit too hard, and a fight followed. There was a crowd in the street as big as the telescope mob I have spoken of, but all this was lost so far as sales were concerned. In fact, the stunt was harmful.

On the other hand, one store put a pneumatic tire in its window attached to a device that revolved it rapidly. Prizes were offered for the nearest guesses as to the number of revolutions a minute, but in order to guess it was necessary to visit the sporting goods department and register one's name and address. Incidentally it was impossible to get out without observing certain attractive displays. The sales of the department increased that month twenty-five per cent over the corresponding month of the preceding year; yet the cost of this stunt was only eight dollars.

A window stunt that was peculiarly interesting was this: All women were invited, in the advertisements, to come in and tell what they would like to have shown in the windows. It transpired that among the recommendations were many goods that had never been shown at all in this way, including mourning goods, bird cages, valentines, baby carriages, some kinds of infants' wear, plants and bulbs, and useful books, such as works on home nursing, the care of children, and gardening.

Then it was announced in the newspapers that special displays would be made of these articles on certain days, both in the windows and inside the store, and that those who had made suggestions and registered would be entitled to discounts. Several hundred women entered for this stunt.

Another scheme that pulled well was one in which prizes were offered for novel window ideas. One woman suggested that a large window be used for a week as a sales department; so it was turned into a dog section. The customers were permitted to enter the window space, and the whole thing was in view from the sidewalk. Various lines of sporting goods were also shown in the window.

Getting Information

The public has little conception of the brains and money that go into show windows. One store had a Christmas display that cost fifteen hundred dollars for the idea and settings. Another used a Japanese gate that required all the time of a decorator for thirty days.

The Stunt Club now exchanges ideas for window displays, and conserves much of this expense.

Many hundreds of women have been drawn into stores by capitalizing their instinct of philoprogenitiveness. Love of offspring is one of the greatest forces that can be turned into sales. Several of these club members secure a list of babies through municipal records, and use numerous plans for turning the information into cash.

One idea is to make personal appointments with a group of mothers for having the babies' pictures taken in the store crib or cab. One print is offered free, with opportunities to secure copies as premiums in the purchase of goods. Infants' photographs are shown in the windows in large groups, and prizes offered to the mothers, sisters, aunts and grandmothers who guess correctly the greatest number of names and whose guesses as to sex are most nearly correct.

A manager with an inquiring mind sent out a list of questions to customers, asking criticism and suggestions. Among the questions was this: "What goods have you tried to buy here and been unable to get?" The answers were amazing in the variety and volume of goods cited. They ranged from engineering instruments to hooks and eyes; but for the most part they showed that the people wanted better goods. There was a singular unanimity in the demand for higher-grade groceries, toilet articles and wearing apparel. This information stunt, as they called it, was one of the most valuable, because the art of getting people into a store depends a good deal on knowing what they want.

We all crave recognition; we long for even a hint of praise, or for approval. One of the bitter things is to strive for the accomplishment of some worthy aim and find that our efforts elicit only silence. One of these store managers, in his studies of human selling forces, perceived that here was a natural opening. All round he saw people struggling to do things—usually insignificant things in themselves, but, nevertheless, of consequence in their own schemes of life.

For instance, Neddy Carpenter made a table in the manual-training class. Neddy was by no means a cabinetmaker, but the table lay close to his heart—and perhaps even closer to his mother's heart and to grandma's. His aunties came over and felt of it, and said that he was some boy. So far, good! But the store manager took the table and put it in a show window, along with a chair by Willie, a chest of drawers by Henny, a bookcase by Frankie and a footstool by Petie. Then he put all their names in an advertisement, just a line or two, saying that they were doing a real work in the world and getting ready for bigger things! Nor was he wholly selfish, for this way of making friends for his store was also helping to make better citizens. Besides, it made the road sunnier.

So altogether you see that if one has imagination and a philosophy of human motives, it is not so hard to get people coming.

The judicious use of

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

means a more attractive home, inside or out, as well as a more durable, protecting finish to walls, woodwork, floors—everything! The "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and "Home Decorating" give helpful suggestions as to kinds, colors and quantities needed for any surface or purpose. Both books are *free* on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q Detroit, Michigan

Boston Toledo
Chicago Newfoundland
Minneapolis Birmingham
St Louis Fort Worth
Pittsburgh Dallas
Cincinnati Topeka

Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

If he wore Duofold he'd forget his underwear

because it has a thin layer of *soft, smooth cotton on the inside* that keeps the body *comfortable*, and a thin layer of fine wool on the *outside* that absorbs bodily moisture from the cotton layer, evaporates it and keeps the garment soft and fresh and keeps both body and garment *dry*.

Duofold Health Underwear

Cotton next to Skin: COMFORT
Warm Wool Outside: NO ITCH
Air Space Between: Prevents Colds

Wool for *warmth*—but it doesn't touch the skin. Cotton for *comfort*—but you don't feel cold, or catch cold easily. And an Air Space between the wool and cotton layers that *ventilates the body and garment.*

Warm outdoors, perfectly *comfortable* indoors—*that's Duofold.*

If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Sample of the Fabric and Literature sent on request.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

The York

The quiet dignity of this overcoat has an instant appeal to men who by nature and taste prefer garments on the more conservative lines. Always in good form—day or evening.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, N. Y.

ATLAS OFFERS
PERSONAL SERVICE

Note that word "*Personal*"—it means a lot to any man who has to do with blasting. It means that our experts work shoulder to shoulder with you to solve *your* blasting problems. It means that our nation-wide organization from laborer to president is *at your service, personally*. It means that men who for a generation have been increasing the efficiency of blasting and cutting the cost, will do the same *for you*.

We have the benefit of more than a century of experience in making explosives. This experience we place at *your* command, absolutely without reserve. No blasting work is too large, too small, or too remote to get that thorough, going, personal ATLAS co-operation.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY

Home Office: Wilmington, Del.

Sales Offices: Allentown, Pa., Birmingham, Ala., Boston, Chicago, Houghton (Mich.), Joplin, Mo., Kansas City, Knoxville, McAlester (Okla.), Nashville, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Kan., Pittsburgh (Pa.), Pottsville (Pa.), St. Louis, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Put your blasting problems up to us

Our Service Department is a clearing house of blasting experience in all its phases and under all conditions. It is directed by experts who will personally help you apply this vast store of information to your own blasting. Write today.

A PROPER EXPLOSIVE FOR EVERY BLASTING REQUIREMENT

Benedict & Company

By NALBRO BARTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

"As I Danced I Felt I Could Step Into a Moonbeam to Take Supper With Elves"

WHIRLING homeward in her black-and-white-striped cab, the Town Mouse caught sight of a touring car containing Prince Paul Leopold Maurice Tendre de Tendre Marie André Pontowski, rejected suitor of Gemma Gambrill, America's richest heiress and Mouse's devoted neighbor.

The Mouse admitted that the prince was a handsome person, with eyes like the green of weathered copper, and an irresistible smile. As he lifted his hat the prince admitted the Mouse to be a *chic* person in black satin with white Pierrot ruffles, doing the right thing to her figure, and with a mad-hatter's hat slanted temptingly over daffodil hair. In a pleasant, scarcely accented voice he remarked to the dusty terrier at his side:

"Boxer, old top, we shall have a time of it! She is a hawk masquerading as a gull!"

Mouse pressed her small boots, with their fantastic cut-glass heels, against the speed lever to reach the gray house of no particular period, which she had discovered some months before and renamed The Four Winds. Fringed by purplish hills, its entrance was placed as carefully as a jewel is set. Ladies of the forest—white birches—stood welcoming oncomers, and brick piers, with Watteau figures dancing atop, were beside them. A fine old mulberry pointed the way to lily pools, and flowering jasmine caressed the lattice. From the house to the garden was a pergola with a royal border of hollyhocks, while from overhead came the fragrance of ripening grapes.

Mouse pirouetted up the walk. As long ago she seemed a sexless, elfish sprite and at still another time a Tanagra figurine, so she changed since the day of this country box into a Chippendale house suggestive of Brussels lace, rose water and afternoons of sewing on fine linens.

In the quaint drawing-room she was attracted by a satinwood bench, which she straddled gracefully to indulge in a stray cigarette.

Rainbow windows were caused by a profusion of pink-and-blue Bristol glass, and the painted lemon-yellow furniture was covered relentlessly by Victorian needlework—prostrated lilies, staring pansies and sentimental fuchsias. Outwardly Mouse admired the black wall paper with its coterie of partridges about to garrote a cherry tree. She gazed in at the dining room with the lovely lyre-back chairs in old rose and cabinets of Wedgwood and luster ware.

Ruffly, fluffy curtains crisscrossed at the windows. Little contrariwise-braided rugs lay in wait for too debonair an ankle. Curlicue picture frames held startling scenes, such as curates in a furious controversy over croquet—Who shall hit the stake?

Mouse's spinet and sedan chair crowded a sun parlor from which the pool garden, a soft mass of color, was visible. The winding, fussy stairs hinted of equally fussy, adorable bedrooms of the old romantic school of painting, done in passionate pink and celestial blue, with whatnots, marble Cupids, and endless tassels to match one's tea gown.

Inwardly Mouse was summoning mental ammunition; for she was on the eve of a great battle—not only with Prince Paul Leopold Maurice Tendre de Tendre Marie André Pontowski—Pitty Sing, as she was wont to call him—but with the suburb of

(Continued on Page 53)

Mice Can't Gnaw Plaster and Metal, too

Mice and rats have sharp teeth, a keen appetite for plaster and uncanny ability to find weak spots in walls and ceilings. When they join forces in your home with vermin, they raise sad havoc with the plastering, and carry the germs of disease throughout your household.

So make your new house a stucco home—with both the stucco and the interior plastering held together and strongly reinforced by Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath.

Mice and vermin dig away in vain at the walls and ceilings of such a home. And the hard plastering and heavy, rigid metal strands are stubbornly resistant to fire, moisture, wear, and decay. The perfect union of the lath and plaster also makes cracked walls and falling ceilings impossible.

Herringbone construction, such as we recommend for your new home, has been fire-tested. The Cleveland Building Department in 1912 subjected a metal lath and plaster partition on wood studs, to two hours of fire, the heat reaching 1700 degrees. That is more fire than will ever originate in the average home.

Herringbone
Rigid Metal Lath

Although there are a number of high-grade metal laths on the market, Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath is the strongest, most rigid, most durable and has proved equal to the most exacting fire tests. These are the very qualities your architect or builder would look for in a metal lath.

The exceptional rigidity of Herringbone is due to the heavy lengthwise ribs set at an angle of 45 degrees to the plane of the lath. Herringbone walls, ceilings, and partitions can be erected quickly and easily, and require no costly wooden furring strips.

Just enough plaster passes between the short cross-strands to form a perfect "key." The Herringbone grip never lets go. The Herringbone and plaster construction offers no foothold to fire, mice, vermin, wear, weather, or decay.

As a substitute for wood lath, Herringbone Lath adds little more to the total cost of the structure. And a Herringbone Home is cool in summer, warm in winter, and pleasing to the artistic eye.

Every vital part of your home should be protected with Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath. Your architect will recommend it gladly. See that your builder uses it on the job. If you live on the seacoast, or anywhere else, where the moisture is excessive, Herringbone "Armco" Rust-Resisting Iron Lath can be depended on for permanent satisfaction.

Send for "Herringbone Homes," a free and beautifully illustrated book on safe, handsome, enduring homes.

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING COMPANY - Youngstown, Ohio

Members of Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers

Manufacturers of Metal Lath, Concrete Reinforcements, and Waterproofing

Branch Offices:
New York City
Chicago
Philadelphia
San Francisco
Kansas City
Atlanta
Cincinnati
Buffalo, Utica

The Best Dealer In Your Town Has GF Products In Stock

GF
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

"Over the Top"

Over every obstacle and entanglement in "no man's land"—to win their objective,

—to render service to the cause they represent,

—that is also the spirit behind the amazing success of *United States Tires.*

Over every obstacle of use that tires are called on to encounter,

—to win, and win big, by giving the most service, the lowest mileage cost,

—that is the measure of success of *United States Tires,*

—as proved by the tremendous sales increases of each one of the five *United States Tires,*

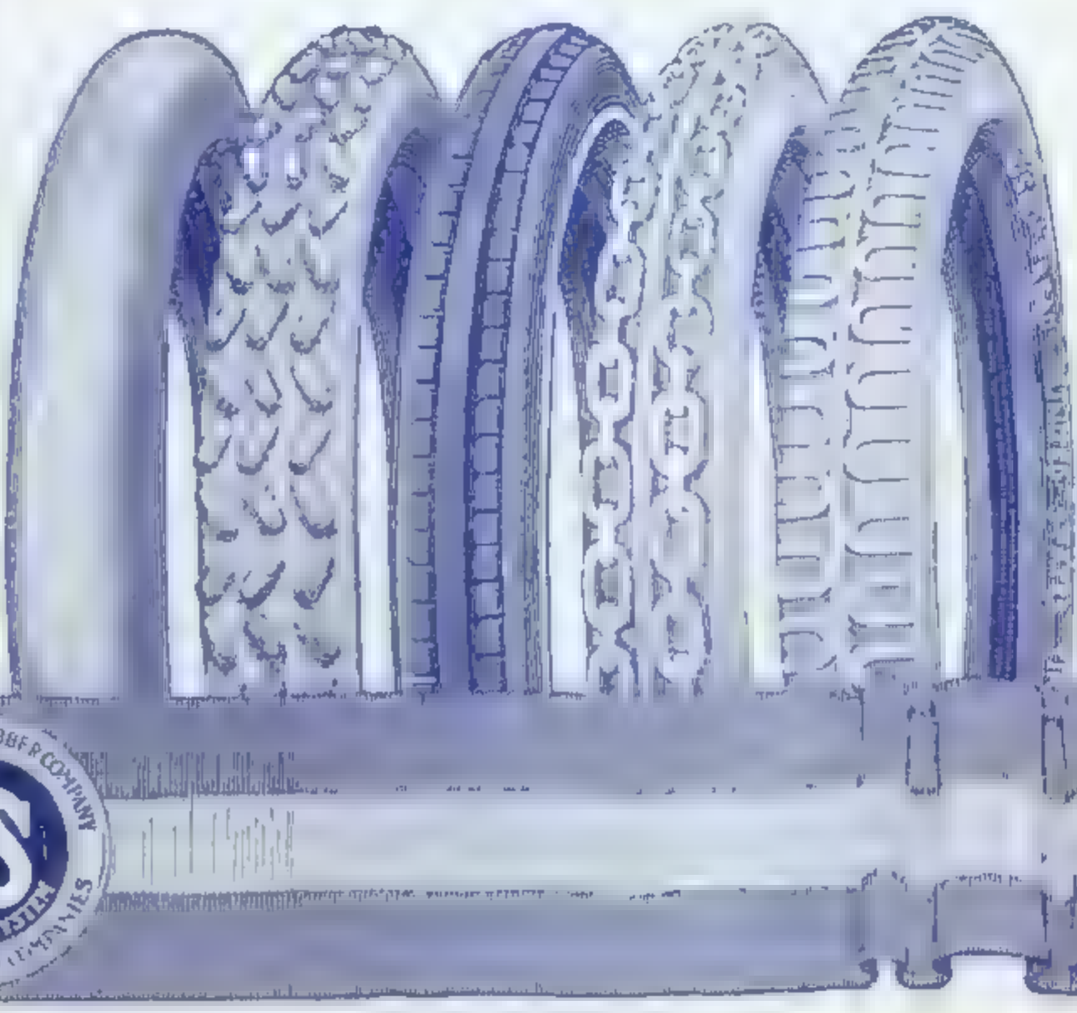
—sales increases that are proportionately far greater than the vast proportion of increase in the number of automobiles this year over last.

It's the tire that *wins* in its effort to render complete service that you want.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'
Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles, and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.



(Continued from Page 50)

Schuyler Heights and, most important, her husband, Telfain Tobin.

Presently she tossed aside her cigarette and went upstairs to dress. Telfain, coming in an hour later, met her on the stairs arrayed in a poetically licensed affair composed of a whirl of brilliant green tulle, dripping with diamond-beaded tassels.

"The nicest thing people know about me is my wife," he began, salaaming.

"Telfain, a woman's best excuse is 'Because'; a man's 'The line was busy.' Hold up your right hand and tell the story in the fewest possible words."

"I'm not late!" he protested, sinking into a window seat.

"But there's a brand-new wrinkle right across here." She traced a purely imaginary line with wifely solicitude.

"Another character diploma," Telfain assured her. "Don't you know the test of being real is the ability to grow a wrinkle? Unless you can, you are only an imitation."

"Ah, the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual pace! Then I'm skidding—for I develop dimples instead."

"What's new?"

"Special meeting of the Guild of the Scared Heart. Telfain, everything is the same out here as in town—the men like me; the women don't. The Guild wants to raise funds for altar linen; but who is going to patronize a stereopticon lecture on The Silkworm? I proposed we give a baby party in our pool garden and have the bishop dressed as Buster Brown. We could serve nursing bottles of cocktails and have rattles with little violet-scented cigarettes in the ends."

"Mouse, you're joking me!" Telfain's dismay was acute.

"Don't be orthodox at this time of day; it is very wearing. My own convictions are as steadfast as my stays, but I don't choose to publicly flaunt either. Is there anything to be so shocked about?"

"Are you ever orthodox?" he asked in despair.

"Some days I look forward to heaven and some days to a jass rag." She shrugged her shoulders. "Guess how the meeting ended. A unanimous vote in favor of the lecture on the Slick One! Just to show there was no hard feeling, I suggested we have a novelty lawn fête on our grounds for the baby crèche. We could rent an auto hearse and give rides. I'll drive. We'd put up signs Do Not Be a Dead One! and Get Used to It! And ——"

Telfain tried not to laugh.

"Then I came home." Mouse was busy straightening his tie. "Poor dears, they were champing at the bit to talk about me. I'm never small enough to deny any fellow creature a little innocent pleasure. Can you guess what the wild wives were saying? Anyhow I passed Pitty Sing and ——"

"Another thing to discuss—why interfere between Pitty Sing and Gemma?"

"Why see Gemma married to a tarnished nobleman, a noted gambler, and dragged into the wilds of Russia to die of loneliness? If Gemma wishes to be a professional dancer, why not let her try?"

"My dear Mousette, you've been reading novels. Pitty Sing is a decent sort, educated in England; nothing of the knout-loving Russian of the Ouida school about him. Gemma was fascinated with him at Palm Beach. Her guardians made the advances. I dare say he would never have batted an eye."

"First reel: Gemma Gambrill; twenty and unloved until I came here; left to shifty-eyed governesses; heir to more millions than she has fingers and toes; nothing but a child forced into a barbarous alliance with a silly prince.

"Does it never strike you as odd that, while the Guild of the Scared Heart protests about my 'unwise' influence over Gemma, no one has protested in the least about her being sold to a roué noble?"

"Is it our personal affair?"

Telfain rose and went on up to his dressing room, arm in arm with the captured Mouse.

"You think people ought to marry if they don't love each other?"

"Personally, no."

"Personally you are a coward!" Mouse stamped her foot.

"I don't want the public to misjudge you. Everyone would love you if they knew the real you. Yet you deliberately masquerade. You were born playing; you are God's ingenuous toy. But when you attempt serious things—like dynamiting a betrothal—it is beyond you."

"There are moments when we should all feel justified in making life one damned highball after another," Mouse informed a necktie rack.

"Be a good infant; have Gemma change her mind about this stage thing. You know she'll do whatever you say. Of all the mad ideas absorbed from you ——"

"Second reel: When we came here I discovered that Gemma, desperate by the unrealness of her house, stole to this uninhabited garden to dream her dreams. Strangely enough, I did not arrest her for trespassing; but ——"

"Allow me—you taught her to dance at sunrise by the lily pools with little else for a costume than a domino and a jockey cap; to wear boys' clothes and go target shooting; to ride fast ponies at midnight, playing some weird, adventurous game that ended in a ribald supper party below. She can discuss French novels without a rise in temperature; she says damn as she was wont to say Oh, dear! And last Sunday she distinctly smelled of cigarettes!"

"I merely helped Gemma sow her garden oats. Please remember she is twenty. What were you doing at twenty? Don't start; I won't press the question so near mealtime. What was Pitty Sing doing? Of course I've taught her those things. At some time or other every woman longs to wear black Chantilly lace and have an adventure. I am Gemma's adventure. She has come to know that, unlike most adventures, I never fail her. I've established a proper ratio of values. I've taught her to carry a chaperon as a baseball team does its mascot. That's all I've done, Telfain, duck. Do you suppose I am going to see that adorable child-saint marry a man who arranges it all as if she were a wheat crop? Think of his price—and not even trading stamps as an inducement! I met him to-day driving back to town, the matrimonial mitten undoubtedly folded in an inner, bankrupt pocket."

"Of course he knows about you! Has it occurred to you there may be reporters snapshotting our garden—awful stuff printed about Float Bridge and Jumbo and ——"

Mouse smiled.

"Don't tremble, dearest—lay heady on shoulder."

Telfain stared moodily out the window.

"You've come a cropper," he finally remarked. "You know I want to have you play all you wish ——"

"Play, play, play! Suppose I don't want always to play? Suppose I want to be real—to grow a wrinkle?"

"Can a rosebush be a potato hill?"

"You don't think I'm real!" There was a tiny catch in her voice. "Of course you don't, even though you married me! You want me to stay in a veritable coop. Ever since we've come among real people, where I've been snubbed as steadfastly as they've said their prayers, I've known what you thought."

She turned away; the green tulle seemed to droop into weary little lines.

"Mouse, I haven't time to argue it out now," Telfain followed her; "it was your wish that I go to this dinner thing. Won't you remember that when the loveliest playmate in the world inspires a man to drop prehistoric investigations and round up a neglected law practice; when the aforesaid playmate discovers a cameo of a doll house for him and presides over it like a fay—why must the playmate spoil even a second of the time by dragging in other people's uninteresting affairs, to say nothing of overstepping her own limitations? We all have limitations—Gemma; Pitty Sing; the Guild of the Scared Heart. I want you to promise me you won't shock the Guild any more. Shock me—for it's as good as a holiday whenever you do."

"Sometimes, Telfain, when I remember that the joker usually gets thrown out of the deck, I resolve to appear so brainless as to be unable to distinguish a tennis racket from any other noise."

"Don't go into a mood! I won't be home, and I'd miss the making-up. You're the one person in the world who knows how to make up by inches. Why bother with a future existence so long as I can sit in the pool garden in the moonlight and have you angry at me, then penitent, then sentimentally tender and worshipful! I end by looking into the mirror to see whether my halo has yet appeared."

"Remember—all the trouble in the world started in a garden."

Telfain's reply was stopped by the entrance of his man. Mouse fled downstairs

A Gift for Him

How delighted he will be with this gift and how useful it will prove through all the years to come.

A South Bend Watch will help him put into practice all that he has learned of the value of promptness and accuracy. As a gift on any occasion, the finely proportioned, *Extra-Thin* Chesterfield will be especially appreciated.

Every detail of these fine watches bespeaks quality and modernness. The construction of the movements, the shape and design of the case; the figures on the dial; right down to the velvet-lined gift box in which each Chesterfield is encased.

There are Chesterfields at almost any price you may wish to pay. From the superb 21-jewel movement in hand-made, extra-heavy 18-karat Solid Gold case at $125.00 to the dependable 15-jewel model at $18.75, every Chesterfield gives extra value.

And they are as good to own as they are to give. Their performance in the pockets of nearly a million Americans has conclusively proved their accuracy.

Look for the watch with the Purple Ribbon at your jeweler's. We'll be glad to send you an interesting descriptive booklet.

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The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

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For Years, Makers of Standard Railroad Watches
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"Fifth Avenue—nothing! I bought this suit in my home town before I came to New York!"

The smartly military TRENCHER has plenty of shoulder room for driving and leg room for walking. A big, staunch, popular coat for all around use. Other models at our dealers.

IN *your* home town, Portland, Maine, Portland, Oregon, or anywhere in between —you can get a MICHAELS-STERN SUIT that's right in style —and a style that's *right for you*, be your age 17 or 70.

SKILFUL hand-tailoring makes Michaels-Stern Clothes *fit*, not only at first, but *all the time*. Their honest, tested fabrics give real wear. That's why a Michaels-Stern Suit, at $20 to $40 is truly economical.

Send for Style Booklet.

Michaels-Stern Clothes

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothing

to play Summer is a-Comin' In on the old spinet.

Later he found her sitting with her hands on the keyboard, apparently unaware of the cessation of sound.

"I'd much rather stay here and make up," he said.

"You must go; it is so highly respectable for you to appear." She began a sprightly gigue.

"Everything all right? Forgotten about wrinkles, dimples and Gemma's engagement?"

She nodded, playing ahead furiously.

"Then don't do anything rash until I see you." Kissing the top of the daffodil head, Telfain slipped contentedly away.

"We Need Men Like You! But You Need Us More. Do You Know What it Means to be an American?"

"I like N..ture," said Pitty Sing unexpectedly, looking about. "You've a nice spot here."

"Some people like to get so close to Nature they can see the face powder," she murmured. "Won't you sit down?"

"Why interfere with my wedding?" he returned impolitely.

"Though your intention to Gemma is beyond reproach, I personally doubt your attentions after marriage."

"And who are you?"

"The only woman in the country who can wear fur and organdie simultaneously and not resemble a train wreck."

"You think it appropriate to be flippant?"

He dropped down on the bench, and she saw that his face possessed curious little lines round the eyes; and there was a pessimistic droop to the mouth. Try as she would, she could not dislike him.

"I think anything worth while making fun of is worth while taking seriously; that is my creed."

She drew the lace scarf from her shoulders to fasten it about Boxer's indignant torso.

"Why influence my fiancée to attempt the stage?"

"I influence your financier," Pitty Sing smiled. "From what I know of your history I am moved to repeat the old saying about people in glass houses."

"One time a man quoted that to me and I answered 'People in glass houses should pull down the shades.' I have a new version nowadays:

"'People in glass houses should grow flowers!'"

He folded his arms and sat back on the bench. There was something regal yet sullen about him—something that concealed his true worth.

"You have eyes which say 'I'm an adventure—come and play!'" he deduced. "All very well if you choose a man of the world. You are what Americans call 'a good fellow.' But is it fair to give a girl your ideas of life, let alone of a stage career? You have ruined Gemma for domestic happiness; she hangs on your slightest word. A girl's mind ——"

The gigue ended, Mouse opened the door of the billiard room and amused herself by practicing exhibition three-cushion shots. Pausing to chalk her cue, she became aware of an interested spectator—Prince Paul Leopold Maurice Tendre de Tendre Marie André Pontowski, clad in white flannels and heeled by the dusty terrier.

"I ventured to call without warning," he remarked, the weathered copper eyes a trifle stormy. "Your man is looking for you."

"Ah, Cupid on crutches!" Mouse held out her hand. "Fortunate Telfain isn't home; we should have to be so polite! Let's go into the garden, where there is room for a duel."

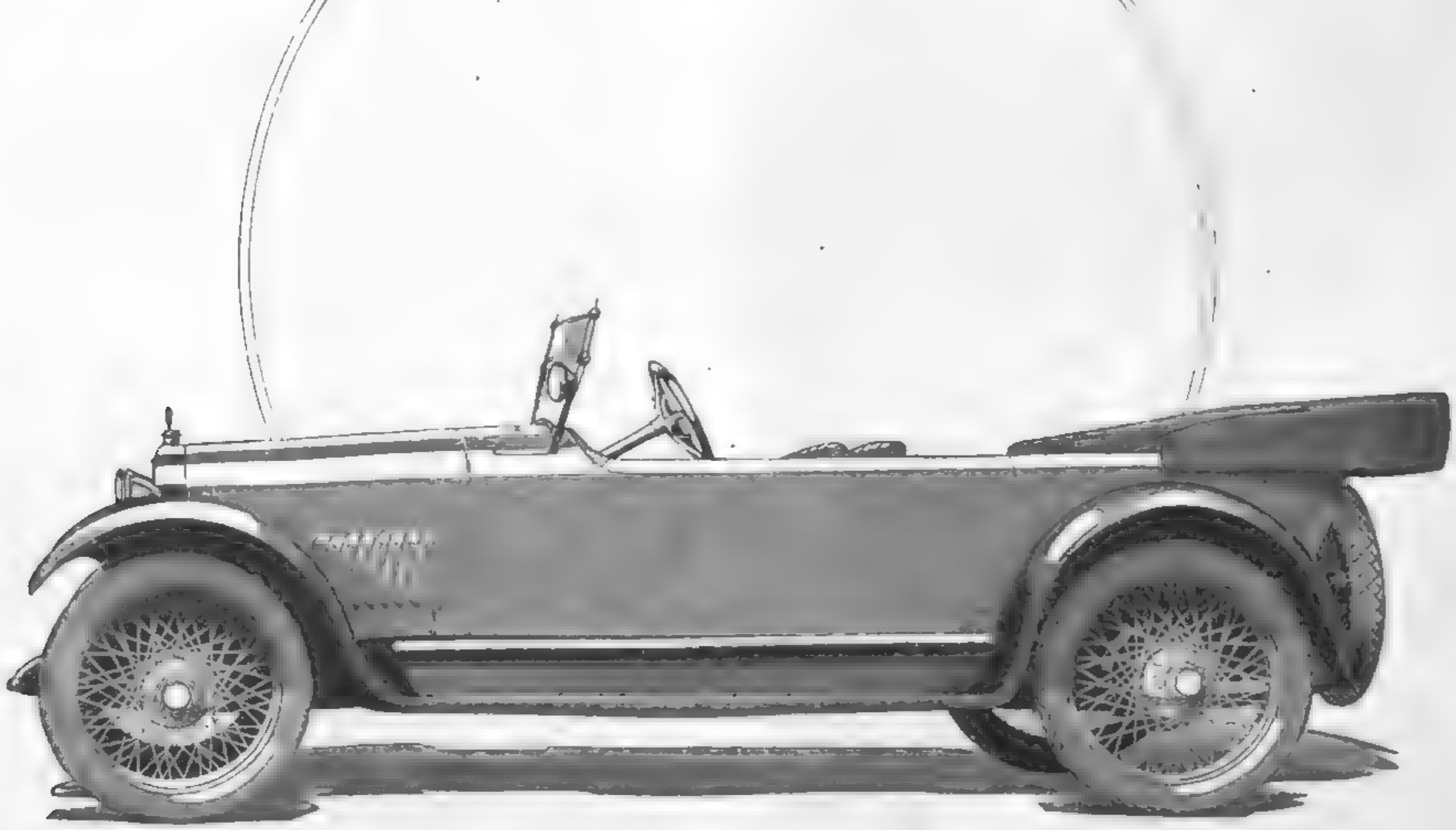
Picking up a lace mantilla and twisting it round her shoulders, she led the way. Heeled by the faithful Boxer, Pitty Sing obediently followed.

Mouse chose an old white marble bench and awaited the attack.

(Continued on Page 56)

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX



A Crackerjack New Sport Model

THIS Spor-tour sets the season's fashion. It is a long, low car for four passengers. We aimed to achieve the hardest task in the automobile industry—to build a high-grade car of power, durability, and ultra-luxury that is economical to buy and operate.

Also, to combine striking difference in appearance with practical service advantages.

You sink deep into the body whose sides are high and beveled—a new treatment.

Seats are tilted at a rakish angle.

Your pride in its original appearance will be equaled by your boyish enthusiasm in its wonderful performance.

It gets away, and keeps going, in a manner no other car can successfully imitate, because it has exclusive mechanical advantages.

For instance, dead gas cannot choke its engine. Our basic improvement in the efficiency of multi-cylinder engines is only one of its many superiorities. It adds power and saves fuel.

The chassis is the same as the new Lexington Minute Man Six Touring Car. More than 100 separate parts have been eliminated in the improved frame. This adds solidity and avoids rattles, wear, and troubles.

The pressure of your little finger will operate the emergency brake. This is almost unbelievable, based on common experience. Come in and see this and many other pleasant surprises.

Because Lexington's unique chain of allied factories can produce this greater value at lesser costs, you can *now* enjoy a high-grade car without feeling a bit of extravagance.

The Lexington Spor-tour is priced at $1585. Wire wheels $100 additional on all models.

Five-passenger Touring Car, with 2 Auxiliary Seats . $1585 Four-passenger Clubster . $1345 Four-passenger Convertible Coupé . $1510

All prices f. o. b. factory and subject to change without notice

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MOTORWEAVE has set a new fashion and a new service standard in woolen robes for discriminating motorists.

The very fabric itself is exclusive, specially woven for automobile purposes—a reinforced double weave—soft, warm and pliant—quite unlike anything else in the entire realm of Robe-dom.

Each Motorweave Robe is mill-washed and mill-shrunk, which renders it re-washable and non-shrinkable. Your Motorweave always looks new—always at its best.

The size is extra large—60 x 80 inches—plenty of robe to spare, even with three in a seat. Colors are rich and durable—patterns smart and stylish.

And each Motorweave is unconditionally guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction for automobile use.

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Illustrated color-plate catalog sent free on request. Attractive proposition awaits dealers. Ask us about it.

THE WALLACE & SMITH CO., La Porte, Indiana

MOTOR WEAVE

Trade Mark Registered

Trade Mark Registered

(Continued from Page 54)

"Is like a schoolboy's pocket—a medley of trash and treasures. I have merely helped Gemma classify."

"I thank you."

He laughed in spite of himself. She sat close beside him.

"Give us a tell," she urged. "Why object to Gemma's stage career? Why want to marry her?"

"It is a suitable alliance, according to society," he began.

Mouse darted away.

"Conventional fortune hunter! A moth-eaten title; estates mortgaged to the eaves; painted ancestors scowling at her; starved peasants groveling in the road! While she has youth, ideals as tender and rare as a twilight in May. You would replace her ideals by icicles; use her money to gamble ——"

"Woman should be spelled woe-man," Pitty Sing informed Boxer.

Mouse released Boxer from the coils of lace.

"There must be something nice about you or you wouldn't own such an adorable dogums. But of all the hard-boiled egotism ——"

"My dear Mrs. Mouse," he said irritably, "frankly, I plead not guilty. I was quite content to play poker with American gentlemen. I should have been doing so at this identical moment if Miss Gambrill herself had not wished otherwise. She—er—would have me," he stammered, like a schoolboy. "She classifies as a young thing, does she not? With a self-sufficiency and intelligence that English flappers and French *jeunes filles* lack. She seems interested in other things besides clothes."

Mouse nodded gravely.

"May I ask how the young thing pursued you?"

"It was quite shameless. She kidnaped poor Boxer; he was lured with chop bones to her hotel. I called for him. She demanded why I besmirched my title by gambling. I told her it was the only trade taught princes. Then she made big calm eyes at me—awful innocent things, y'know; you see 'em for days afterward. Then she sent me tracts. The next afternoon I watched her dancing the Mermaid Flip in Coconut Grove. It was then I decided the kidnaping was bait. I packed, ready to be off and free of guilt, when she assaulted me in the hotel sun parlor; put her head there"—he pointed to his left shoulder; "said I had compromised her, and that she had been forced to tell her guardian, Joel Blazonberry, that we had an understanding! Wasn't that a wilter? I had to be looked up in the Almanach de Gotha—verified as it were—proved a real and bankrupt prince.

"I was practically kept a prisoner in my hotel until it was done. She sent heart-broken, blotted notes, perfumed with violet, saying she hoped it would all 'come right,' and that she forgave me! When this Blazonberry person found I had spoken the truth he seemed highly elated at the idea of an alliance. He announced it without further delay. When I met Gemma—engaged, mind you—she was pale and trembling, eyes downcast. *Voilà!* I have tried to do the proper caper. I have come to New York, resisted poker, walked, driven, dined and appeared at the opera with this charming refrigerator who, for some strange reason, kidnaped my terrier and myself with the cleverness of a diplomat and the subtlety of a serpent. Will you enlighten me further?"

"How can you put the blame on poor little Gemma? I've no doubt all Florida is reeking with details of your conduct." Mouse smothered a giggle.

Pitty Sing threw up his hands.

"Of course no one believes it—I tell you because you've the instincts of a young thing. You recognize the tactics. I tell you Gemma singled me out from my carefree life by kidnaping poor Boxer. When I called for him she led me into her sitting room and kept talking nothings for an hour. Then I had compromised her. She was Gemma Gambrill, the heiress. So we must be engaged. The moment we are, she retreats like a young gazelle into a thick woods. I feel as light-hearted as a blindfolded prisoner being led into the courtyard. I can make no advances—I can make no escape. And now, within a month of the wedding, she tells me you have persuaded her to become a dancer—and she dismisses me with a flip of her hand. Chivalry forbade my dismissing her; but, for revenge, I shall not allow her to dismiss me. At least not for an actress—I am right, am I not? You were an actress?"

Mouse's eyes darkened.

"I sometimes believe that when we reach heaven our first reward will be celestial mail forwarded from the earth—that is, the actual thoughts of everyone we have always longed to know. I shall sit at a mother-of-pearl desk and open the mail with a golden knife—reading something like this: 'Pitty Sing, that night in the garden, was thinking of dragging you round by the hair and tossing you into the pool. But he was playing for big game, besides being gently born; so he was merely sarcastic. His thoughts were dark things unworthy of his eyes.' Then I would open another and, after years of curiosity, become informed: 'Pitty Sing, when refused by Gemma, began to be truly interested in her. Previously he thought her an awkward flapper; but when she returned the unpaid-for engagement ring, bought on promise of his marriage, Pitty Sing experienced a desiring stir to know the girl Gemma. He had not fancied her capable of refusing anyone.'"

"Do let me have a nibble?" Pitty Sing begged eagerly. "What a slashing new game! Just the thing to spring at dull week end parties. Celestial post office! Well—when I sit at my little mother-of-pearl desk, wielding a golden blade, I shall hasten to sort out the ones marked 'Gemma' and 'Mouse' and begin to read as follows: 'Gemma was a precious sort of person, but, because of a blond vixen—the Town Mouse—she allowed her brain to be frappéd ——'"

"I think we understand each other," interrupted the Mouse. "Let us get down to terms. What are you going to do about it?"

"Have society ostracize you. Society accepts me, unworthy as I may be."

"Society has never accepted me. For, after all, there is no society. It is a matter of intimate friends. People who read smart magazines and Sunday supplements are deluded into believing it is a sort of organization like a labor union. You and I know differently—that to be in so-called society one must be friends. It is friends who do this and that, while reporters say 'Society decrees so and so.' Society accepts you because, after all, you are real. When it is all said and done"—Mouse turned her face away so only Boxer saw its seriousness—"one must prove his worth."

"How have you worked the charm with Gemma?" he asked suddenly.

"If you would win the girl—woo the woman." Mouse walked to the flowering lattice and stood in its shadow.

"Give me the benefit of the doubt," suggested Pitty Sing; "accept my story as to Gemma's part in the affair. I pledge you I look at her no more than I would look at the bevy of young things one meets any day. But, having been drawn into the net, I began to be interested—like the prisoner who becomes enamored of the robin singing outside on the bars."

"You are merely piqued by refusal. Were Gemma to melt into your arms you would be momentarily triumphant, and then bored."

"You are a wise woman! Were I your husband I should tremble lest you find me out altogether."

"How prettily you say things!"

Pitty Sing came near her.

"One could flirt with you and be the better for it."

Mouse held out her tulle skirts like a ballet dancer poised for entrance.

"Flirt away; but don't think anything rash—my husband comes of a long-lived race."

"It must be a bore to be married—possession is usually the padlock on the door of romance."

"I was thinking only of your interests when I spoke. Don't you know that the formula for a happy marriage, even including a yachting honeymoon, is a mad flirtation with a matron? You feel superior for the experience—a final crucible for salad days; a measuring stick. You can take unto yourself a wife and feel sure, by contrast, that you really care. If by any possibility you outwit me and marry Gemma, I shall give you Ming vases. They look well on mantels, and you can hide little three-cornered notes if you want to tell anything harassing. I'll take a peep when I'm in for tea."

"Ah! You are thinking of migrating to Russia?"

(Continued on Page 59)

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

The *One Drive* for *Every* Service

Little trucks—medium-sized trucks—great big, heavy-duty trucks—trucks from ½-ton to 5-ton capacity—all use TORBENSEN Drive.

It is a *universal* truck drive because it has *all* the advantages of ordinary drives, and none of their disadvantages.

TORBENSEN Drive is *stronger*, because a special, *forged* I-Beam carries *all* the load.

It is *more powerful*, because it drives through internal gears *at* the wheel and *near* the rim. This gives it powerful *leverage* in a second gear reduction, which ordinary drives do not even have.

TORBENSEN Drive is more economical, because the double gear-reduction reduces strains and vibration. This also reduces gas and oil consumption.

It weighs *half* as much as ordinary drives of similar capacity. It is much longer lasting. This light weight reduces *unsprung* weight. That is why rear tires give 20 percent greater mileage with TORBENSEN Drive.

Look carefully into this fifteen-year-old, standardized drive. It is more extensively used than any other single make of truck drive. It is *the* drive for any type of service—light or heavy.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

TORBENSEN Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE *that the* I-BEAM *axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years*

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series
LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

A Belting Catechism

What are the advantages of leather as belting?

Leather is the standard belting material. When properly tanned for belting, its surface will grip the pulley in the most effective manner. Good leather belting is economical and reliable. It will transmit power with 98% efficiency.

What is correctly tanned belting leather like?

It is tough, flexible, durable, prehensile. Its natural softness and mobility of texture are retained, and nothing has been done to lessen its pliability, strength, and elasticity.

How can leather belting be made uniform?

The manufacturer must first set up definite standards of quality—and strictly adhere to them. As he cannot secure belting leather in the open market of uniform quality, he must tan his own hides. He must tan them himself in sufficient quantity to enable him to select, for each belt, pieces up to his standard. These pieces must be uniform in weight, stretch, texture, and quality.

Why should belts be rigidly graded?

A belt is no stronger than its poorest part. The quality of leather varies, and unless each belt is carefully graded, dissimilar qualities get into the same belt. Rigid grading *is* uniformity. Grading should be done by expert judges of belt leather quality, according to fixed standards.

Why is there such confusion in leather belting grades?

Because many belt makers have not standardized their belts, but give the buyer any kind of belt he demands. The result is chaotic.

What is wrong with many belting specifications?

First, they are not based upon the work which the belt is to do. Too often they are so complicated and theoretical as to place an impossible burden upon the belt maker. Second, few buyers can tell when a specification is properly filled, and their real protection is the integrity of the manufacturer and not the specification at all.

How can the belt buyer help remedy this situation?

By basing his specification on the work the belt is to do—not an arbitrary set of rules which the belt maker must follow blindly. Also, by standardizing his belts and buying standard belts for each job.

What *is* Standardized Belting?

Simply belting that is standardized to meet the needs of the different classes of power transmission—instead of being made to meet theoretical specifications. Transmission requirements can be classified into a comparatively few groups, and there is a standardized belt to fit each one. Standardization *can* be applied to belting just as to any other type of machine part or product. It is common sense in belting.

How does Standardized Belting help the belt buyer?

It insures the selection of the proper belt required to speed up machines, to maintain production, to reduce operating expenses, which cannot be accomplished unless the belt user gets the maximum power through his belts. Standardized leather belting effects this for him and enables him to *know* that he is getting the right brand for highest efficiency and greatest economy—maximum service from every belt and every drive.

How does it work?

Let a Graton & Knight representative make an analysis of your belting requirements. Then get the standardized belt for your work, ordering your belting by work to be done rather than by specification. There is no obligation—there may be a great saving for you.

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. COMPANY

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Packings and Specialties.

Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities

Worcester, Massachusetts U. S. A.

GRATON & KNIGHT

Unassigned Territory for Dealers

(Continued from Page 56)

Mouse whirled round abruptly.

"You don't want Russia."

"When the Blazonberry individual is fussing about a new furnace in the country place, and tile baths, and that sort of thing—when half of New York intends to come and shoot with us, and write home magazine articles on our coronet-engraved note paper? My dear Mrs. Mouse, I am forced to retreat into Russia."

He stared moodily at the lily pools. Mouse lifted her anklet watch.

"Won't Telfain be stunned to find no marks of a struggle?"

Pitty Sing was still intent on the pools of moonlit water. Presently he remarked:

"What a novel Omar, to have one's life shattered and rebuilt according to the desire of a chorus girl!"

Mouse darted before him.

"Chorus girl—that worn verbal dart—will be engraved on my tombstone! Society, the band of smug friends, will steal in in the night to scratch out 'Beloved wife' and write 'Chorus girl'! Let them! You think I would change places with any of you? Do you know what it means sometimes to be a dancer—to have shining seconds of supreme exaltation, tiptoes on the clouds, hands almost touching the stars, moments as unexpected as a rainbow?

"We possess the fairylike ability to see beauty even in madness. True, we tumble into valleys—too often to remain; but at least we have known the joy of the highest mountain peaks. We have the ability to stand on tiptoes, peering into Paradise, the childish power of imagery to make castles from sand and diamonds from dew on spiders' webs. I would not trade you and society, humbugged into pouring your tea, one instant of the ecstasy for years of stolid respectability driven in a humdrum family coach. We fly; we float; we see each day as God saw it at the first sunrise. The world says 'She doesn't care—she's an actress!' We do care: we are actresses, and we have the song in our hearts that we learned on the mountain peaks. None of you can take it away or understand it, or cheat it of a single joy throb.

"You may beat your big drum of propriety with its deadly boom! boom! boom! But all the time the trill of celestial song goes on in our hearts. I dare to say and be what I will. You really dislike me because I am not a coward. I dare anything—if I choose. My joy springs from the memory and the anticipation of those shining seconds. Fame has no laurel wreath; that is a stupid fallacy we delude you with. It has shining seconds of supreme radiance. Yours is but mediocre content in a good tailor, a better chef, an imposing monument."

"You are youth," Pitty Sing said slowly, the green eyes glowing; "and youth is all reality and innocent whys. It is age that craves toys and mumbles Why not? to gain its ends."

"I am spring," she answered. "Some mornings I want to play with the whole world—even missionaries. Some mornings I want to wander in the woods to sob. I cannot explain. The seconds of ecstasy are the reward of the artist; there is much more which is his punishment—do not begrudge him! But when you see women whose eyes say 'I'm spring; I'm an adventure; I'm a sapphire brook laughing in the sun'—know that, for all the world may say of them, they have had moments of such pure white happiness that they go dizzy from sheer exhilaration.

"I danced here in the moonlight one time—no one saw me but Gemma. And as I danced I felt I could step into a moonbeam to take supper with elves—the fairy world seemed so close. Of course" Mouse shrugged her shoulders—"the entire neighborhood would have been shocked for it was one A. M., and I was barefooted, dressed only in my faithful allies—tulle and crystal fringe. Telfain came rushing blankets; but Gemma understood—she's too young not to. Don't drag her off in the fashion of bargain-counter noblemen ——"

"Why don't you let people know the real you?" he asked, forgetful of Gemma.

"If everyone knew me I should be public property, like an art gallery. Whereas I want to belong only to Telfain."

"I would give ten years of my life to have a shining second!" he cried out.

"Don't you know anything is possible in a moonlit pool garden with a blond hostess? Your eyes tell me you're something else besides a milestone, a historic carriage block."

"You're a moonstone!" He took her hands in his. "You strip off the layers of conventionality as the seed breaks through the earth to find light. Where are we driving to? We began about Gemma—she seems quite minor just now. She did flirt with me, Mouse, in her well-bred, cautious fashion. Do you know I came here despising you? It didn't seem real—any of it. It wasn't clear in my mind. Now I begin to despise myself—you've made me play boomerangs, like hot waves dancing near me.

"I've stopped being numb. That's what you've done to me. I've been numb ever since I was a tiny thing ——"

Unconsciously typifying the upheaval in his mind, he began pacing round the lily pools, Mouse and the dusty terrier close beside.

"The most terrible thing in the world is to possess no tears," he burst out in an impassioned foreign fashion; "to want to work and have no inspiration. Suppose all the ecstasy were suddenly torn out of your heart by one overwhelming emotion and nothing left but the monotony of a drab road, winding on and on, the humdrum you fittingly decry? After a child suffers and no one answers his sobbing Why? no joy comes to him as a man! They rush to me and say 'Someone is dead!' I murmur the expected sympathies; but it brings no more sentiment than to inform me of a train schedule. Perhaps I should have run away from Gemma; perhaps there is no love left in me, though I had begun to think differently. Perhaps it is the dregs of love—flirtation—a contemptible codicil some bored demon wrote after the great law of romance."

"Why?"

"Have you never heard the Russian legend, Red Snow Roses?" He paused to put his hands on her shoulders. "It means when they take away a wounded prisoner, bound on a sledge, so that the blood drips, drips, drips into the whitened ground! Red roses, we call them. Relatives follow secretly to gather the crimson snow in a small chalice and bury it. We children learn the legend while your children learn Mother Goose. . . . So they took my grandfather. I remember my father told me tears were not for men! I bit my lips to stop my crying out. Then I stole after the sledge to gather a reddened flake; and as it melted in my hand so melted all my childish trust. 'What did anyone or anything promise?' I asked myself with eight-year philosophy. Life was naught but a melted, reddish drop.

"Later they took my father. He, too, spoke not wisely but too well for freedom. More red roses—more numbing of the heart. Then my brother. My sister they chevied in the courts until a newly risen noble admired her face. He sent her to his country estate; and when they found her she had cut her throat. Always red roses! My mother and I, flying from the country, were stopped at the frontier. I was sent to school in England.

"After many years the whir of the political squirrel cage paused at the name Pontowski—the public began to clamor for the remaining hero; all in a moment we became heroes, martyrs! I was brought from hiding, reinstated, fawned on—then I learned of my mother's death. . . . I went back to inherit the wretched places called estates; and when I stood on the steps of the deserted castle I saw, like a painted film, the tiny child rushing out to gather a red rose from his grandfather's prison sledge! I vowed to forget, to cease asking Why? of the world. Instead, to demand Why not?

"I went to Paris—race horses, pretty women, wine, gambling—anything stimulating and unreal that Why not? permits. I was a pauper prince, always with the numbing memory of red roses. Then to America—I was clever at my trade—cards. Then Gemma. I did not realize, until her guardian told me that a man of my reputation could not call on a girl without comment, how numbed I was! Men whose youths have been garlands of red roses seldom kill themselves or write bad-tasting poetry; they are more likely to become unspeakable cads.

"And so, if I wronged a girl who stole my dog—I pledge you my word she stole him"—he gave a mirthless little laugh—"the least I can do is to be honored by her hand in marriage! I began to forget that I am a battered, middle-aged man of thirty-five; but you are right, Mrs. Mouse—I shall go away. Gemma will forget—it was

(Continued on Page 61)

Springtex UNDERWEAR

No Underwear Weariness

SPRINGTEX never makes you "underwear weary." It doesn't pull against your every movement like many underwears. *Springtex* gives you the ease and freedom of your own skin.

The million little springs in the *Springtex* fabric "give and take" with every movement of the body and preserve the shape of the garment, despite long wear and hard washings. The warmth of the soft, fine *Springtex* fabric is equal to that of heavy, bulky garments.

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See *Springtex* at your dealer's. Men's union suits and separate garments at popular prices. "*Remember to buy it—you'll forget you have it on.*"

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Write for the Springtex Test
Let your fabric speak for itself. Let Springtex prove itself by test—you make the test. Write today.

STRETCH IT AND WATCH IT SPRING BACK

"*Remember to buy it—You'll forget you have it on.*"

This Young Man is certainly Well Dressed and He is Safely Dressed as Well

Of course he is—he's wearing one of the new "Griffon" Suits for Winter, in which inbred lines of elegance and gentlemanly poise are combined with the ruggedness of fine woolen fabrics and the most conscientious workmanship.

It makes a surprising difference in a man's appearance when he starts wearing—

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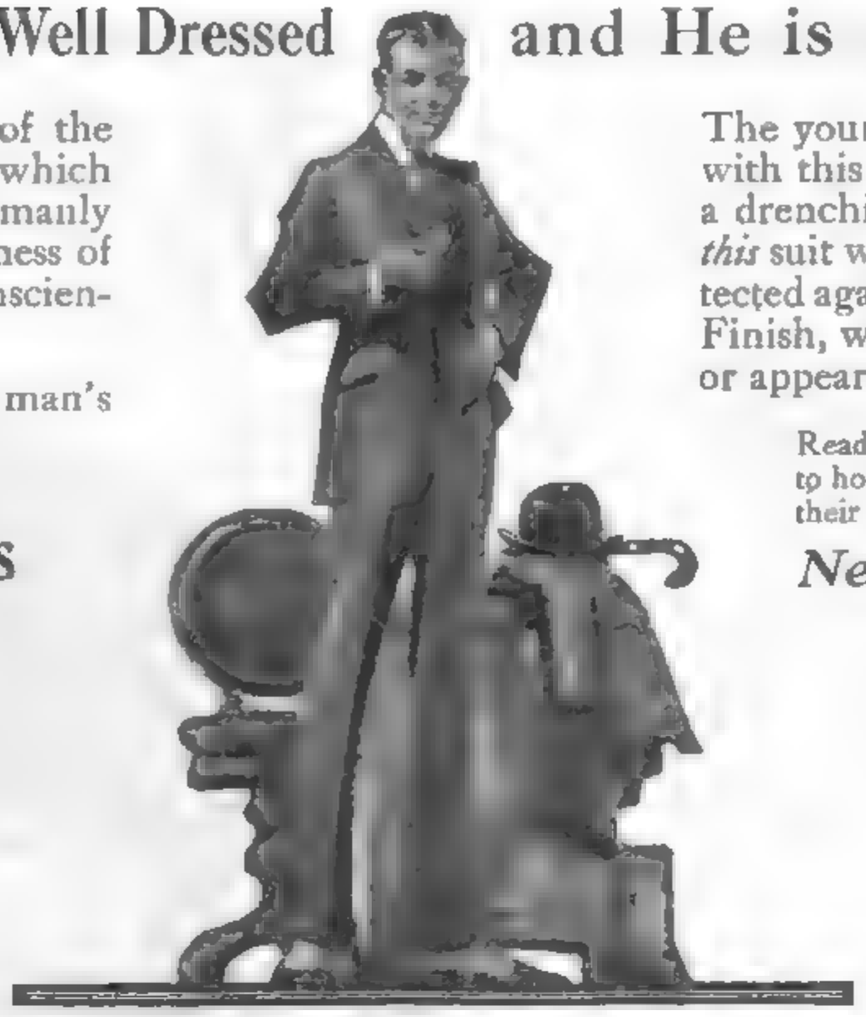

The young man might get caught in the rain with this "GRIFFON" suit. You know what a drenching would do to an ordinary suit, but *this* suit wouldn't even need a pressing—it's protected against moisture by the new "Cravenette" Finish, without the slightest alteration of style or appearance.

Read the important announcement below as to how both men and women can now buy *all* their clothes protected against moisture by the

New "Cravenette" Finish

For Men and Boys

ALL the articles of Men's and Boys' apparel shown in this picture are protected against moisture by the new "Cravenette" Finish. Below is the list of manufacturers who make these garments and who can supply your dealer with them. You have probably seen their names advertised in magazines and newspapers:

1-2-16. "Patrician" Cloth Hats and Caps—Spear & Company
3. Felt Hats—E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc.
4. Straw Hats—The Townsend Grace Co.
5. Wrist Watch Bands—Jacques Depollier & Son
6. "Duxbak" Hunting Suits—Utica-Duxbak Corporation
7. "Griffon" Suits—L. Greif & Bro.
8. "Suedetex" Wool Gloves—[illegible] Glove Co.
9-14. "Notair" Sweater—The Pennsylvania Knitting Mills.
10-11-12. Cloth Uppers—Supplied by any Shoe Manufacturer
13. "Griffon" Overcoats—L. Greif & Bro.
15. "Crompton" Corduroy—Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc.
17. Golf Bags.

Also the following articles not shown in the pictures

"Romelink" Hammocks—New York Couch Bed Company.
Boys' "Dubbelbilt" Suits—Phil. Walcoff & Co.

The custom tailor in your city who shows

Bruner Woolens

can supply the "Cravenette" Finished fabrics

An Announcement of Great Importance About *All* Your Clothes

YOU can now buy *all* your clothes, for men, women and children, protected against the damaging effects of moisture by the new "Cravenette" Finish.

The same idea that used to be applied to raincoats without rubber can now be had in all your clothes without in any way sacrificing style or appearance.

"Cravenette" is *not* a raincoat. It is *not* any particular fabric. The "Cravenette" Finish can be applied to *any* kind of fabric—of silk, wool or cotton—for making *any* kind of garment from hat down to shoes.

A "Cravenette" Finished garment is *not* waterproof any more than a duck's feather is waterproof. But a wetting does not hurt the live feathers of a duck. No more does it hurt a "Cravenette" Finished hat, suit, dress or overcoat.

A garment such as a closely woven coat is practically rainproof when protected by the "Cravenette" Finish. A "Cravenette" Finished Silk Dress on the other hand is not rainproof at all—but a wetting will not *hurt* it and every woman knows how even moisture will ruin an unprotected silk.

For Women and Girls

ALL the articles of Women's and Girls' apparel shown in this picture are protected against moisture by the new "Cravenette" Finish. Below is the list of manufacturers who make these garments and who can supply your dealer with them. You have probably seen their names advertised in magazines and newspapers:

1-2-3-4-5. "Nymco" Women's Sport Hats—New York Manufacturing Co.
6. "Tour-Rain" Utility Coat—H. Goldman & Co., Inc.
7. Wrist Watch Bands—Jacques Depollier & Son.
8. Cloth Skirts—Any Manufacturer
9. Serge and Silk Dress—The Goldman Costume Co.
10. "Golftex" Suits—Wilkin & Adler.
11-12. "Standard" Spats—S. Rauh & Company.
13. Dampproof Shoes—13 Shoe Manufacturers
14-15. Cloth Uppers—Any Shoe Manufacturer.
16. Parasols—Any Parasol Manufacturer.
17. Coat—Any Manufacturer

The custom tailor in your city who shows

Bruner Woolens

can supply the "Cravenette" Finished fabrics

You have a right to expect the new "Cravenette" Finish in all your clothes just as much as you have a right to expect good style, good material or a perfect fit. You get more for your money in "Cravenette" Finished Clothes because the fabrics then wear better and look better while they wear. Insist upon it. You can get it by *asking* your dealer. We do *not* manufacture or sell either fabrics or garments. We process the fabric for manufacturers only.

Look for the trade-mark *Cravenette* Registered in the U. S. Patent Office —woven in the label of a garment or stamped on the fabric—wherever clothes are sold.

FREE—Make this Experiment:

Get material from us to perform a fascinating water experiment, together with a big book describing the "Cravenette" Finish, with our compliments.

You can't treat clothes with the new "Cravenette" Finish yourself. That's a factory process. But you can see for yourself how it works. Send for a package of "Cravenette" Powder. Shake this powder into a glass of water—then try to wet your finger in the water. You'll find it impossible. This experiment will astonish your friends—get them to try it too.

Send for package of powder NOW and at the same time we'll send you a book describing just how the "Cravenette" Finish protects your clothes, together with catalog sheets from some of the prominent manufacturers who apply the new "Cravenette" Finish to their garments. Write for book and powder TODAY.

Cravenette Co., USA.

354 Fourth Avenue Room 1780 New York, N. Y.

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a whim, as a child adores first one fairy tale and then another."

"I can answer why," whispered the Town Mouse.

Looking down, he saw unashamed tears on her cheeks.

"How?"

"Be an American, Pitty Sing! When a man's country offers him nothing but red roses, that man needs a new country. Emotion will surge back like the inflowing sea. We need men like you; but you need us more. Do you know what it means to be an American? It means to be the realest of the real! We answer Why? in America—there is no Why not? Foreigners come to us and vote; and by and by their children sit in our Senate and paint our pictures and plow our fields—and one is no less than the other, and no greater.

"Americans make a noise—all young happy things have to. Occasionally we let the green peas dribble from our knives. But, thank God, Americans don't play ghouls, wearing coffin plates of dead ancestors as cuff buttons to dazzle young things! We may ridicule our Westerner breaking into so-called society, drinking from finger bowls, and his wife studding her overshoes with pearls—it's all in the family, don't you see? But that same Westerner and his wife stand side by side with their manservant and their maidservant to give their service to America."

"Be an American ——" he repeated slowly.

"Be Mister Pitty Sing and rustle for a job. You'd be real! Americans are too busy with futures to moan over pasts. We don't have uncle's portrait as a beacon light to flag so-and-so to the altar. We acknowledge that perhaps uncle got his start during the Civil War buying mules for the Government—and every time he bought a mule he made a memorandum of it by buying a two-year-old for himself. 'But nothing doing with me!' we say in explanation. In America everyone has the chance of starting with a clean slate! Stay with us, Pitty Sing—set the style for Red Rose princes."

Pitty Sing walked to the bench and sat down. "An American!"

"A large flag ought to drop from the wings and the Jubilee Colored Troop play Dixie on zithers." Mouse seated herself beside him. "But we've only the stars to help out the illusion."

"I've never had a country propose before. It's so sudden!—isn't that the proper remark?"

"Everything good is sudden! Destinies are decided in the flash of an eye or in a single inspired moment. Do you know what makes America? We never let an impulse go stale. If it's a good one, enough said. If it's a bad one we're rid of it, and there won't be a repeater. But we give them all the once-over."

"A new country that answers Why?" His eyes closed briefly and she saw his lips quiver. He stooped to pat the dusty terrier. "It would mean I should have to stop living on Why not?"

"No more tea fights; no more creditors waiting for your marriage; no dawdling at Hot Springs and Palm Beach! You'd lose the halo of romance; the excited whispers following you down hotel corridors: 'Prince Pontowski—isn't he handsome? Was exiled for years—marry an heiress—my, he looks as if he had a temper!' But men would take your hand and say 'Pal!' And best of all, your children would be taught only Mother Goose."

"What have you done to me? I know! You've dragged me up the mountain peak and let me peer into Paradise with you."

"The breakfast bacon is sizzling. Please go 'way, and to-morrow meet me—no; after all, home is the best place if one has the right sort of negligée! Come at four—we'll talk some more about Gemma. I've a hundred plans for you. Did you ever fire an engine?"

They walked into the drawing-room.

"Say good-by to Gemma for me—I haven't the right. You gave me a country—I can't ask for a wife as well."

Mouse started.

"You must see her!" she insisted.

"No. I agree to all you said, Mrs. Columbia!" He stooped to kiss her hand.

"Good night, dear Star-Spangled!" She stood in the entrance, watching him drive away.

Telfain found a drowsy Mouse in filmy silver tissue, embroidered with cool pastel shades. She was contemplating her short curly hair, which hung about her head like that of a six-year-old child.

"Nothing rash all evening?"

"Telfain, I've come to the conclusion I'd rather dye for you than grow a wrinkle."

"Going to have Gemma make up with the prince?"

"I'm busy picking the last pin feathers from the geese ——"

"But, Mouse ——"

"But, Telfain! I promise you to put romance into even a sneeze. Now be off and ask me no more."

II

PITTY SING, arriving unpardonably early, was welcomed by Mouse, who was dressed in a blue chiffon cloud, a rainbow of rose and gray.

"How goes the enemy?" she demanded.

"I've broken the news to my creditors and the war has begun."

Impulsively Mouse kissed him.

"I am going to show you the tenth wonder of the world," she continued. "Can't you guess? Gemma's in the pool garden feeding the peacocks. Stand back of the brick pier and see for yourself."

Reluctantly Pitty Sing allowed himself to be dragged onward. They peered down the shrubbed pergola. A girl in white was sitting sidewise on the marble bench.

"She's a white rosebud almost unwilling to bloom, yet dreaming of midsummer," whispered Mouse. "Pitty Sing, isn't she lovely? Doesn't she make you feel at home in your new country? Don't you want to speak to her of midsummer?"

"I've no right," he answered seriously. "I shall never even annoy her again."

"Then go tell her so." Mouse gave him a vicious little shove.

"I didn't bring Boxer—she can't kidnap me. Thanks—I'll go along and come back when she's gone ——"

"You must see her!"

"It's all come about by such a slender thread that I ——"

"Things on slender threads are priceless. Chains breed indifference. Don't you know that the romance of twenty-four hours is often the most wonderful romance in the world? Resolves during a shining second the finest resolves of one's life? Councils arguing could not have made you tell the legend of red roses ——"

"But a moonstone in fluffy tulle bewitched me."

Pitty Sing began to retreat.

"Please go tell her! Be a bear, dear; do go down ——"

"No; I won't bother her."

"Then you've spoilt it all—that was not the way we planned." The greenish eyes looked startled. "You told me a secret—I'll do the same.

"Girls are sensitive plants of budding hopes unable to be voiced. Gemma, with her cold saintliness, has the heart of a merry rogue, the warmth of a rosebush in the sun, and the romance of a siren. Can your sheer masculine fancy be induced to suppose that you have been Gemma's hero for three years; that your published photographs—never mind what they said underneath—told her she had found her hero?

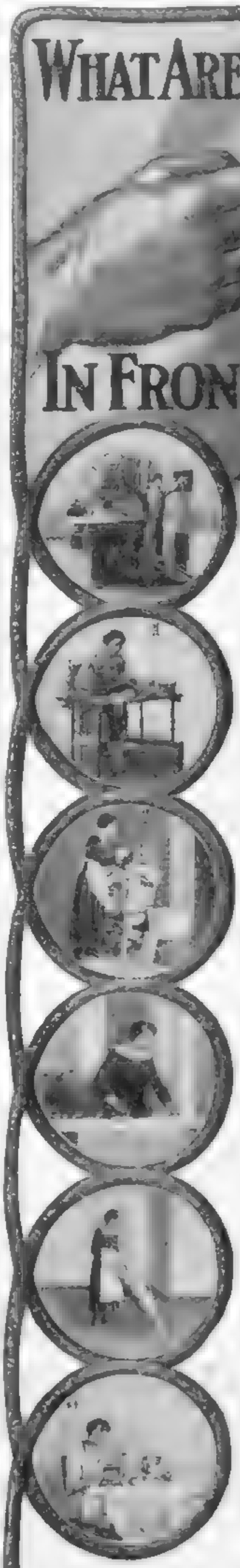
"Suppose she was hampered by millions, by guardians, by civilized conventionalities; suppose she dreamed her shy rosebud fancies right by this very garden pool until she knew you were at Palm Beach. Suppose she promptly removed herself there—flanked on all sides by chaperons. In order to meet you she was forced to kidnap Boxer; and supposing, after you had been taken prisoner and had ceased struggling, that reality crushed through the laciness of dreams and she wanted to run away from even herself, with a natural revulsion of feeling. The old precedent of a man capturing the maid haunted her—for she had dared to capture the man's dog! Are you following me?"

"I am beginning to follow you so closely that the only thing in the world I really have faith in is rose tulle and diamond-beaded tassels."

"I am taking you into the inner shrine of a young thing's heart. Leave scoffings without; speak softly and tread on tiptoes. It is a lovely shrine, with the calmness of pearls, the strength of the wind, and the mirth of elves. Don't you see what has happened? The moment you were formally Gemma's she began to wonder what she had wished upon both of you—what a horrible fate awaited you each if you did not care. She confessed to me, Pitty Sing, also by the pool garden. She wanted to

(Concluded on Page 63)

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO PUT IN FRONT OF THE SWITCH AND BEHIND IT?



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THE MAYTAG COMPANY—Dept. 204—NEWTON, IOWA

DEALERS—There is profit and prestige in the Maytag proposition. Write!

18

(Concluded from Page 61)

find out whether you really did care. And I, robbing my own poor little store of experience"—Mouse's eyes twinkled—"told her the surest way would be to have someone interfere—find a *tertium quid*.

"If you did not care, you would fade like the dream you had so long been. If you did, you would stop being this formal person and play off a cave-man stunt or so. Pitty Sing, the dear child merely wants to hear you say 'By Heaven, no one shall come between us!'—something like that. Don't laugh—it is so real to her. And she's not all young thing: the woman of her is waiting to welcome you as well. Romance must be appeased, just as every boy must run away to sea with his dime bank and a carving knife. You think it unusual? My dear Pitty Sing, half the flappers who apparently move in level grooves are dreaming dreams and weaving impossible romances. Romance is not appeased for most; and later on, as a result, when conventional marriage becomes a bore, flirtation appears.

"Romance refuses to be laid away in lavender until she has had her tiny triumph. It is innocent, is it not? And I'm such a motherly little zoo that I was willing to interfere. Mouse alias the Goat! I was to insist that Gemma was America's Pavlowa, and you were to wrest her from my rouge boxes and drag her to the altar! Then, as she told me: 'I shall know he cares; and then I will admit I kidnaped Boxer!' And so, 'God bless our Boxer!' say I." Mouse swept a low curtsy.

Pitty Sing put his hand to his forehead in bewilderment.

"It's a bit thick, isn't it? I've really been quite pursued, haven't I? Well, why didn't she tell me—after we were engaged—when—when that was what she wanted?"

"Oh, Simple Sing, she couldn't—after what she had done. Don't you understand? It would not have been romance. Her birthright of modesty haunted her for her deeds; demanded vengeance. Don't you know that the so-called new woman is only new in a very tiny corner of her heart? All the rest of her is as old and as lovely as cloisonné, and I hope God means to keep us so. There's only a note of boyish daring which has crept into us. It makes us cry out or achieve some one thing; and then the lovely old part reclaims us, and we run away and hide and blush, waiting for you men to find us out! That is all Gemma did."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Go down into the pool garden and say 'By heaven, that woman shall not come between us! I am going to be an American—and your husband; and—and we'll elope before anyone dares to say Boo!'"

"Will she want a plain Muster Pitty Sing ——"

"Oh, dear boy—do ask her. I've been *tertium quid* long enough."

Mouse fled up the walk as Pitty Sing fled down. She intercepted Bebe about to approach the pool garden.

"Ah, I was looking all over for you," Mouse began nervously. "Come upstairs until I give you last season's corals. Bebe, my child, don't venture near the pool garden until I invent a humane toad stabber. It can be carried at the waist like a dear little dirk and used as easily as a powder puff."

Telfain, coming up the drive, was in time to see Mouse dismiss the reporters. Quite joyously she hailed him with:

"The loveliest ending, duck: Pitty Sing has decided to be an American and Gemma has renounced the stage; and they've eloped before anyone can annoy them. I announced it as they asked—all New York will choke at the breakfast table."

"You would interfere in what was not your concern!" he said sharply.

"No one else could have understood what I did and why. It was for Gemma. Well, every shining cloud has a dark lining."

There were tears in her eyes, though she laughed, passing by him so swiftly that he could not make her pause.

Later he sent to ask whether she was coming down; but Bebe reported that she was asleep.

New York and Schuyler Heights gasped at breakfast, and the Guild of the Scared Heart, conferring hastily, decided to cancel Mrs. Tobin's name from the calling list.

Telfain, scowling over the headlines and a snapshot of the Mouse, was informed that Mrs. Tobin felt "tacky" and would not be down. Reluctantly he went forth, prepared to spar with all the world for the Town Mouse's honor.

By degrees Mouse made ready for the afternoon Guild meeting. Instinctively she knew what was in store. Listlessly she dressed in the faintest of pink voile, with a lustrous disk of gray velvet, like a clouded moon, for a hat. Taking her work bag, a veritable bowl of cut roses, she drove the striped cab up the hill.

A trifle late, as was her wont, she slipped among the circle of severe matrons and nodded timidly. Mrs. Joel Blazonberry, president, was overtaken with blindness. Mrs. Aiple Cruice, secretary, began studying the landscape. Mrs. Vickery Whissell became absorbed in tatting. Mrs. Beggs Boocock, treasurer, began figuring items with praiseworthy interest. The lesser satellites, taking their cue, talked together with unusual fervor.

"Disgraceful!"—"Utterly bewitched!"—"Horribly shocking!" were the phrases passed about like a tea basket.

Mouse searched the faces as a child looks for a friend in a terrifying crowd. Finally, admitting her defeat, she rose.

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Joel Blazonberry. "Were you leaving?"

"For the Home for the Friendless," flung back the Town Mouse.

Impulsively she darted from the room. As one tumbles from mountain-peak seconds into hours of valley despair, so fell the Mouse. Driving furiously up the hill to the woods, she promised herself to sit alone in the green gloom to cry unchecked. One could not cry before Bebe, who chided her about complexions; or before Telfain, with his jangling "Play, play, play!" or before Pitty Sing, because that was Gemma's privilege; or before Gemma, because Gemma had cried before her. One must be alone. Vaguely Mouse longed for Boxer. She felt that his might have been a sympathetic and helpful presence.

Tossing aside the cloudy moon hat she threw herself down at the foot of an old oak, a rendezvous for Gemma and herself when they played Robin Hood and Gemma told the tale of Pitty Sing! On this very tree was carved "M. T. and G. G.," a symbol of everlasting friendship. A maudlin thing to cry about, like a rustic dairymaid—carved initials; someone's happy romance; conventional dears failing to bow!

After all, why should they bow? They did not understand. Their romance had withered in lavender and rose leaves so long that they doubted even its existence; it was the same as trying to believe in Santa Claus! She must have appeared a meddling young person, always dressing to display her emotion! Why should they be friends with her—any more than with any chorus girl whose marriage was still excellent dinner talk? These gentlewomen who had played together; been bridesmaids; who knew one another's intimate joys and sorrows! How could she hope to share it?

Why shouldn't Telfain feel annoyed? There was everything in the world to be annoyed about. Even Gemma and Pitty Sing would forget the *tertium quid*. Later on the Ming vases might harbor a note—but not now. Truly Mouse lingered in the valley; yet she possessed a secret belonging to the mountain peak.

For, as Mrs. Joel Blazonberry picked up the discarded work bag, she let its handles swing back, and into her proper moire lap there fluttered, like a white butterfly, the gossamer infant's slip on which Mouse was embroidering motifs. There it rested, the most eloquent plea in the world, while the Guild clustered about to accuse one another of what had just occurred.

Mrs. Blazonberry, holding the gossamer nainsook tenderly, rose.

"I move," she said distinctly, "that the officers of the Guild return Mrs. Tobin's bag in person!"

Twilight whispered not to linger. Reluctantly Mouse replaced the cloudy gray hat and drove homeward. Like a runaway child she turned in unwillingly at the flagstone walk. Telfain was watching for her.

"There was nothing on for to-night but hysterics," she remarked, coming into the drawing-room; "so I've been in the woods playing!"

"You've had callers," he said tenderly, holding her close—"your friends! I've been practicing the messages ever since Bebe handed me the memorandum. Ahem! Mrs. Joel Blazonberry wishes to teach you the art of barricoat making." He blushed furiously.

Peering into Paradise while standing tiptoes on the clouds did not seem quite such a faded myth. Mouse looked up at him.

"Mrs. Vickery Whissell knows a flannel shop—she will introduce you personally. Mrs. Boocock wonders whether you will learn to knit. Mrs. Cruice asks us for Sunday tea to debate cradles versus cribs. Miss Vesper offers an antique rattle."

Slowly he laid the pink bag in her hands.

"Ah! Telfain, bend down—I grew it this afternoon in the woods."

Obeying, he saw a faint mark across her forehead, like a fairy trail, beginning and ending in a myriad of daffodil curls.

"Benedict & Company!"

"Telfain, do you know that Benedict & Company can never fail, because two's a crowd; but three's company!"

"She Began to Wonder. She Wanted to Find Out Whether You Really Did Care"

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NOT even the heaviest storm takes the style out of your Patrician Cap. The "Cravenette" finish makes the fabric weatherproof. It won't lose its shape. It doesn't shrink.

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And in the building of this beautiful Overland there is no hint of experiment, no construction extravagance.

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nc., Toledo, Ohio
Cars and Light Commercial Cars

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WHAT makes a food healthful? Is it merely the presence in proper proportions of ingredients that are *nourishing?*

No! Scientists have found that foods containing elements which *ought* to nourish but which lack *flavor* —fail to make the digestive juices flow sufficiently.

But scientists have *also* found that when a food is appetizing enough to make your eyes brighten in anticipation, and your mouth water; when its appearance and flavor tell you beforehand that you're going to *enjoy* it—then that food is healthful.

What is the secret of mouth-watering food? *Flavor!* Not artificial *seasoning*, but the flavor that Nature herself puts into foods.

In making Beech-Nut Peanut Butter we expend every effort to obtain and retain *natural flavor*.

We obtain flavor by using only the choicest nuts grown—No. 1 quality Virginia and Spanish peanuts. These we *blend* in such a way as to bring out the most appetizing taste possible.

We obtain flavor by exact roasting under north skylights—to make sure of the right light brown *color* which denotes perfect roasting.

We obtain flavor by using wonderful new processes to clean the nuts of skins, defective kernels and the bitter little hearts and grit. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter *contains absolutely no grit.*

We obtain flavor by careful crushing in machines that also sift in salt steadily and uniformly.

We *retain* all this Beech-Nut flavor by a special method of filling the jars. When the peanut butter comes out of the crushing machine, the jars are pressed close to the nozzle to exclude air bubbles. And vacuum sealing completes the exclusion of air, clamping the metal cover tight, so that the butter will stay pure and sweet. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter *is never rancid.*

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BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

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In Rocky Mountain Snows—By Enos A. Mills

AFTER a heavy snowfall, one December morning, I started for two weeks' camping in the Rocky Mountains. The fluffy snow lay smooth and unbroken over the mountainside, except where here and there pine and spruce projected like arrowheads and pyramids through its thick mantle. On the slope, half a mile from my cabin, I was thrown into confusion by a barrel mass of snow dropping upon me from a tree. I was knocked to one side and one ski escaped. As if glad to be off on an adventure on its own account it sped down the steep mountainside like a shot. It bumped into a low stump, skied high into the air and over a treetop, and then fell undamaged in the deep snow.

After recovering my runaway ski I started up the steep mountainside for the summit of the range, a distance of about five miles from my cabin. For an hour I followed a stream the swift waters of which now and then splashed up through the broken icy skylights. Then leaving the cañon and skirting the last slope, I was on the plateau summit of the mountains before noon. Southward I traveled along the white way of the Continental Divide, twelve thousand feet above the sea.

For miles to north and south this plateau or moorland was less than one mile wide and comparatively smooth. Each edge broke off abruptly and descended precipitously two thousand feet into cirques and cañons. This summit moor was deeply overlaid with undrifted snow. Southward it extended mile after mile, rising higher and higher into the sky in broken snow-covered peaks.

To the north the few small broken cliffs and low buttes emphasized the trackless solitude. Looking back over this nearly level expanse along the line of my ski tracks, I saw a mountain lion leisurely cross from east to west. Apparently she had come up out of the woods for mad play and slaughter among the unfortunate snow-bound folk of the summit. She stopped at my tracks, gave an interested look into them, turned her head to the right and glanced back along the way I had come. Then she turned her head to the left and her eyes appeared to follow my tracks to the bowlder pile from behind which I was then looking.

She seemed pleased over the discovery of these tracks and, playfully bouncing off the snow, struck into my ski prints with one forepaw, lightly as a kitten. Then she dived into them, apparently picked up something between her forepaws, reared, and with a swing tossed it into the air. Then, kittenlike, her playful mood changed and she started on across the Divide. After several steps she stopped, looking back as if she had forgotten something but was a little too lazy to retrace her steps. But back she finally came. She walked along my ski tracks for a few steps, then began to romp, now and then making a great leap forward, and rolled and struck about with the pretense of worrying something she had captured. She repeated this pantomime a few times, and then, as if suddenly remembering her original plan of action, again walked westward. Arriving at the summit she hesitated, and when I saw her last she was calmly standing there, surveying the scenes far below.

Snow-White Camouflage

Walking along the mountain sky line I crossed a white tundra, half expecting to see an Eskimo peer from a snow mound. Arctic plants buried in the snow and ptarmigans—Eskimo chickens—in their snow-white dress were the only signs of life. Later in the day I saw a white weasel slipping over the snow toward a number of the ptarmigans. Often on the summits the ptarmigans, in leggings and coats of pure white, will watch you and allow you to come and remain near by. They, like the snowshoe rabbit, skim over the surface on homemade snowshoes. Perhaps from them the Eskimos got the idea for the webbed shoe. At any rate the Eskimos have used them for ages; and they also have a slotted wooden shield to protect the eye from the burning glare of reflected sunlight. I do not know whether Nature has developed an eye shield as well as snowshoes for some of her charges, but the rosy finch and other birds of the snow have a well-developed screen to keep choking snow dust out of the nostrils. More than once I have needed something of the kind when weathering gales where the thick insistent snow dust made me acquainted with the unpleasant sensations of strangulation.

The night came on cold. In this treeless, uninhabited realm one might wonder what shelter could be found. I descended a few hundred feet into the woods. Pushing out the snow between the base of a cliff and a detached rock about six feet from it I found I had an excellent lodging place for the night. I built a roaring fire and placed a number of stones in it. When the space was warm and the stones heated I pushed the fire along and placed the heated stones in the open spaces between the rock and the cliff. I had laid a pile of wood against and at the foot of the detached rock. Two huge sticks were placed in the bottom of this fire pile. Over these smaller ones were laid, and at the top still smaller ones. I set fire to this pile on the top so that it would burn slowly and not be at its hottest for an hour or two, and also to prolong its life. Within the circle of warmth I placed my elkskin sleeping bag, crawled into it and slept for nearly four hours. When the cold awakened me I renewed both fires, then had another short sleep. When I awoke I was ready for another day's adventure.

The News on the Snow

Early in the morning I set off through a forested slope that tilted gently toward the sun. The snow was white and deep. The crowded pines were slender, and limbless except at the top. Black shadows, long and straight, lay upon the forest floor. Across an opening these slender shadows were at their best, with the snow glistening in white lines between their deep black ones. After two hours' enjoyment of these stationary shadows in the woods I came out upon a white and treeless meadow, across which other shadows were flying. The moving cloud shadows rushed across this white expanse; the shadow of a soaring eagle appeared swiftly skating in circles over the snow.

I have spent hours reading the news, observing the illustrations and studying the hieroglyphics on the snow. Whether footprints in the mud or snow may have suggested printing cannot be told, but it is certain that tracks, stains and impressions in snow print the news and record the local animal doings. Here the rabbits played; there the grouse searched for dinner; while over yonder the long lacy trail of a mouse ends significantly between the impressions of two wing feathers. One sees a trail made by a long-legged animal and another by a fellow with a long body and short legs—perhaps a weasel. At one place near the foot of an old tree a squirrel had abandoned a cone and run home. Near by was the trail of a creature who plainly was well-fed, well-protected and, though dull-witted, not at all afraid. Apparently he hadn't any idea where he was going and didn't care whom he should meet; for there he came face to face with a fox and the fox turned aside. This animal—the porcupine—"is the stupidest fellow in the woods." Footprints often reveal the excitement, hesitation, change of plan and the preparation of two folks advancing and about to meet. Most animals, however, though concerned with sight and scent, appear not to consider the impressions in the telltale snow.

I passed again through woods where the previous winter I had walked upon ten feet of snow. In that trip I had looked down upon a camp bird—Rocky Mountain gray jay—cuddled in an old nest. I talked to her for a minute, and as is common with her kind she came close, seeking something to eat. Three eggs were in the nest, though it was February. Never before had I found a bird nesting in the famine month of the year; but both camp birds and Clark's nutcrackers sometimes nest before March. The crested jay that flings forth its jarring

note, as harsh and cold as frosty steel, uses these mountains for winter quarters, and a few of this species remain for summer, but the majority nest in the far North. The water ouzel may be seen and heard in any month of the year. This bird of quiet, cheering presence is an outdoor enthusiast. He is delightfully busy, and indifferent to your close approach if you come quietly and slowly. He is a winter songster, and twice during this outing, in a snow-filled cañon, he sang to me cheerily. The scarlet berries and small shining green leaves of the kinnikinnick gave color and charm to many snowy spaces. Half buried in the snow, in the sun or shadow, in niches of crags, or as wreathlike coverings for the rocks, they are bright and cheerful everywhere.

One evening I had gone to sleep shivering. I was awakened through being too warm, and I leaped out of my sleeping bag thinking it must be on fire. Then I discovered that in the night a chinook had come. I can imagine that the winter birds and animals worship the chinook wind. This warm, dry wind occasionally follows a blizzard, and often it appears to make a sudden and triumphant attack upon a cold period. During the short day or two that it dominates it is a blessing. It often raises the temperature thirty or more degrees in a short time. On another windy night I had a poor camp and damp clothes. I examined the ice round a beaver house to see if it was built by a spring. It was, and I broke through the thin ice. That night as I shivered by a poor fire I wished that I might occupy a woodpecker's house. I took comfort in the fact that at no time during the trip should I be annoyed by flies and mosquitoes.

One day, from the sheltering edge of the woods, I watched while a high wind stirred and swept the excited snow. The snowflakes had long since been reduced to powder and dust by colliding with cliffs and by being thrown violently against the earth. The wind was intermittent and a wave of snow dust would sweep along the snow-crusted earth, filling the air; then a few seconds of sunshine before the next wave followed. Occasionally everything cleared and stopped for an exhibit of the whirlwind. Then a towering white column of snow dust would spin across the scene. This commonly was followed by another and heavier spiral that was more like a confusion of white whirled clouds. All this time the sun was shining in a blue sky; and all this time, too, a sparkling pennant of diamond snow dust and powder a mile long was fluttering from the tip of a triangular peak.

Mountain Storms

With the scenes of the last few days before my mind—the trees abloom with flakes, the white and sparkling whirlwinds, the vast and scintillating snow-powder pennants—I could understand the poetic fancy of primitive people who happily named winter's gift "snowflowers" and who honored the snow period with an outdoor celebration.

Though the high mountains have their snowstorms and their eternal snow fields, in most mountain ranges the snowfall on the middle slopes of the mountains is heavier than that upon the high plateaus and summits. On the heights the wind has free play and sweeps most of the snow into enormous piles or drifts. These are one hundred or more feet deep and sometimes cover nearly a square mile. Owing to their depth, the low temperature of the heights, and the fact that they are so densely packed, these snow masses endure throughout the year. Wind is thus the chief factor in the making of snow topography. Small hills and plains, cañons, plateaus and mountain ranges—all of snow—are a constant source of interest to the understanding observer.

After all, winter is but a transient return of the ice age. With fresh falls on the heights above timber line, before the wind blows, the vast world appears overlaid with a permanent stratum of snow. Across white distances one looks for miles without seeing a tree or any living object or even a shadow unless it be that of a passing cloud.

One morning I awoke with dense white storm clouds all round me and the snow coming down. Wishing to camp that night at timber line, I thought to go up through the clouds. All morning I traveled up the mountainside in the thickly falling snow, through dense clouds that drifted easily along the mountainside and, together with the feathery flakes which they were shedding, made it impossible to see distinctly even to the end of an extended arm. Presently I became aware of a diminished depth of snow under foot. I stooped to measure it. It was less than three inches. On rising I thrust my head through the silver lining—the upper surface—of the cloud into the sunshine. The altitude was about eleven thousand feet. Above and about me the peaks and plateaus stood in gray and brown. Not a flake of all this snow had fallen upon them. There was nothing to indicate that a storm had prevailed just below during the last two days and nights, or that only a step down the mountain it still continued.

Soundless and motionless the cloud sea lay below. Here and there an upthrusting pinnacle cast a shadow upon it. Unable to make myself believe that just below the flakes were falling thick and fast and that the surface was deeply covered with soft white snow, I plunged down into the cloud. After enjoying the novelty for a few minutes I climbed out of the snowstorm and then again descended into it. As the mountainside was comparatively unbroken I walked along the upper edge of the cloud for some distance. Two or three times this fluffy mass swelled and rose slightly above me and then settled easily back. In the head of a gulch cloud swells rose slightly higher than out in the main sea. I climbed down into them a short distance, thinking to cross the hidden cañon, but finding it too steep-walled climbed out again.

Near by, as I climbed out of the gulch, sat a huge grizzly bear sunning himself on a cliff that rose a few feet out of the cloud into the sunshine. He, like myself, appeared greatly interested in the slow rise and fall and ragged outline of the storm cloud. He was all attention to every new movement near him. On scenting me he stared for a moment, as if thinking "Where on earth did he come from?" Then he stepped overboard and disappeared in the clouds. He was probably about to hibernate.

Ancient Tree Dwarfs

I camped for the night beside a clump of storm-battered trees that marked the upper limit of the forest. In the morning all was clear. The cloud sea of the day before had rolled silently away. Along the mountainside the ragged edge of snow stretched for miles. Above it barren rocky peaks rose in a great mountain desert. Below all was soft and white—a wonderful world of mountains made of snowflakes. Near my camp was an ancient looking tree clump. None of the trees was taller than my head, and though of almost normal form they were somewhat gnarled and appeared as old as the hills. Centuries they surely had seen. Trees on the forest outpost in high mountains endure severe trials, and these hardships they cause you to feel. They are dwarfed, scattered, broken, huddling behind bowlders, buried or half buried in snow. These brave tree people maintain the forest frontier. Seen again and again, this region displays features of new interest as often as the visitor returns to it.

On the heights I frequently saw conies. One day I lingered to watch one that was less shy than they usually are. He sat with his back against the sunny side of a bowlder, looking sober and keeping a careful survey of his field of vision. Presently I discovered his haystack—his supply of winter food—a tiny heap of grass, sedge and alpine plants. It was about two feet high and was sheltered beneath two half-arching stones.

Many are the ways in which animals spend the winter. Plants, too, though anchored, have a variety of winter customs. Trees may be said to hibernate, even the firs and spruces that go to sleep in full dress. Beneath the snow are countless seeds that will live their life next year, and numbers of plants that have hauled down their towers and colors for the winter. You may seek them and walk over them, and Mother Nature will only say: "Trouble me not, for the door is now shut and my children are with me in bed." A number of animals hibernate. Fat woodchucks live in a den five or six feet below the surface. Storms may come and go, but the woodchuck sleeps till the first flowers wake. The grizzly and black bear spend from three to five months in heavy hibernating sleep. The humming birds go a few thousand miles into the southland. A summer nest that I

(Concluded on Page 70)

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One tire has captured every place of importance in every officially recognized race held in America this year.

One tire has proved itself so capable in pleasure car use as to be practical for heavy truck service.

One tire combines such resilience and strength as to dominate the airplane field.

That tire is the Goodyear Cord Tire.

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The Goodyear method of cord tire construction is purely an American development.

It is not a new development, although its popular recognition and favor are a circumstance of the last two years.

Work on this tire was begun by Goodyear as far back as 1904, long before the European cable-cord type was introduced in this country.

Even with the appearance of the European type and the momentary swing of public favor in its direction, Goodyear held steadfast to its original aim.

The events of recent years are eloquent of the end to which Goodyear spent its purpose and its labor.

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Today the Goodyear Cord Tire stands as the zenith of tire-producing effort in this country.

Today it is with one exception the model for every cord tire maker in the land.

Users of Goodyear Cord Tires are continually reporting from them results such as no tire ever gave before.

The racing fraternity—pilots, mechanics, track followers and all—have swung over to Goodyear Cords almost in a body.

In the sudden stimulus to airplane development brought on by recent events, this tire by its stamina and cushioning-power took lead as the wanted equipment.

Now the Goodyear method of construction finds new expression in a thoroughly practical pneumatic truck tire.

All through the wide range of usefulness cited, certain elements in Goodyear Cords' performance shine forth in bold relief.

These elements are greater mileage, deeper comfort, larger freedom from trouble, increased gasoline saving, higher speed, and lower final cost.

In point of hardihood, vitality, liveliness and economy, Goodyear Cord Tires are truly an illustrious pattern for the entire world.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

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found brought to mind the fact that its builder, if alive, was then among the tropical flowers of Central America.

Coming one day to a beaver pond I scraped off the snow and was able to see through the clear ice into the water. Two or three beavers were swimming beneath the ice. Between the ice and the bottom of the pond the water was about two feet thick. Each autumn the beavers pile ample winter supplies in deep water close to the house. The pond may freeze over, but this ice covering is a protection. The house entrance is on the bottom of the pond beneath the ice, and its floor is above the level of the pond. The water in the lower house does not freeze. The beaver residents were here having a comfortable time while deer in near-by woods were floundering in the snow. Deer often have a hard time of it in winter. Commonly most of them go to lower altitudes, but sometimes they stay in the middle mountain region and worry through the snowy weeks by yarding—that is, a number remaining in one small area, where through daily trampling they keep on top of the snow and still find enough to eat.

In the course of this outing I saw several flocks of mountain sheep. All these were in the heights above the tree line. On the day following the snow-drifting one I crossed the heights and on the summit passed close to a flock. They were feeding in a space that the wind had swept bare of snow. Happy highlanders they were, well fed and contented, and possessors of a home twelve thousand feet above the tides.

One sunny though cold morning I came upon a large dead tree. In it were a number of woodpecker holes. Wondering if the houses to which these holes led had winter dwellers I struck the tree with my hatchet. Instantly a dozen or more chickadees came pouring out of one of the holes like so many merry children. From a hole in the opposite side of the tree flew one or more birds that I did not see. Out of one of the upper holes a downy woodpecker thrust his head. Glaring down at me with one eye—impatient, as late sleepers usually are when called—he appeared to be wanting to say: "Why am I disturbed? This is a cold morning, and there are no early worms on any winter morning." From another hole flew another downy, and I do not believe that any of these late sleepers had breakfasted. Woodpeckers are rated economically as one of our most valuable birds. I feel certain, too, that their bird neighbors consider them excellent friends. Seldom is an old woodpecker house without a tenant. Bluebirds, wrens and numbers of weak-billed folk nest in them during summer, while birds of other species find them life-savers in the winter. Later in the day I saw a flock of chickadees, one or two brown creepers and a solitary woodpecker food-hunting together. The chickadees kept up a cheery conversation and twice I thought I heard the woodpecker give a call. I wondered if these fellow food-hunters also lodged in one many-roomed-apartment tree house.

Moss in midwinter is as fresh and charming as if knee-deep in June. It is dainty in a white setting. Its cushions and pads of bright and pale green on rocks and logs make these objects of beauty. The mosses are ever a part of the poetry associated also with ferns and the golden sands of bubbling springs. They and the lichens are sharers in the cheerful, ever-silent beauty of the wild. Alike they are survivors of an ancient and refined species. Lichens are among the most subdued and harmonious decorations in all Nature. They never intrude and are never glaringly colored. Still they carry all the colors of the rainbow. Until one knows that they are living things they seem only chemical colorings on the crags, and a part of the color scheme in the bark of trees. In dark woods, deep cañons and on the pinnacles of high peaks they cling in leafy or maplike decorations—oxidized silver, hammered brass, pure copper and stains of yellow and light green. They touch with soft color and beauty the roughest bark and bowlders. They are almost classical decorations; each work of art a breath of beauty and refinement. In places they are as gray as the grayest wood, but whatever the colors their rich tones—browns, greens and scarlets—are never out of keeping with Nature's own simple scheme of beauty.

One day I had been walking along in the shadow of a mountain, and this, together with the darkness of the spruce woods, made the snow almost a gray expanse. As I climbed out of the shadow on to a plateau, just at sunset, how splendidly, dazzlingly white was the sky line of peaks! On this white and broken line the sunset-colored clouds strangely rested. A sunset never is an old story, and a colored sunset above the white west line of winter's silent earth gives one back the imagination of youth.

Though I crossed a number of alpine lakes I did not see them. They were gone from the landscape. A stratum of marble instead of snow could not better have concealed them. But they, the flowers, and the bears were just asleep for the winter.

During snowless winters the brooks and smaller streams decorate their ways with beautiful forms and structures made of ice. There are arches and arcades, spires and frozen splashes, and endless stretches and forms of silver streamside platings and bowlder drapings; ice, crystal clear, frosted and opaque. Smaller streams freeze to the bottom, overflow and outbuild. Many rock forms are overspread with sheets and drapery. Cliffs are overpoured and decked with fretwork and stupendous icicles. In places wide areas are covered to enormous depths. Looking upon these one might almost fancy the ice age returning. But three months later the ice will have gone to the far-off sea, and the flowers that slept beneath will be massing their brilliant blossoms in the sun. An old Ute chief once told me that during the hardest winter he had ever known in his country the snow for weeks lay "six ponies deep." The average annual snowfall in the Rocky Mountains is less than twenty-five feet. This is below the average for the Alps.

Meetings with other human beings were few. One day, while walking down a plateau, I saw a dark figure that stood waiting on the edge of a snowy mountain moor a mile distant. As I approached, the man waved an arm to attract my attention, and when I came near enough he said, by way of greeting:

"I thought you had not seen me."

We were above the limits of tree growth on the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains, and below and about us was a wild array of peaks and cañons.

"When I saw you come racing down that peak shoulder," said the man, "I fancied that you were an escaping Siberian convict, sentenced for political aims. What is your sentence or your service?"

"They call me the Snow Man," I replied "I am making winter experiments and gathering information along the summit of the Continental Divide." I had not as yet become official "Colorado Snow Observer."

In answer to a counter question of mine he said:

"Oh, I'm a prospector, fifty-four, born in Ireland, raised in Australia and Siberia. Am after gold in Spruce Gulch. If I don't strike it by spring I'm off for Alaska. Stirring reports from there."

It was a good place to look round. Several towering mountains were strangely near. Behind rose peak beyond peak to the jagged, high horizon. A number of summits reached up fourteen thousand feet into the blue sky. Colorado is crowded with a vast and wondrous array of mountains. A thousand broken peaks stand high. Many of these are united by narrow plateaus that are savagely side-cut with deep cañons. Each time I gained a commanding height I looked again and again, awed by the immensity of it all, at peaks and cañons with their broken strata of snow.

The outing, as usual, was all too short. Ten of the fourteen days of it were sunny and calm. Through two days the wind roared. Two other days were filled with snowstorms. Each day I went to some new scene. I climbed one fourteen-thousand-foot peak. I occupied one camp three nights, but on each of the other nights I had a new camp. Most of the nights were filled with stars, and always there was the blazing campfire. On my way home I met a man who had heard of my winter camping habits. After questioning me concerning the objects of interest seen, he asked:

"Is this a good time of year for a vacation?" I replied:

"A good time for a vacation is whenever you can spare the time, and the very best time for a vacation in the mountains is when you can stay the longest."

ALL FRONT AND NO BACK

(Continued from Page 10

"Have we credit with Tanquay's?" she asked as lightly as she could.

"Just a moment, Mrs. McKeen. Let me inquire," smiled Pierre with that affability which discourages; he was reaching for the telephone.

She stopped him hastily; for she realized that Tanquay's must know what all New York appeared to know—that Nat was months behind with every creditor he had.

"I think it's simpler to settle now," she informed him coolly as she opened her bag and peeled off green and yellow leaves from the lettuce head of bills.

"Our butler will be there at six," he said, "and your order will come about seven. Please let me know if everything is not satisfactory."

She thanked him and was just turning away when Pierre intercepted her.

"And flowers?" he was asking as she turned to escape; he reached to his desk and held out a small vase containing three orchids of unearthly ugliness. "Mandarin orchid," he was explaining. "Very fashionable this season."

She fled abruptly, leaving in her trail the weak excuse that she would buy from her florist.

She went dizzily out of Tanquay's and made the rounds of small shopping, reflecting, with every withering raid upon her bank roll, that the Fergusons must not escape them, now that everything was at stake. In the course of her walk she called upon Nat in his office, which was a pretentious attic in the upper thirties.

"The Fergusons are coming to dinner," she announced blandly to her husband, who leaned over a drawing board, his one remaining draftsman laboring beside him.

"They're—what?" He blinked at her and scowled.

The draftsman, who was young, meek and skinny, scurried away from the storm; and as soon as they were alone Norma explained.

"That's bully!" concurred Nat unexpectedly, giving her the kiss that was always a reward. "I'm sorry I was cross; but I was worried sick. Can Percy be influenced?"

"He's got to be!" she told him.

"Well, I guess we've got enough credit at the grocer's—if they can stand Moselle's cooking."

She caught herself on the verge of telling him how she had ordered the entire dinner from Tanquay's; how she had pawned her brooch and watch. Instead, she patted his shoulder and smiled.

"Well, I must be getting Moselle and planning a perfect orgy." Clumsily she knocked a sheaf of stiletto-pointed pencils to the floor; and as she reached to pick them up she urged: "You must go right to work, old boy, and do a new water-color sketch of your Vulgarian Renaissance. The old sketch looks awfully shabby and dog-eared. Bring all your plans home to-night. We're going to make good this time."

Nat suddenly turned, walked across the room, and stood gazing over the roofs.

"What faith you've got!" he growled, never looking round as she passed out.

Moselle White came to assist at about three o'clock. As she worked by the hour, she was seldom on time, and gave to herself the airs peculiar to all specialists. She was a type of the Manhattan-bred negress, which is an exotic in all the world. Carefully avoiding the rich accents of her Virginian mother, she imitated the drawl of all the ladies she attended. There were rhinestones in her hair, and over her bulbous curves she wore a skin-tight gown of black satin and kittenish cut. High *café-au-lait* shoes emboldened the effect.

"I'm going to give a dinner to-night, Moselle," explained Norma as soon as her caller had assumed an apron. "I want to have it rather elaborate; so I've ordered it sent in from Tanquay's."

"That will be delightful, I'm sure," commented Moselle in measured accents.

"Now, Moselle," pleaded her temporary mistress, "don't be sensitive. I have all the

(Continued on Page 72)

THAT NEW *Pennsylvania* AUTO TUBE

"TON TESTED"

THE Tube that goes beyond mere good quality and at last offers long-sought definite properties to meet general tube shortcomings.

The Tube that especially withstands the effects of long and continuous wear and friction in the casing.

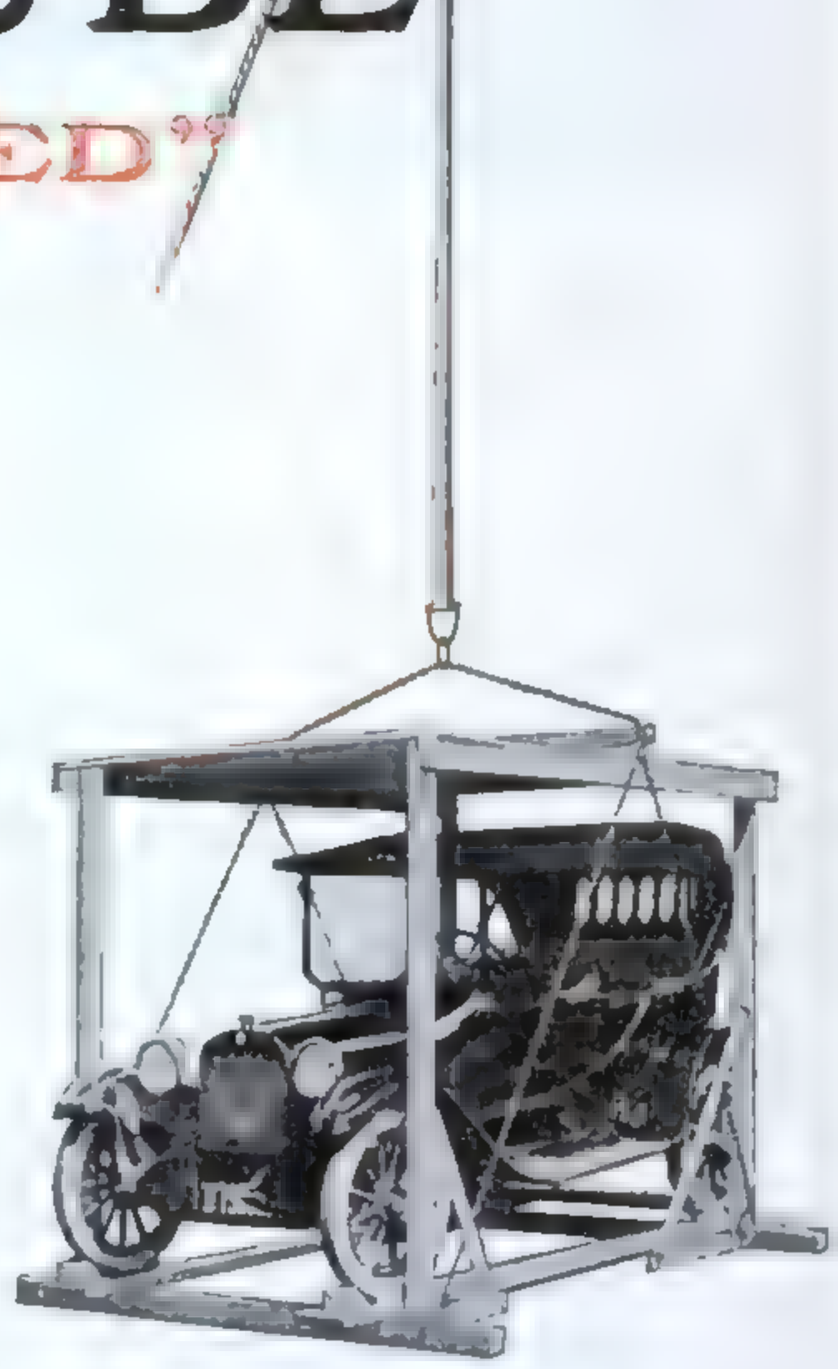
The Tube of uniform tear-resisting stock that successfully resists deterioration from extreme heating up and cooling down.

The Tube that will not check, craze, crack, or weaken under light and air exposure though carried indefinitely as a "spare."

The Tube whose *guaranteed* tensile strength is 1½ tons per square inch.

The Tube that, by actual tests, shows positively new standards of strength, elasticity, heat-resistance, durability.

The Tube that, with all its remarkable qualities, is priced on a parity with prevailing Pennsylvania Tube schedules.



The Tube that held suspended in air an automobile and heavy crate—total weight

2990 Pounds

The Tube that, following this severe test, was critically examined and showed no evidence of the terrific strain.

Your dealer probably has Pennsylvania "Ton Tested" Tubes by this time. If not yet stocked, write direct.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

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Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout United States and Canada.

It did not harm the Valsparred Floor—

YOU'D expect a bath of boiling-hot vinegar to destroy varnish, but it did not harm the Valsparred floor a bit. Every day there come to our attention new household accidents like the above that are ruinous to ordinary varnish and that prove the need of a finish that such accidents cannot harm. Valspar fills this need.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

The exceptional experience of Mrs. H. A. Kern, of Vallejo, Cal., is related in her letter that follows:

"We are living in a brand-new house of our own. I am particularly proud of my kitchen. It is white enameled, and has VALSPAR on the floor.

"It seems as if there is so much hard wear on a kitchen floor! Water, both hot and cold, gets spilled on it, and chairs and tables get moved across, and still the VALSPAR keeps looking always bright and new, with little effort on my part.

"About three weeks ago I was carrying a dish of boiling-hot cabbage in vinegar from the range to the sink. The dish slipped out of my hands and the contents were strewn over the floor.

"The floor, to my surprise, came out just the same as before the accident and I thought that this was rather a severe test with the boiling food and the acid of the vinegar!

"I heartily recommend VALSPAR to all my friends as being up to 100 per cent. good."

Valspar Resists:

Cold Water, Hot Water, Soapy Water, Salt Water, Alcohol, Hot Dishes, Ammonia, Coffee and Tea, Other Liquids

Valspar Preserves:

Floors, Wainscoting, Furniture, Porches, Linoleum, Yachts, Motor-boats, Doors and Trim, All Woodwork

Special Offer If you wish to test Valspar send 20c. in stamps to Valentine & Company, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and we will send you a four-ounce can, enough to finish a small table or chair.

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Established 1832
Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

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San Francisco and Principal Pacific Coast Cities

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worries I can stand. Please get to straightening up the apartment."

Moselle, softened to a sort of truce, exposed her muscular bronze forearms and applied herself with a will to the process of tidying. Bare strips of floor were waxed to a gleam, mahogany was rubbed, mirrors polished; and if occasionally the sarcastic echo of "Tanquay's—my word!" came from afar to the busy Norma, she was too wise to risk discipline in these rough seas.

When Nat came home at six o'clock he was a sprightlier Nat than Norma had beheld since the days of illusion that followed their honeymoon. Apparently he had swallowed despair and now saw only the color of rose. Norma was very tired, but his shining face restored her.

"By George, Norma, that was a stroke of business!" he told her. "We're beginning to learn teamwork."

He carried under his arm a long roll of plans, and would have interrupted her in the work of washing her best set of china had she not raised an affectionate appeal.

"Can't you see I'm busy, boy?" she chided, already lifted out of her depression. "Now run along and get out the silver."

"Sketches for Percy L. Ferguson's Gregorian Villa!" he crowed, unrolling the scroll of cardboard. "I've been at the water color all day."

Proudly he showed the white façade against an idealized Italian sky, tall poplars garnishing the somewhat obvious driveway in the foreground.

"You feed 'em, Norma, and I'll do the persuading," he assured her in that tone of cocksureness which had once conveyed to her the impression of genius. "What sort are they? Ferguson looks like a prehistoric ground sloth."

"The ground sloth was a vegetarian," she informed him. "Percy growls over his meat and kills at sight. It's Marian I intend to influence. She's rather nice, I think, when you get under the enamel—a bit purse-proud; but she's always been kind to me."

He did not seem to care for the humility of her tone, for he took her up short with:

"We'll be kind to her when we get on our feet."

At half past six a temporary butler, wearing just the proper arrangement of side whiskers and h's, appeared from Tanquay's and tried at once to bully Moselle. Nat gave himself up to the languors of a tub in the pygmy bathroom off the Tudor hall. Peeking into the kitchenette, Norma could see Moselle and the butler, whose name was Nudds, standing crowded together and quarreling in their various dialects.

"A bit close in 'ere, I call it," sallied Nudds.

"It was meant for one help," replied she, regarding him loftily. "Two couldn't sit in this space—unless they sat in each other's laps."

This stroke quite defeated Mr. Nudds, who tiptoed into the dining room and set to work arranging the table.

At a quarter of seven the dinner from Tanquay's arrived by the front door. Norma was partly dressed by this time; but she was quick to slip on a kimono and superintend the commissary advance across the big living room. She was glad that Nat was still deep in his dressing, for she dreaded his detailed inquiries into that wild extravagance.

At last the uniformed escort departed. The boxes, pails and packages, so cunningly prepared by professional hands, were ingeniously piled in the already overcrowded galley. The handy Nudds, at her bidding, rolled a high Chinese screen out of the drawing-room and arranged it as a *camouflage* to conceal the kitchen door.

Then Norma went about the completion of her toilet. Among the minor details of her afternoon she had found time to put a homemade wave in her hair. She found no difficulty in selecting her evening gown, a sea-green affair which, like Walter Pater's vampire, had died and been restored a thousand times. Before the mirror in the bathroom Nat was caroling like a lark.

Norma, too, was wasting a few vain glances upon the glass of her little bureau. She approved of herself and was quite right in her belief that never before had she looked so young or so pretty. Occasionally she would peep round to take another look at the white-clothed table, glittering with her wedding crystal, glorious with roses. She flattered herself with the feeling that never, in any of the wealthy homes where once she had been a satellite, had a little dinner been better laid. It gave her a sense of luxury which, poor girl, was more necessary to her being than the mere bread and meat of life.

A bell rang.

"Telephone, dear!" sang out Nat, interrupting a luscious whistle.

Now nicely arrayed for the evening, still smiling in contemplation of her reviving charm, she went over to the Elizabethan telephone and put the receiver to her ear. Mrs. Ferguson's contralto drawl was waiting for her:

"Norma, my dear! We're so sorry! My Bobby—poor little chap!—has come to town to see the doctor about his throat, and I must be with him to-night."

"I'm sorry too. I hope it's not serious," said Norma in the sweetest possible tone.

"You must think it frightful of us. If it were anybody but my precious boy! I'm dreadfully worried about him. You must think me a beast to be letting you know so late ——"

"Don't give it a second thought, my dear Marian," said Norma in the yielding voice her long slavery had taught her.

"It's dreadful to upset your plans ——"

"Oh, it was only a little home dinner," she assured her rapidly, hoping to end it all before her endurance gave way. "We must see you both soon. Good-by!"

She hung up the receiver and burst frankly into tears. Presently Nat, nicely attired for a festival and well pleased with himself, came sauntering out.

"Why, Norma!" He stopped in the midst of his roundelay.

"The Fergusons!" she wailed, and repeated it several times. "The Fergusons!"

"You can't mean ——"

"They aren't coming! Their brat of a boy's sick—the last minute. They aren't coming!"

Nat began whistling again; but this time it was harsh and shrill, like the wail of a midnight siren announcing fire. Through the mist Norma could see the elegant Mr. Nudds, perfect as to attitude, shirt front and side whiskers, guarding the mockery of a dining room.

"Well," said Nat, rising unexpectedly to the occasion, "it's about the first civilized meal we've faced for ever so long. Let's powder our noses and sit down and pretend ——"

"Every cent we have in the world!" she raised her ululation; not being tearful by habit, she gave herself up utterly to the rare luxury. "I've pawned my brooch—I've pawned my bracelet watch to order this dinner from Tanquay's!"

"You've what—ordered from where?"

"From Tanquay's. It cost over a hundred dollars! What shall we do?"

"Well, of all the —— What got into your head, Norma?"

"The Fergusons had to be fed," she madly excused herself, as though she had been speaking of starving Belgians.

"Well," he said flatly, "the dinner's getting cold and somebody's got to eat it."

"We can't!" she told him wildly. "It cost a hundred dollars—it would poison us."

And at that desperate thought Norma stood up, raised a hand to her back hair—and was herself again.

"Nat," she cried, squeezing his arm in a viselike grip, "there ought to be someone in New York willing to pay for that dinner!"

"There you go again! Haven't you had enough bright ideas for one day?"

Norma, who had a way of charging headforemost when she wanted what she wanted, had now again bounded to the near-Elizabethan telephone. The line was, of course, busy; and when she got into connection with Tanquay's she found that Pierre was busy also.

"I don't want the captain—tell Pierre that Mrs. Nathaniel McKeen must speak to him."

"It's the rush hour, madam. There are a great many people waiting. I'll see if I can get him."

"Yes, Mrs. McKeen," came Pierre's smooth voice much sooner than she had expected.

"I'm sorry to bother you when you're busy," she began, not without design.

"We're having a very heavy night," he replied, somewhat impatiently.

"Good! That's just my point—— Pierre, are you turning people away, as you said you had been doing?"

"I'm afraid we shall be unable to accommodate several large parties, madam," came his stiff reply.

"Then I want to coöperate with you. If you have a nice party of four you're turning away, would you mind sending them to my apartment to eat my dinner?"

"I beg pardon, Mrs. McKeen?" he shrugged over the wire.

"The dinner you just sent to me. I've been disappointed in my guests at the last moment. I couldn't afford the dinner in the first place, and I certainly can't afford to throw it away. Of course, if Tanquay's are willing to rebate to me the amount "

"I'm afraid that would be a little irregular," he suavely informed her. A pause. "You say it's for four?"

"Yes—the dinner I ordered."

"There's a very special party here asking for a private room. We shan't be able to accommodate them. Just a minute!"

There came a long blank spell, during which she kept her eyes upon Nat's nervous patent leathers, pacing the rug.

"Mrs. McKeen?" Pierre's voice came back at last. "I have arranged it with the party. Shall I send them to you?"

"Send them to my apartment," she commanded eagerly. "Have them ask for—for Mrs. Jones."

"For Jones," echoed the wire, and the communication closed with a click.

"Well!" said Nat, pausing severely in front of her. "This is the end of a perfect day!"

"No, it isn't," replied his wife briskly, restored, sparkling, prepared to turn a forlorn hope into a triumphant adventure. "If you'll let me alone I'll get our money back and make ten or twelve dollars out of it."

"I'll let you alone, if that's all you want," he said sulkily. "Be sensible and come out to dinner with me."

"And leave my apartment with a lot of strangers and a head waiter? Nat, be a good boy! Go over to the club and have a nice quiet evening. I'll stay and manage the kitchen."

"Suppose it should get round! Suppose it should leak out that we were running a sort of private restaurant!"

"I'll look out for that, dear," she sighed wearily. "Now please run along!"

"Well, of all the ——" he began feebly.

"Can you suggest a better way out of this mess?" she questioned sharply; and for reply he went charging for the big front door.

Norma was now determined that this evening should be as much a mystery as possible to her paying guests. As soon as Nat was well gone she stepped into the hall and told the elevator boy about the mythical Mrs. Jones.

"She's stopping with me," lied Norma, "and expecting guests for dinner. When they ask for Jones, bring them up."

In the dining room she found the man from Tanquay's, erect as a sentinel awaiting a gas attack.

"Nudds," said she, "I want you to move that Chinese screen a little closer to the kitchen door so there will be room for us to work behind it. I am Mrs. Jones—do you understand? And when the guests arrive you are to show them to the table, serve the dinner, and collect for it."

"Collect, ma'am?" His eyes, which were very small, projected from his little face like the orbs of a boiled lobster.

Norma hurried over to her desk, for time was money with her now. On a leaf of her frivolous horizon-blue pad she scrawled a dollar mark, with several numerals thereafter. Just as she was handing the slip to Nudds the doorbell rang. It was a merry note. Fervently she hoped they wouldn't be the noisy sort.

"I turn everything over to you," she whispered to Nudds, and cowered into the kitchenette beside the voluptuous Moselle.

To make matters interesting, Moselle began at once to frame an elegant indictment of Mr. Nudds.

"If he continues his impertinence," she proclaimed, "I shall be obliged to go!"

"If you do," hissed Norma in her ear, "I shall discharge you!"

In a saner moment she would doubtless have chosen a more logical threat. But it had the effect of confusing the enemy; for Moselle, subdued, continued stirring the soup.

Curiosity got the better of Norma. She could hear the front door click and the reverberation of treble and basso in the big room. Through a crack in the Chinese screen she could see the four of them—two couples—milling about the spacious floor, impertinently examining bric-a-brac and pictures. The sight bruised her pride, yet touched her humor; she was glad she had locked all intimate photographs away in the little bureau.

"What a bee-oo-tiful place!" a little woman in pink was cooing; but a larger and older woman, who loomed indistinctly in the æsthetic shadows of medieval splendor, seemed out of sorts with the hulking gentleman whose form was just visible beyond the Charles II settee.

"I don't like the idea of it!" she was protesting in a deep contralto drawl.

A smaller man, perfectly bald and with a little mincing walk, swung into view and said in a peppery, staccato voice:

"Quite amusing—yes, yes—quite amusing!"

Norma's mouth felt the torture of Tantalus as Nudds moved forward, bearing the cocktails and expensive canapé of fresh Russian caviar. The paying guests held their glasses in a convivial circle, while the spy longed to steal forth and view them at close range, so sharp became her curiosity. Only a little woman in pink could she see plainly. She was pretty, under forty, and showed an elfin smile, full of wit and spitefulness.

Just as they were putting down their glasses and beginning to move toward the dining room, a moment of delicious expectancy was spoiled by the fat shadow of Moselle.

"Shall I put the soup in these?" inquired the saddle-colored duchess, daintily poising a porridge bowl in each hand.

"For heaven's sake!" Norma bounded back to the kitchenette.

Patiently she spread four soup plates on the homeopathic kitchen cabinet and began to ladle out portions of the precious green liquid. She saved out half a cupful for herself—which shows she had in her the makings of a good servant. Outside she could hear the mingled voices of the party coming into the dining room. So close were they now, she was stricken with fear that one of them, bolder than the rest, might peep behind the screen and catch her clad as for an occasion, sandwiched in between Moselle and the helpful Nudds.

"Quite charming!" the treble voice went shrilling past.

"Rather clever faking, the whole place," spoke the acrid staccato. "This room looks almost real—first glance. Canvas stretched over plaster, enameled to look like wood. Jove, those fake Fragonard panels fooled me for a minute!"

Nudds had now gone forth with the soup, and Norma sprang back to her spying behind the screen. It proved very poor peeping, for the crack through which she looked was at a bad angle and the dining room had been dimly lit, with regard to effect. By squinting painfully she could see the guests taking their seats within the faint nimbus shed by candelabra.

"For the love of barley!" The big man at that moment raised his voice like the creaking of a rusty hinge. "Waiter, turn on some lights. This place must be run by a lot of women. I can't see the way to my soup."

Norma flew to a more commanding spy hole just as the obliging Mr. Nudds pressed his thumb to the switch, flooding with light the large ivory-tinted room, with its dim, painted panels. The whole picture, thus uncomprisingly outlined, came to her in the matter-of-fact way with which we sometimes view the unbelievable. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ferguson were giving a little dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Hannan!

The thing had all the obviousness of a miracle. There sat old Percy, under the uncompromising light he demanded, his shapeless dinosauric body hunched over his plate, while his sallow dyspeptic head craned forward in the delicious toil of eating. The large angular lady, with the stringy neck and iron-gray hair arranged somewhat old-maidishly, revealed herself as Marian Ferguson by the characteristic gesture with which she reached for the salt. Ambrose Hannan had lost most of his hair since last Norma had seen him, five years before; but he was still fidgety, opinionated of glance, and still retained the mannerism of marking off spaces in the air which characterized the prince of American architects.

"Percy, why did you let Pierre send you to this place?" nagged Mrs. Ferguson, having finished her soup. "For all we know the food may be poisoned."

How devoutly Norma, crouching in ambush, wished she had thought of it in time!

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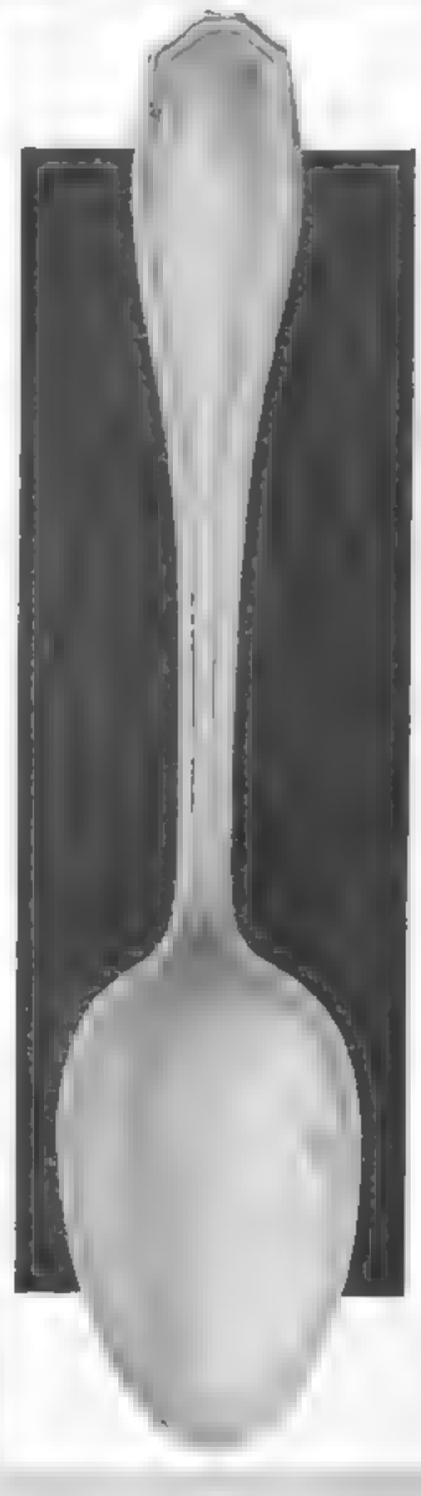
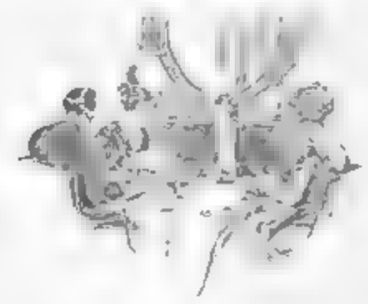


THE CLINTON A PATTERN OF ENDURING BEAUTY IN KEEPING WITH THE WORTH OF WILLIAM ROGERS AND HIS SON—TRUE TO ALL THE [illegible] ED BY THIS HONORED NAME



—a TEASPOON of rare Colonial mold, bearing the mark of the generations-old ideals of craftsmanship of

William Rogers and his Son

You who love the beauties of the silver of olden days, note well that name: William Rogers and his Son! For William Rogers himself was one of the three brothers who generations ago became the fathers of the silver-plating craft in this land of ours. Several companies they formed, and so successful were they that others began to sell "Rogers" silver plate side by side with the original brothers' wares. Yet all the while, down through the passing years there came the ideals and traditions of the three brothers, molding, influencing the latter-day wares—and at this day just as the "1847 Rogers Bros." silver is of the highest grade of the heavier plate, so in the lighter ware such as the old craftsmen loved, "the best at the price" is marked with this name of the third brother.

WM. ROGERS & SON

In Canada made by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ont.

WILLIAM ROGERS & SON BEARS THE GUARANTEE of THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. of MERIDEN, Conn.

60,000,000 Aunt

Why it is the biggest selling, most popular pancake flour in America

ONLY a thousand packages! That is what the first shipment amounted to. Today there are many stores where a thousand packages of Aunt Jemïma Pancake Flour are bought in a single week!

So rapidly has its popularity grown that in the last twelve years the demand has multiplied almost ten times.

Last year alone so many new Aunt Jemima users were added that in state after state the sales actually doubled.

A success at once!

No sooner was Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour offered to the women of America than its success began. Thousands of women know that Aunt Jemima pancakes always delight their families—always make breakfast a success.

It is the flavor that makes Aunt Jemima pancakes so popular. They have all the wonderful flavor that makes the pancakes of the South so famous. Serve them and your family will wonder how you learned the secret of the old-time Southern cooks!

Now even milk is in it

Two years ago the final step in flavor, in convenience, in economy was taken. Realizing that most women mix Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour with milk, it was decided to prepare the flour with milk already mixed in it.

Women welcome this added value. At once they showed how much they appreciate the additional advantage the sweet milk gives. Within the first twelve months after the sweet milk was added the demand increased until it doubled and doubled again.

Have Aunt Jemima pancakes or Aunt Jemima buckwheat cakes for breakfast tomorrow. See how good pancakes can be—how much your children, how much every member of your family loves them! Know why over sixty million Aunt Jemima breakfasts were served last year! Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.

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AUNT JEMIMA

Jemima breakfasts!

PANCAKE FLOUR

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

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For the Feet

To prevent skin-rubs, calluses, blisters, etc. Just the thing for the man in khaki.

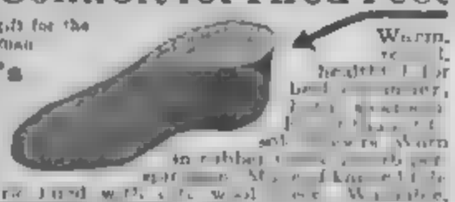
A medium sized bottle will be mailed by us postpaid to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

Snug Comfort for Tired Feet

A seasonable gift for the army or navy man

Parker's Arctic Socks



Warm, [illegible]

In all sizes at dealers or sent postpaid for five a pair

J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. F 25 JAMES ST., MALDEN, MASS.

(Continued from Page 73)

"You would have a private room!" croaked the big man with the withered head as he raised bilious eyes above his feeding. "You know"—he turned gloweringly upon Mrs. Hannan, on his right—"when Marian gets a notion she wants to dodge somebody she'll charter a submarine or go up in a balloon. Expense is nothing. Comfort is nothing."

He chewed savagely at a dinner roll.

"I know the feeling," agreed Mrs. Hannan in her light, teasing little voice. "Man can die but once. And to be bored to death ——" She tossed up her delicate hands and rolled her snappy black Japanesque eyes.

"I never found Norma such a bore," grunted that terrible Percy.

"You wouldn't, my dear," cooed Mrs. Ferguson ever so softly. "You always had a fondness for swindlers."

"Now, Molly, that's calling names!" creaked old Percy. "When Norma Wayley was legging it for you I didn't notice you locking up the silver. You were mighty glad to let her write your checks for you. You never put a padlock on the baby when she came in to understudy the governess. Rich women are a tribe all by themselves. Don't you think so, Mrs. Hannan?"

"Don't scold me!" tinkled the little woman banteringly. "I'll never be burned for my wealth."

"Poor Norma!" sighed Mrs. Ferguson in a tone that urged the spy behind the screen to rush forth and end it all in a frightful massacre.

"Oh, let up!" broke in the reformed wild man. "It seems to me there was a time when Norma did a great deal for you."

"That will be all, my dear!" Marian glared so icily that even old Percy felt the chill.

"She was that Wayley girl, wasn't she?" Mrs. Hannan seemed to pursue the subject with ghoulish glee. "Didn't she marry some sort of architect, dear?" She leveled the query at her husband, who sat abstracted in the details of the room.

"Nat McKeen," he barked out. "I see him sometimes at the club. Cleverish sort of chap; but nothing thorough about him. When I see those poor devils drilling along into middle age, continually scouting for an opening somewhere, it makes me think that ours is a terribly overcrowded profession. Darn it! I feel sorry for 'em too. Nothing ahead of 'em!"

"We can't all be great—eh, Hannan?" gibed Ferguson with a rusty little cackle, rolling the small eyes that always reminded Norma of an angry elephant's.

"Poor Norma!" again sighed Marian, by way of diversion. "I should think she could push a husband into success if anybody could. Bashfulness was never one of her faults. If she had been a trifle better looking and hadn't tried so hard she might have married very well indeed. But men saw through her, I'm afraid. Calculating little piece!"

"In our shining circle it's a black crime to be a calculating little piece, ain't it?" grumbled old Percy. "Our young ladies always linger in rosy bowers, thinking of nothing but pure romance, until along comes J. W. Charming, with a permanent wave in his voice; so they are married and live happy ever afterward in a two-room flat in Jersey City. Do they? They don't."

"Percy, you're outrageous to-night," criticized his wife smoothly.

"Excuse me, darling," he replied with the mockery of a smile, "but I think you gave the McKeens a pretty raw deal."

"Sweetheart," she drawled, "I didn't intend they should invite us to their apartment and proceed to take advantage of an old friendship. I know Norma wanted something; I realized it as soon as I had hung up the receiver. She's always on the make; and I have no way of knowing what sort of an adventuress she has degenerated into."

"Well, from what I know of the tribe, anyone who gets anything out of a rich woman earns it," creaked Percival.

"I hear, round the Architects' Club ——" Ambrose Hannan was opening disclosures when the fascinating horror of it was broken, literally, by an awful crash from behind. Distracted unwillingly from the black biography of the McKeens, Norma glanced round and beheld Moselle moaning over a mound of broken china. She was too numbed for reproach, and set to work gathering up the fragments.

Meantime Nudds was fussing indignantly over the terrapin, which Moselle had treated in the manner of ordinary hash. Nudds expostulated; Moselle snorted. In her excitement she had forgotten her cultivated New York accent and had returned to the voice of the plantation:

"Lan' sakes! Why yo'-all tryin' to ack laik millionaires in a kitchenette?"

"Shut up!" hissed Norma with decisive vulgarity.

Nudds was now bearing forth the dish Mrs. Pelham Brodley had flattered in the sight of Pierre. Norma, leaning daintily in her party gown, was mopping the mess from the kitchenette floor.

At last, when she could leave Moselle to weep silently in the sink, Norma again took up her post at the screen. Morbidly she hoped the table would still be echoing scandal of which she should be the central figure. But, instead, she found a still more distressful topic wagging every tongue: Hannan was explaining the country house he intended to build for Percy Ferguson.

"Wouldn't that be a bit obvious?" he was asking Percy sharply, using his most overwhelming tone as he pulled a long upper lip and glared through his spectacles. "The idea is to conceal it from the road."

"What do I want to conceal it for?" croaked Ferguson. "I'm building a house—not a siege gun."

"Let's take up the problem as we have it," persisted Hannan, impatiently seizing a fork and beginning to draw designs on the tablecloth.

Norma could have screamed. This hateful Hannan, feeding unbidden at her table, was using her best cloth as a drawing board in order to do her husband out of a five-hundred-thousand-dollar job!

"You see—or, don't you see?—that on such a rise of ground you can't build a driveway to face the road. Therefore it's got to face the other way; the driveway to wind round—so." He sketched with the tine of his fork. "The qualified Tudor house I am planning should give an effect of being half buried in the landscape."

Nudds was just brushing by with plates in his hand and Norma whispered bitterly:

"Tell that idiot to stop marking up my tablecloth!"

"Yes, madam," agreed the automaton, with no intention of obeying.

"What am I spending half a million for?" Percy was creaking when next she hearkened. "To chuck it in a hole and cover it with bushes? I want a house that means something; a house that people can see from the road and cuss at if they feel like it. But I don't want to be buried under a landscape. There's time enough for that after I'm dead."

"Percival!" soothed Mrs. Ferguson just in time; for Hannan was reddening visibly.

"I don't think I can violate my artistic conscience," said he, sitting back and, much to Norma's relief, laying down his fork.

"Maybe not. If everybody felt that way there wouldn't be any business done. I'm paying for a house, and I want the house I want. Suppose I ordered a carload of pig iron and they sent me coke instead because their artistic consciences wouldn't stand violating? I'd be crazier than I am, I guess, if I didn't kick."

The ladies, it seemed, had been buzzing between themselves, and their words became audible as the men growled into silence. Norma at once dreaded and hoped that they would again distress her with the truth about herself; but, instead, they were delving deliciously in the scandals of the set that Mrs. Hannan knew and Mrs. Ferguson read about.

The two men sulked over their duck and, Norma remarked to herself, swilled their champagne; they were disgusting. Norma's feet were tired and her eyes were aching for the tears she would have shed had she dared. She would have given worlds to have been away from it all, and yet she would not have missed it for the world! Such is the curse of Eve—the eavesdropper.

Inwardly she was entirely crushed with the outrageous things this party had come here to tell her. Once she resolved to escape, to dash past them so quickly that they would think her an apparition, and go somewhere, anywhere, until they were out of the house; but when she surveyed the bright glare of the dining room and the great stretch of floor she would have to cover before she could gain the front door, she gave it up and borrowed a chair from the haughty Moselle.

Presently the name "Norma" came floating again to her ears and she resumed her post at the crack.

"I gave her the best of everything ——" Marian was saying, and Percy was interrupting:

"Best of everything when you were through with it! I bet she never wore anything that wasn't secondhand all the years I knew her. She put up a pretty spunky fight, if you ask me! Trouble with Norma was, she entered the wrong field of endeavor."

"She was really very amusing," Mrs. Ferguson turned spitefully to the lady in pink. "The best company in the world, and so—adjustable. She was a bit of a Becky Sharp, though; never quite knew her place, and no loyalty. I wish, for my own sake, that she'd stayed single; for an attractive, foot-loose old maid without any money is one of the greatest conveniences in the world. Now that she's married ——" A shrug implied her complete uselessness.

Mrs. Hannan contributed a sympathetic anecdote. It seemed that she had had an invaluable maid who had married the one perfect chauffeur, and so spoiled two rare treasures. The transition from poor Norma to the maid seemed quite natural.

Then, after a pause, Hannan turned the limelight again upon himself. He spoke lovingly of his plans for a towering Hudson water gate; of his converse with noble minds on the subject of beautifying America.

As if in mockery of it all, Norma could see poor Nat's roll of drawings on a chair by the wall where his heedlessness had dropped them before he fled from the evening's horrors.

She turned tearfully to the task of helping the now humbled Moselle wash a change of silver for dessert.

"Fine folks," philosophized the colored duchess in the accents of her mother, "ain't so grand when you look at 'em out uvva kitchenette. No, ma'am!"

Now the elaborate paper boxes and tins in which components of the *Pêche Reine des Fées* were packed must be opened. Amid Moselle's ecstatic whispers of "Man! Ma-a-an!" Nudds was taking out the four perfect peaches, skinned, pitted and stuffed with nuts. Almost reverentially he unpacked the precious sauce of wild strawberries and poured it over the fruit in the wide-mouthed wine glasses. Busily, then, he puffed his way into the dining room and was back in a moment with the torn fragments of that costly, bloody duck.

"Pardon, ma'am," announced he, pointing his crablike eyes at Norma, "the gentleman says 'e's filled."

"Filled?" echoed she, enviously regarding the four perfect peaches.

"'E says 'e's 'ad sufficiently, ma'am, and requires 'is coffee."

"He can't have it now. I've paid for this dessert and he's got to eat it," announced the lady of the house decisively.

"Very good, ma'am," replied the slave to duty; and again he disappeared into the dining room.

No rebellious clamor arose when Nudds, a moment later, bore in the dessert. Through the crack in the screen Norma could see him pouring over the peaches their funeral libation of dry champagne.

"Indigestible and fussy!" creaked Ferguson; and he fell to, cleaning his plate before the others were well started. "What d'you all say we go to the Winter Palace?" he next spoke up. "Nothing in town's worth seeing, but anything's better than sitting round glaring at each other."

There came a compliant chorus and Norma enjoyed her first triumphant thrill. They had slandered her and Nat; they had robbed them of their chance—but those abominable Fergusons were going to pay for the dinner.

Old Percy sat roaring for coffee and cigars, and no sooner were the box of salon panetelas opened and the little cups set beside the plates than he began to fidget again at Marian.

"Get your things on! Get your things on!" he nagged.

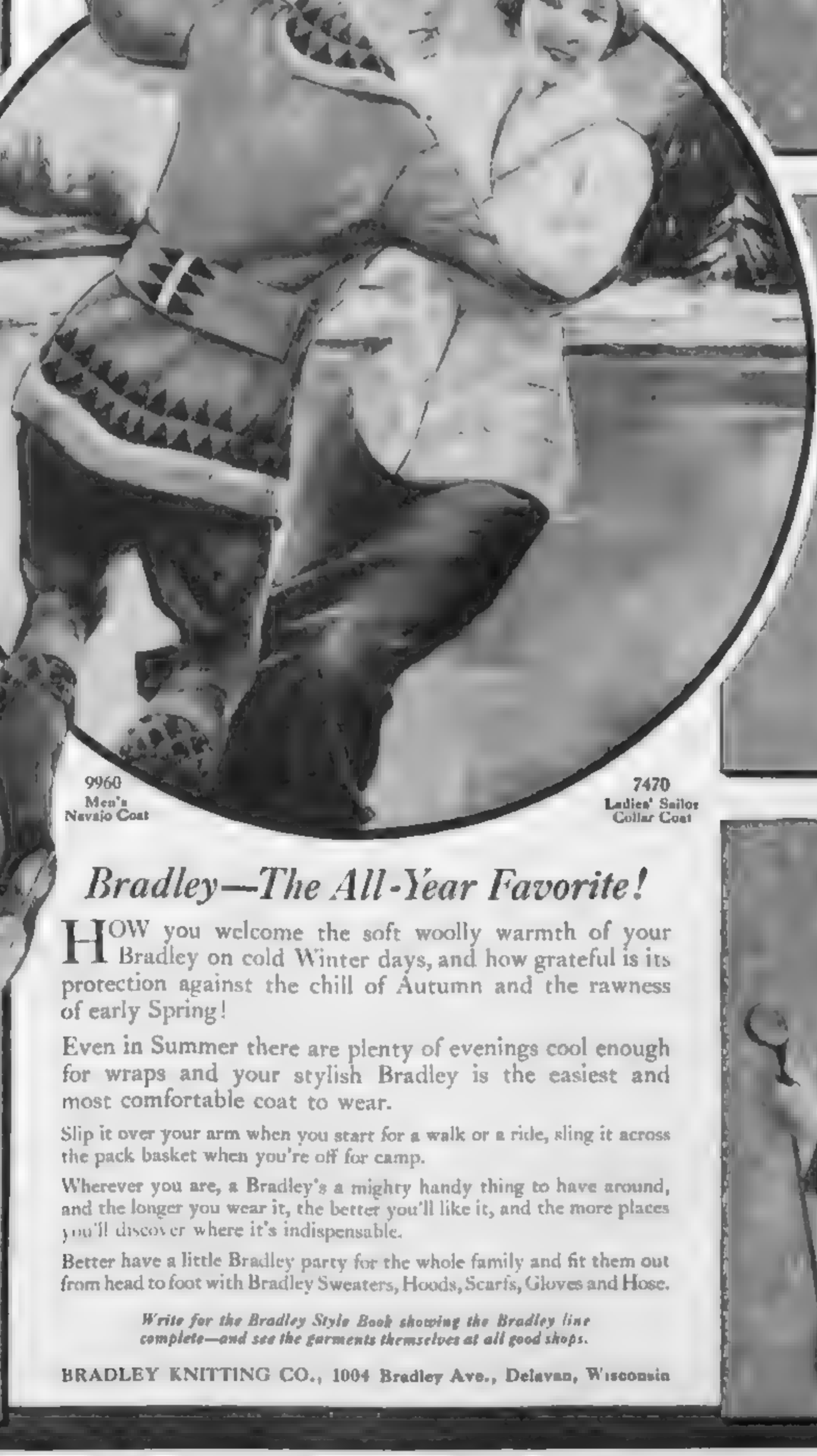
The ladies rose at this polite request and went into the living room. The sight, to Norma, emblemed freedom—freedom forever from those thankless tyrants and all their kind. Her last errand was run; her last concession made. What a showing-up this had been of herself and her pretended friends! She would take her Nat and sink to poverty; she would sew, scrub, chop wood. But never again would she seek or accept favors.

The two men were now lolling in their chairs—Norma's chair and Nat's—at the round table. Cocking the expensive cigars

(Continued on Page 78)

Bradley

KNIT WEAR



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Navajo Coat

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Ladies' Sailor
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HOW you welcome the soft woolly warmth of your Bradley on cold Winter days, and how grateful is its protection against the chill of Autumn and the rawness of early Spring!

Even in Summer there are plenty of evenings cool enough for wraps and your stylish Bradley is the easiest and most comfortable coat to wear.

Slip it over your arm when you start for a walk or a ride, sling it across the pack basket when you're off for camp.

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Better have a little Bradley party for the whole family and fit them out from head to foot with Bradley Sweaters, Hoods, Scarfs, Gloves and Hose.

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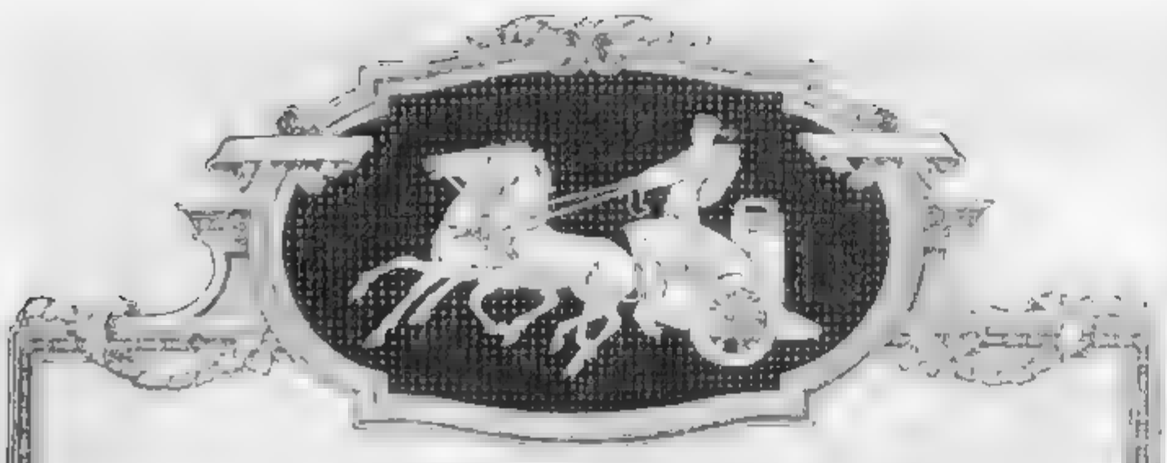

Doors and Floors

The first thing your visitors see as they call to welcome you home from your summer absence is the appearance of your front door. If it is not quite as fine as it should be

Murphy Transparent Spar Varnish

"the varnish that lasts longest"

will put it in attractive condition and it will last—last under storm and sun. You can rub it to an egg-shell finish if you want to.

The next things your visitors will see are your floors.

Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish

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will freshen them, too, and the cost and trouble is less than most people think.

And remember that you will then get constant satisfaction from your front door and your floors.

Quality is Economy

Ask your painter also about

Murphy Transparent Interior Varnish
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Shall we send you a book—"The House that Found Itself", which tells what varnish will do to preserve and beautify your home?

Murphy Varnish Company

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(Continued from Page 76)

at various angles, they regarded one another quizzically across the roses.

"A very amusing room for a cheap one," said the architect at last, turning his eyes from Percy to the paneling.

"I don't see anything so darned comical about it," said the old man, beginning to wheeze. "You're rather easily amused, Hannan."

"Oh," said Hannan with a dusty laugh, "when we say amusing we mean anything cleverly managed—out of the ordinary."

"It's like calling a spade an implement." Ferguson cocked his cigar toward his left eye and tendered the architect a bilious glare. "When doctors, housebuilders and automobile salesmen get to doing that, you may be sure things are beginning to run up into money."

"Do you know, Ferguson," said Hannan after a pause, "I got a great deal of prestige in my younger days through my gift for saying disagreeable things. The habit's grown on me with success. But when I listen to you I find myself so splendidly outmatched that I want to retire and go into a monastery."

Ferguson rewarded this speech with a dry wheeze and bit a little deeper into his cigar. Hannan rose and set to fingering Nat's pretty copies of old French flower paintings. Ferguson yawned; and presently he, too, shuffled to his feet. His hands thrust deep into his elephantine trousers, he began a tour of the room. Presently he stopped and Norma's heart stopped with him; for he was leaning over the chair upon which Nat had dropped his plans and sketches.

"Hi-ho-hum!" yawned the old man, like an overfed ogre, and casually picked up the scroll.

Clumsily he unwrapped the outer layer and permitted a coil of blue prints to fall bouncingly to the floor. The tableau was enacted right in front of Norma's nose, Hannan running his thumb along the molding as he came closer to big Ferguson, who was holding up Nat's water color and squinting sidewise.

"Did you bring this?" he asked Hannan, after a critical pause in which the architect had joined him.

"I'm not in the habit of carrying samples round with me," replied the pert little man.

"That's a darned pretty thing, don't you think?"

Hannan perked his head, tilted his cigar, and replied:

"Amusing. Banal. Mixed pickles. Amusing!"

"Found another laugh, have you?" inquired Percy gratingly.

"Those ornamental tiles, for instance."

"Darned pretty!"

"You've expressed it."

Hannan was fingering one of the mechanical drawings he had picked up.

"First floor plan. All out of balance. Fellow has a bad sense of proportion. Amusing stairway." He picked up another sheet: "Second floor. Closets—my word! Fine idea of economy there—ingenious arrangement."

"Hannan," croaked old Percy, holding the water color against the wall with the ends of his fingers while he stood away as far as his frontal development would permit, "that's a house! A proud house. The front door isn't in the back and the main driveway doesn't look like a tradesman's entrance. Ostentatious and elegant. It ain't one of your new art effects, with two bricks and nine chimneys showing behind a grapevine."

"It is all you say of it," concurred Ambrose Hannan.

Ferguson permitted the water color to roll up with a papery snap as he dropped it on the chair and yawned again.

"Those women have clinched again," he moaned, peering into the drawing-room. "Waiter!" Mr. Nudds promptly presented himself. "Check!"

A sickening faintness swept over Norma as her temporary butler held forth the slip from her horizon-blue pad.

"A hundred and ten dollars and sixty-five cents!" wheezed the genial host. "What sort of a badger game are you running on me?"

"Excuse me, sir. The dinner was specially ordered, sir," fluttered Mr. Nudds.

"I didn't specially order it!" Ferguson's voice was roaring in full volume.

"I dare say, sir." The servant retreated out of striking distance.

The room beyond the crack swam round and round in Norma's eyes.

"I didn't make any lump-sum bid on this contract. Go to your manager and get me an itemized bill."

"Yes, sir." Nudds staggered toward the kitchen.

"Aren't you ever coming?" Norma could hear Mrs. Ferguson's contralto distantly wailing.

"Hannan, I'm not going to be robbed," old Percy was snarling. "You take the ladies down to the car and I'll stick round until this check business is straightened out."

Hazily the spy behind the screen could see the architect join the two women beyond. In the attitude of a bear watching a rabbit hole, Ferguson crouched in a chair directly in front of the kitchenette door.

Norma snatched the blue slip from the hand of Nudds and, all a-tremble, borrowed a stubby pencil from Moselle. On the other side of the leaf she attempted to reconstruct that elaborate dinner, purchase by purchase. Never in the world had she been able to make figures balance. Outside she could hear the waiting fiend snort defiantly.

The figures, which this afternoon had so neatly totaled a hundred and ten, insisted on adding up to ninety-four, and refused to go beyond. The chair outside rattled and creaked. She was wild with fear that he would take the whim to burst through the screen.

At last she remembered. She hadn't put down cigars and dessert. In an instant she had jotted the figures into the column, made the addition, and handed the check to Nudds.

"Bunk!" came the snarl a moment later. "We smoked two forty-cent cigars. Here you thieves have charged me for the whole box!"

In the awful pause Norma could hear the feminine voices fading away. The front door slammed.

"I'll ask the lady, sir."

"I *thought* this place was being run by a woman!" snorted the monster. "Send the proprietor to me."

Another awful pause. Norma turned upon the kitchenette the eyes of a frightened little animal, seeking vainly for a hole into which she could crawl. Nudds dodged into her presence, accusingly holding up the scrap of paper.

"'E says, ma'am ——"

"Make him go away—tell him it's all right—he can pay whatever ——"

A panel of the screen was drawn harshly aside and she found herself standing exposed to the purple-veined nose, bilious eyes and stubby mustache of old Percy Ferguson. Somewhere in the background Moselle tittered. The flat feet of Nudds shuffled nervously in the constricted space of the kitchenette.

"For the love of barley!" Ferguson broke the silence with a tone that was almost prayerful.

"I—I'm sorry about the mistake," Norma found herself echoing away off somewhere.

"Mistake! Norma, when in Sam Hill did you begin working for Tanquay?"

An inner humor told her how crazy she must have looked, standing in that culinary box, dressed for the evening, a butler and a colored maid hiding behind her skirts. She must have seemed weak and pitiful, too, for old Percy's voice suddenly grew paternal as he said:

"Come out of the oven, Norma. Let's sit down."

She followed him to the dining room and collapsed into a chair.

"Why don't you make that British marvel give you something to eat?" he scolded, eying her in the manner of kindly truculence she so well remembered. "I'll bet you haven't had a bite!"

"I haven't had time," she quavered.

"Norma!" He fixed her with the eye of a bilious elephant. "I thought I had been up against every game there was."

"I didn't intend it should be you," she told him in a sudden gust. "I wouldn't have had it happen for a hundred thousand dollars!"

"You're running it up into money," he commented.

"We'd ordered this dinner. And when you said you couldn't come—well, we couldn't afford to eat it ourselves. So I asked Pierre to get us somebody. It was horrid! It wasn't right that I should have had to endure this!"

She wrung her hands and longed to scream out invectives against them all.

"I see. You blew yourselves to the limit—wanted to get us here and sell us something—didn't you, Norma?"

"You and Marian needn't trouble yourselves further on that score," she assured him coolly.

The great body began to tremble, jelly-like, but never a sound made he.

"Ain't that New York again?" he gurgled at last. "This phony old town! And you're in the game. All front and no back."

"I don't understand you."

"I've been looking over this plant, Norma. When you enter by the front door you think you've stepped into the best throne room of the Czar of Europe. Dining room like Dick Canfield's private saloon. Where d'you live? Where d'you cook? Where d'you sleep? There, there, Norma. Don't get mad!"

She clutched the sides of her chair and could have dug her nails gleefully into that pachydermous hide.

"I'm a disagreeable old codger," he explained contritely. "It's a habit—you ought to discount me. You must be putting up an awful fight. But let me give you a business tip: If your husband wants to build me a house, why don't he take off his silk stockings and wade in? I've got an office, and so has he."

"We don't want to build you a house!" she stormed, giving way to shameful rage. "Not for every dollar that makes you and your wife a pair of town bullies!"

He sat up straight, his ugly old face grown suddenly grave.

"Norma, you've been listening!" he said at last.

She only turned away her face, enraged that the tears should be flowing so childishly.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he told her gruffly. "It's women's talk—rich women's talk. You can't blame 'em if their claws are extra sharp; they're so expensively manicured. And I'll bet a year of my life that if you had married thirty million and had been sitting at that table, and Marian had been down and out, hiding behind a screen ——"

The argument seeming to make no dent upon her grief, he persisted clumsily:

"Believe me, I wouldn't have had that happen—not for a hundred times the price of your very good dinner. I want you to forgive that purse-proud clatter. I always had a sneaking admiration for you, Norma, because you were a scrapper to the last. But the odds were against you. To gather money off a rich woman is harder than skinning an eel with a wooden spoon."

This statement of his favorite theory gained him nothing. He stirred uneasily in his chair.

"I want to square myself for this rotten break," he blurted. "Hannan hasn't got me hypnotized the way he's got Marian. Suppose you send your husband round to me to-morrow with his plans ——"

"Will you please go?" She sprang to her feet and ground the heel of her slipper into the rug. "Don't stay a minute! I will not be insulted again by you or your wife. We're through with you—with everything and everybody like you. There isn't anything in the world worth what we'd have to stand ——"

She heard him feebly apologizing; this old tyrant, who had never been crossed by a butler, a government or a board of directors, stood stuttering like a schoolboy:

"I—I only wanted to do something. At least, Norma, let's keep this mess to ourselves. There's no use ——"

He faded into the big room and left her panting with the invectives she yearned to hurl at his head. At the door she could see him doling bills into Nudds' willing clutch.

At a late hour the servants left, having restored the apartment to its customary appearance of regal order. Norma had slipped on her kimono, taken down her hair, and pulled out the folding-bed arrangement of the Charles II settee.

"All front and no back!" Her head was thumping with the repeated phrase as she lay staring at the one pale light in the antique sconce.

It was growing late. She wanted Nat to come home at once, so that she could settle with him candidly the humble, honest basis upon which they were to pursue their lives hereafter. All front and no back! What a decorative sham had hidden their miserable shoddiness! Instead of human beings living in homely contact with a real world, they had been window displays. And now the window was broken; its contents poured out into the unfriendly street.

And yet Norma felt relief. They could scrape together a few dollars and move to a suburb where rents were cheap and the Social Register unknown; where kitchens were wide and bedrooms plentiful; where dogs barked and children played on the sidewalks.

She was cruelly glad to have had her chance with old Ferguson. To have refused his patronizing offer was in the way of making amends for her parasitic, sponging years. She and Nat should be honest from now on; honest and openly poor. . . . She thought of how her husband withered under the frost of unsuccess. Her boy—her weak boy—could be as commanding and confident as Hannan himself, once given a chance.

But there are chances one must not take. Swindlers, Marian Ferguson had called the McKeens as she sat at their table, eating their food. No wonder Percy had besought her to keep silent!

Wouldn't Nat be coming home pretty soon? She thought of telephoning to his club, but merely turned on her hard pillow. He must be told at once; told that their lives and their program were to change absolutely. How long he stayed away! Bitterly she thought of him anæsthetizing away the pain of this latest failure beside a tall glass. He would probably do this more and more now—for Nat was of the kind who must drug themselves into the illusion of success.

He came in quietly at last, just as she had dozed. She didn't dare look at him for a while; and when she turned her head she found him standing curiously beside her. His hair was rumpled, his eyes strangely rolling, and the hard front of his evening shirt was peeping out aggressively.

"Norma," he said in a queerly repressed key, "take a look at your husband! The mountain has walked up and bought drinks for Mohammed. He took me to his club; he drowned me with favors; he ——"

"What in the world are you talking about?" she asked, alarmed out of herself.

"Ferguson!" cried he; but his cheeks were crimson and, as he threw out his arms, he gave the effect of a man about to fly. "I'm not drunk. I'm crazy—and I ought to be. He's given me the order to build his new house!"

Norma raised herself on her elbow and uttered not a word.

"He hunted me up at the Architects' Club, took me over to the Metropolitan, and literally threw his house at my head. Dumped gold nuggets on me with a coal scuttle. He seems to know all about the plans for my Vul—my Gregorian Villa. He's as eager as a schoolboy. Wants me to go over to Long Island to-morrow and see the land. And—my word!—how he did lace it to Ambrose Hannan! I couldn't have thought of the things he called him ——"

Nat went burbling on—the full wild Arabian Nights story of success. He seemed to have grown inches taller, and the ring of boyish enthusiasm had come back, sounding like a great bell. She saw the miracle before her eyes—a shining conqueror had stepped forth from the shriveled rag of failure. . . . "Poor Norma!" The spiteful taunt of the woman who had sat at her table and called her a swindler rang in her ears.

She opened her lips and made a dry sound; a hard task was before her. Nat, of course, must be told and made to know from what source this patronage was coming to him. But he was rattling heedlessly on, deducing self-praise from his triumphant interview. That talk with Ferguson had given him new life. A hundred rosy ideas seemed to blossom out of the patches of his brain, which had lain sterile so long. He was delirious with new projects and ambitious schemes.

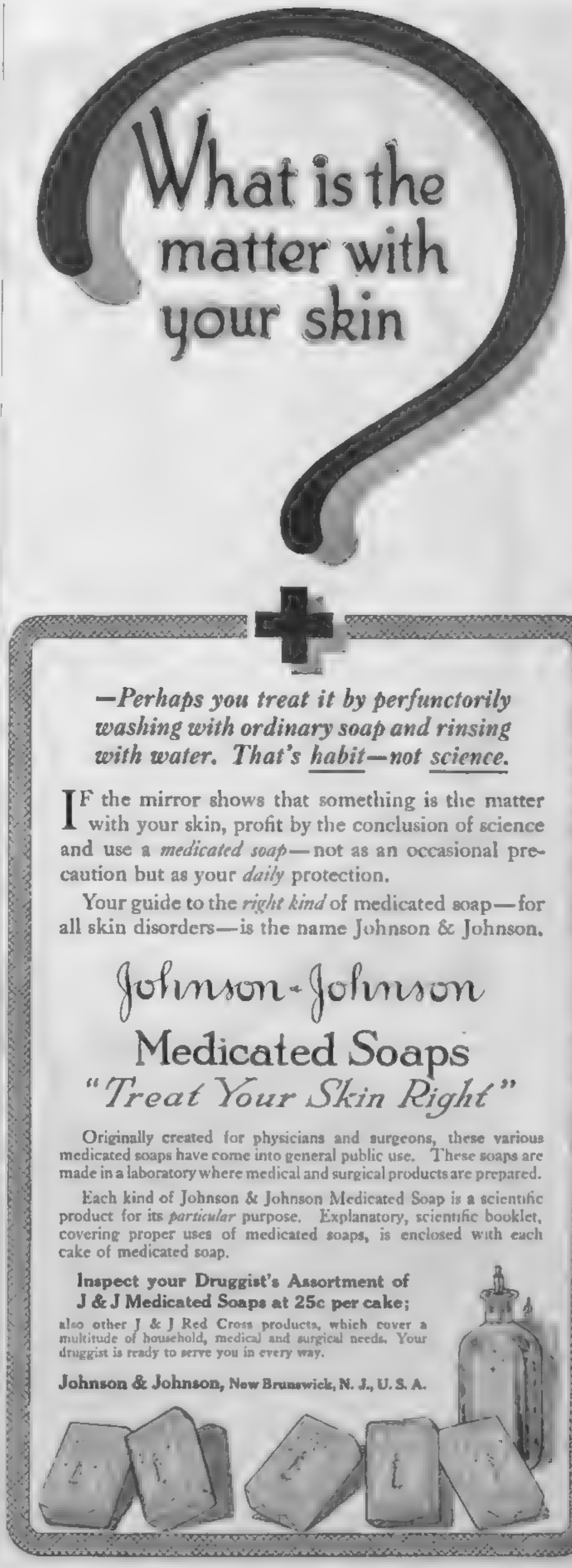
What would be the best way in which to tell him now? How could she be humane and yet warn her darling man away from that poisoned success—the money that was to be flung at them like an insult? The money that was putting fresh blood into his veins!

And there she sat, giving forth little Oh's at regular intervals, denoting pleasure and wifely sympathy. The set smile she wore, frozen on her face, seemed to hearten him for a while; but presently his self-directed pæan grew fainter, and he said in a voice that grew suddenly concerned:

"Norma, what in the world's the matter? Aren't you happy? Aren't you glad?"

"Oh, my dear boy! I'm so happy! I'm so glad!"

She said it over and over, struggling to force warmth into cold words. Then she gathered him maternally into her arms.



—Perhaps you treat it by perfunctorily washing with ordinary soap and rinsing with water. That's habit—not science.

IF the mirror shows that something is the matter with your skin, profit by the conclusion of science and use a *medicated soap*—not as an occasional precaution but as your *daily* protection.

Your guide to the *right kind* of medicated soap—for all skin disorders—is the name Johnson & Johnson.

Johnson-Johnson

Medicated Soaps

"Treat Your Skin Right"

Originally created for physicians and surgeons, these various medicated soaps have come into general public use. These soaps are made in a laboratory where medical and surgical products are prepared.

Each kind of Johnson & Johnson Medicated Soap is a scientific product for its *particular* purpose. Explanatory, scientific booklet, covering proper uses of medicated soaps, is enclosed with each cake of medicated soap.

Inspect your Druggist's Assortment of J & J Medicated Soaps at 25c per cake;

also other J & J Red Cross products, which cover a multitude of household, medical and surgical needs. Your druggist is ready to serve you in every way.

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., U. S. A.

Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES FOR ALL PURPOSES

Little Things that Keep Big Things Going

Over the rails speeds the fast flying train as powerful electric motors turn the wheels. But not an inch could the train move until the flow of electric current to the motor had been started by the turning of a little controller handle.

From the Central Station electrical energy, produced by great turbo-generators, streams out over the wires to light the city and drive the machinery of industry. But before a single light could shine forth or a factory wheel move, voltage regulators, transformers, circuit-breakers, meters and many other lesser electrical units had to be provided.

Wherever you find electricity doing any of the many gigantic tasks it now performs—whether it be driving a train or operating a steel mill, illuminating a city or providing power for a vast trolley system—you will find not only turbo-generators, motors of tremendous horsepower and other large-unit apparatus, but countless indispensable smaller devices.

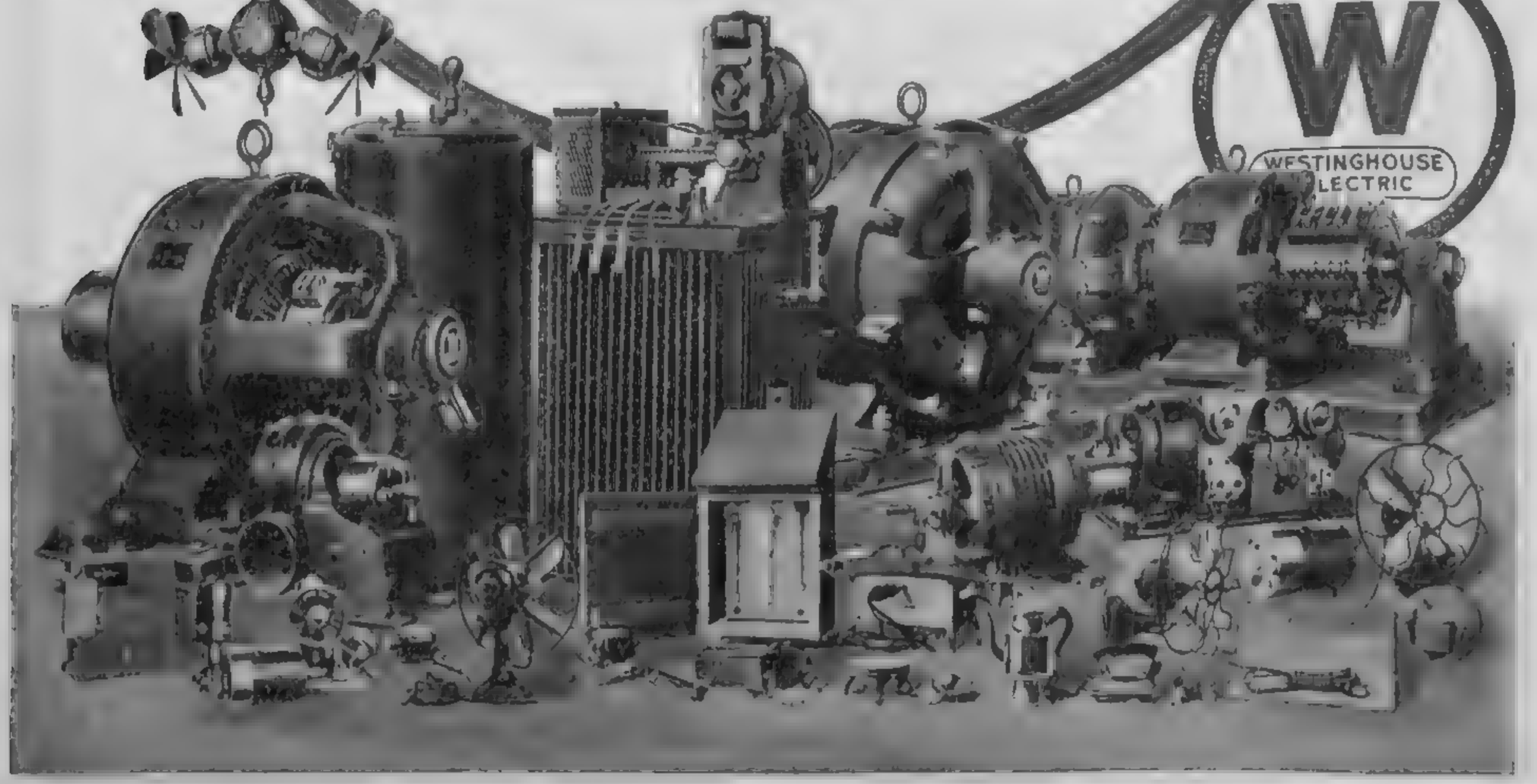
Without these little things to keep them going, the big things are impotent.

Right here is one of the reasons for Westinghouse pre-eminence in the electrical world—that while developing and manufacturing the big things, it has always kept in mind the tremendous importance of the little things.

By producing them it makes certain that they will contribute to the successful operation of the larger Westinghouse apparatus and be available in the quantity required by the great number of Westinghouse installations.

So today you will find the name Westinghouse on more than 300,000 separate items, including almost every product needed in making and using electricity.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES FOR ALL PURPOSES

Some of the 300,000

Only comparatively few of the many Westinghouse products can be listed here. The following, however, will give you an idea of the vastness and variety of Westinghouse output:

For the Home

Electric Ware, including:

Toaster Stoves, Toasters, Irons, Warming Pads, Curling Irons, Coffee Percolators, Chafing Dishes, Disc Stoves, Radiators and Sterilizers.

Automatic Electric Ranges
Fans
Incandescent Lamps
Small Motors

For driving Coffee Grinders, Ice Cream Freezers, Ironing Machines, Washing Machines, Meat Choppers, Vacuum Cleaners, Sewing Machines, Polishing and Grinding Wheels, Small Lathes and other Machine Tools, Pumps and Piano Players.

The Sew-Motor

For the Garage

Battery Charging Outfits
Insulating Tape
Mazda Lamps
Electric Radiators
Small Motors

For driving Lathes, Tire Pumps, Machine Tools, Polishing and Grinding Lathes.

Solder and Soldering Fluids
Tire Vulcanizers

For the Office and Store

Electric Radiators
Fans
Arc Lamps
Mazda Lamps
Small Motors

For driving Addressing Machines, Dictaphones, Adding Machines, Cash Carriers, Moving Window Displays, Signs, Flashers, Envelope Sealers, Duplicators, etc.

Ventilating Outfits

For Automobiles, Electric

Battery Charging Outfits
Charging Plugs and Receptacles
Lamps
Meters
Motors and Controllers
Switches
Tire Vulcanizers

For Automobiles, Gasoline

Battery Charging Outfits
Lamps
Meters
Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems, embracing:

Starting Motors, Generators, Ignition Units, Lamps, Headlights, Switches, etc.

Tire Vulcanizers

For Mines

Arc Lamps
Compressors
Locomotives
Motors for Hoists and Pumps
Motor-Generators
Portable Sub-stations
Switchboards
Line Material
Ventilating Outfits

For Hotels, Restaurants, Bakeries and Laundries

Electrical Cooking Apparatus
Elevator Motors and Controllers
Ceiling, Desk, Bracket and Gyrating Fans
Irons for Laundries and Tailors
Immersion Heaters
Arc Lamps
Mazda Lamps
Radiators
Small Motors

For driving Washing Machines, Dish Washers, Food Choppers, Grinders and Slicers, Dough Mixers, Egg Beaters, Ice Crushers, Ice Cream Freezers, Knife Grinders, Silver Polishers, Dumb Waiters and Vacuum Cleaners.

Switchboards
Ventilating Outfits

For the Farm

Motors

For driving Churns, Cream Separators, Corn Shellers, Feed Grinders, Pumps Air Compressors Grindstones, Forge Blowers Fruit Cleaning Machines and Sorting Machines

Generators for Light, Power and Heating Apparatus

For Power Plants and Transmission Lines

Arc Lamps and Accessories
Circuit Breakers and Switches
Controllers
Control Systems
Frequency Changers
Fuses and Fuse Blocks
Generators
Insulating Material
Lamps, Incandescent and Arc
Lightning Arresters
Line Material
Locomotives
Meters
Motors
Motor-Generators
Rectifiers
Regulators
Relays
Solder and Soldering Fluids
Substations, Portable
Switchboards
Synchronous Converters
Transformers
Turbo-Generators

For Industrial Uses

Motors and Controllers for every application, the more important of which are:

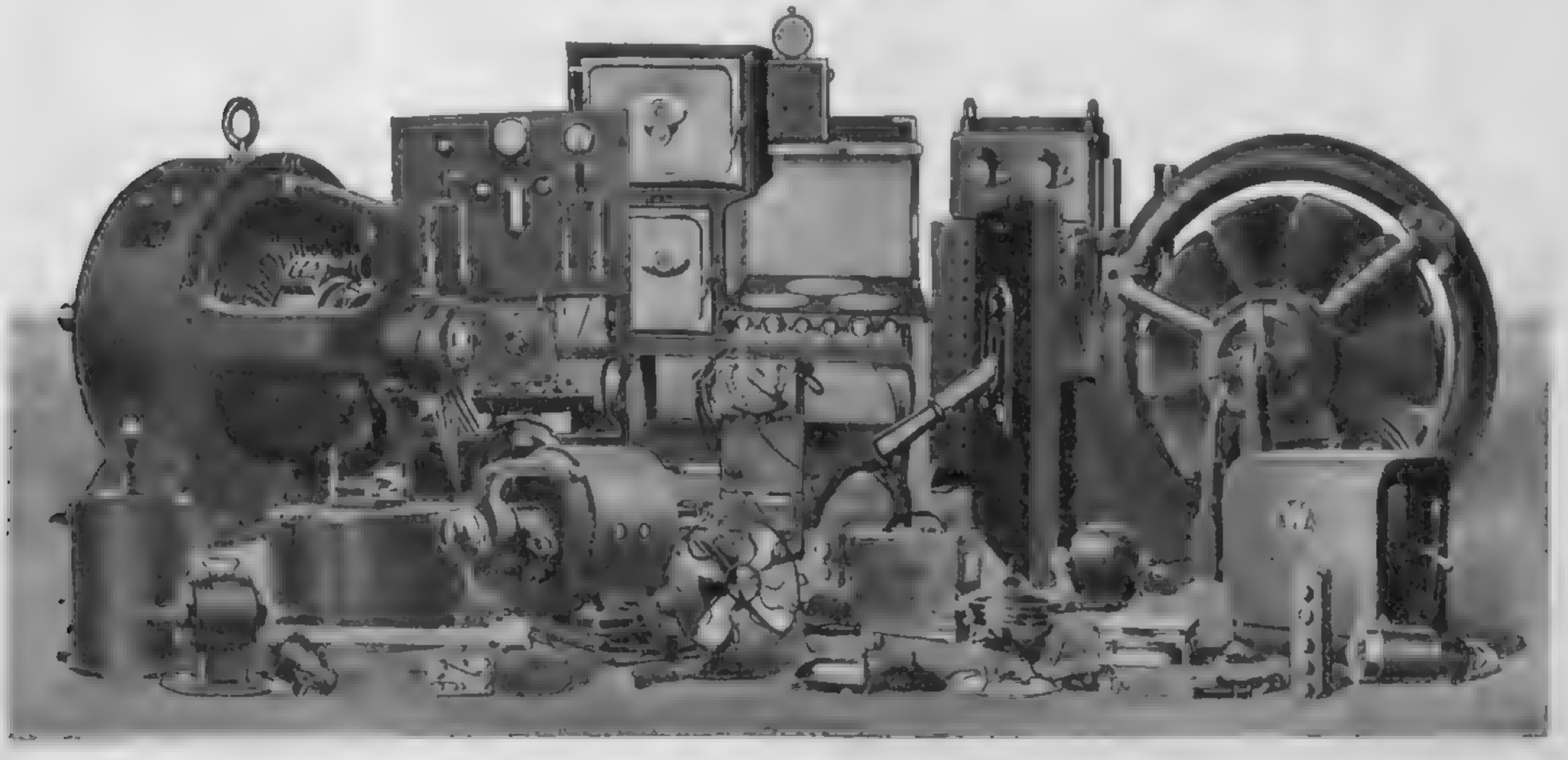
Machine Shops, Wood-working Plants, Textile Mills, Steel Mills, Flour Mills, Cement Mills, Brick and Clay Plants, Printing Plants, Irrigation, Elevators and Pumps

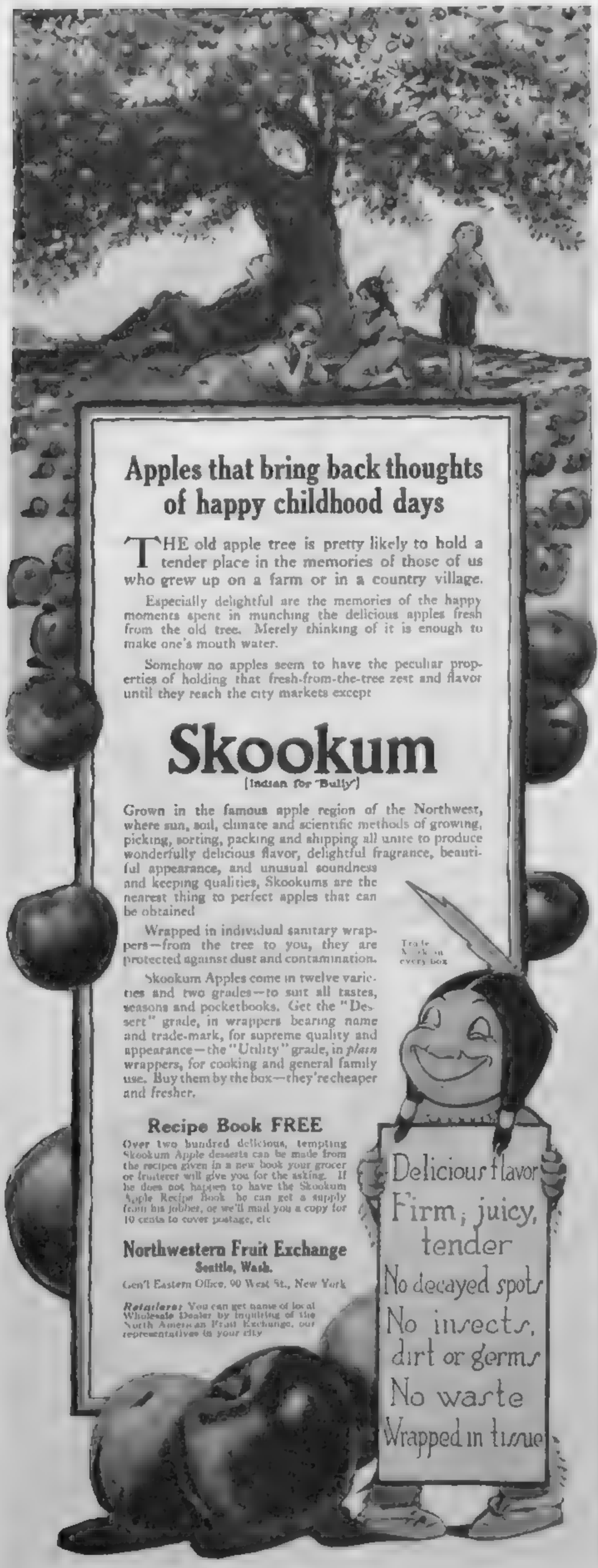
Welding Outfits
Heating Devices for industrial use, such as:

Chocolate Warmers, Glue Pots and Cookers, Immersion Heaters, Solder Pots, Hat Making Machinery, Electric Ovens.

For Transportation

Locomotives
Marine Equipments




Apples that bring back thoughts of happy childhood days
THE old apple tree is pretty likely to hold a tender place in the memories of those of us who grew up on a farm or in a country village.
Especially delightful are the memories of the happy moments spent in munching the delicious apples fresh from the old tree. Merely thinking of it is enough to make one's mouth water.
Somehow no apples seem to have the peculiar properties of holding that fresh-from-the-tree zest and flavor until they reach the city markets except
Skookum
[Indian for "Bully"]
Grown in the famous apple region of the Northwest, where sun, soil, climate and scientific methods of growing, picking, sorting, packing and shipping all unite to produce wonderfully delicious flavor, delightful fragrance, beautiful appearance, and unusual soundness and keeping qualities, Skookums are the nearest thing to perfect apples that can be obtained
Wrapped in individual sanitary wrappers—from the tree to you, they are protected against dust and contamination.
Skookum Apples come in twelve varieties and two grades—to suit all tastes, seasons and pocketbooks. Get the "Dessert" grade, in wrappers bearing name and trade-mark, for supreme quality and appearance—the "Utility" grade, in plain wrappers, for cooking and general family use. Buy them by the box—they're cheaper and fresher.
Trade Mark on every box
Recipe Book FREE
Over two hundred delicious, tempting Skookum Apple desserts can be made from the recipes given in a new book your grocer or fruiterer will give you for the asking. If he does not happen to have the Skookum Apple Recipe Book he can get a supply from his jobber, or we'll mail you a copy for 10 cents to cover postage, etc
Northwestern Fruit Exchange
Seattle, Wash.
Gen'l Eastern Office, 90 West St., New York
Retailers: You can get name of local Wholesale Dealer by inquiring of the North American Fruit Exchange, our representatives in your city
Delicious flavor
Firm, juicy, tender
No decayed spots
No insects, dirt or germs
No waste
Wrapped in tissue

Sense and Nonsense

Charge of the Light Brigade

A COUPLE of Texas negroes were discussing the war and what might be expected of them when the selective draft went into effect.

"I sho hopes dey puts me in de infantry," said one.

"Wha' fo'? Why, you fool nigger, de calvary is de on'y place to be. Dey don't git near so much fightin'."

"Maybe so," admitted the other. "Maybe so. But did you evah stop to figgah dey has to retreat sometimes?"

"Sho! What about it?"

"Well, when it comes to retreatin' I aim to retreat an' I don't aim to be bothehed wid no hoss!"

Selling Strategy

PROBABLY the safest, sanest, surest—and one might say the rarest—selling strategy in the world is to know one's line so thoroughly that nothing can surprise, confuse or shake one.

Other forms of strategy are all right for special occasions—emergencies; but the strategy that wins in selling, day after day, week after week, month after month, is knowing one's line so well and being so cram-full of enthusiasm about it that one forgets to use "selling arguments" and confines oneself to giving actual, definite information, with the assurance and enthusiasm that go with thorough familiarity with the goods one is selling.

Surprising as it may seem, according to purchasing agents, there is not so much competition in this form of strategy as you might think. Why, only the other day the purchasing agent of a very large concern was complaining that his most difficult job was to get salesmen to forget selling arguments and get down to actual facts about their lines.

He said it was surprising to find how often they were unable to do that; in fact, how often they could not answer some perfectly simple, natural question that any thoughtful buyer would want to have answered before purchasing.

"He can always 'find out from the factory' when questioned; but why doesn't he find out before he starts out to sell?" demands this purchasing agent. "I'm trying to buy if he will only let me. But no; he thinks he must sell me!"

Continuing, he went on to say that every big buyer knew the whole run of sales talks by heart; that they had little or no influence on him, because they were just forms that any experienced buyer could finish out if the salesman should stop short in the middle. Whereas he cheerfully admitted that the salesman who knew his line thoroughly and forgot that he was selling was listened to by the buyer; and that such a salesman stood a mighty good chance of getting an order if it were within the buyer's power to give it to him.

"Such salesmen are refreshing," he concluded.

It is just a case of taking one's little drum and drumming so well about one's line that the "drumee" becomes convinced and places his order. And, when you get right down to it, that is what selling is supposed to accomplish.

A Self-Starter

THE following advertisement appeared in a Kentucky newspaper:

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

SAFETY FIRST

I have been a good fellow, boys. I have earned all I spent, paid all I borrowed, lost all I lent; once loved a woman—high cost of flour has brought that to an end!

VOTE FOR

JAKE BROWN

FOR JAILER

HE WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR FRIEND

A Cautious Patriot

BEN HAPGOOD BURT, who writes popular songs, was haranguing a group of his fellow members of a theatrical club in New York City upon the subject of patriotism in the present national crisis. It was his contention that every man should do his bit—in the fighting line, if possible.

"Look here, Ben," spoke up a listener; "I haven't heard that you have enlisted yourself, yet."

"Oh, I've got my job all picked out!" said Burt. "And, what's more, it's going to be a job in the army too."

"What sort of a place are you going to fill?" asked another.

"I'm going to be chauffeur to a general with a yellow streak," said Burt.

Too Cold to Hear

GEORGE F. BURBA, a newspaper editor of Dayton, Ohio, was in Florida, and got to talking with a young colored chap who had never been north of Palm Beach.

"Yes; there was a foot and a half of snow when I left home," Burba was telling him. "It's been terribly cold for the last month—down below zero about half the time.

"The ice was eight inches thick. I don't suppose you would like to live in a climate like that, would you?"

"No, sah," replied the colored man; "I wouldn't!" And then he added: "And I don't like even to hear you talk about such a place as that, neither."

In Summer

THE day drifts by—as ships drift out to sea—
Morning, high noon, twilight's tranquillity;

And then—the peace the honeyed evening brings,
With the large moon and old rememberings.

Old memories, old raptures, old desires,
Old joys return, and Youth's immortal fires;

Old loves that still around the spirit lie
And whisper of long summer days gone by.

Oh, rapture of the world that crowds to-night
About my soul, and brings back lost delight,

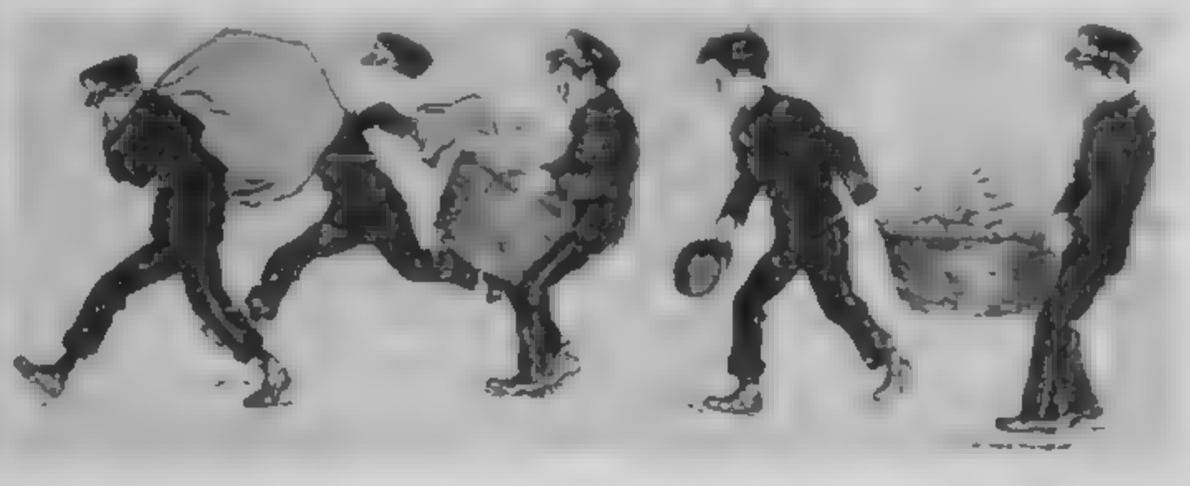
Bid me farewell when the last stars awake,
Or else my wounded heart will break—will break! —*Charles Hanson Towne.*

Sister Fannie's Travels

IN THE column devoted to Locals and Personals in a weekly newspaper published by a colored editor for colored consumption in a Southern town appeared the following signed communication from the heroine of the episode:

"Sister Ann Cunningham made an inspiring call on Sister Fannie Nelson, of Monroe Street, and gave her a dollar for the Charity Club, in the presence of Mrs. Sister Mitchell, from Tennessee. She sang a song entitled Sister Fix Your Feet For Travel, For Your Home is Over Jordan and offered prayer.

[Signed] "MRS. ANN CUNNINGHAM."



GERMANY'S ALLY AT TAMPICO

(Concluded from Page 19)

narrow-gauge railway track, awaiting the departure of the work train for the fields.

Puffing along at eight miles an hour the dummy engine jerks and whines through the jungle to the camp at Juan Casiano. Beside the tracks one sees mahogany and oak trees, banana plants, orange groves, cornfields, and here and there the straw-thatched roof of a peon's home. Men and women are dressed in one-piece garments; many children are naked; others—I saw one boy with his mother's shirtwaist hanging loosely from his shoulders.

Spanish moss, orchids and other plants grow as parasites over the trees, many of which are being strangled to death by this growth. Many parts of this territory have never been explored. Wild beasts rule the forests and hills. There are wild boars and snakes. Sometimes the latter come up on the railway bed for their sun nap. There are buzzards, the prehistoric scavengers, and Alice-blue butterflies. Beautiful birds of the tropics fly from bush to bush. Some places along the line the natives have planted corn. Their cattle graze along the roadway, and frequently the train stops to give the cows time to get off the track. Fields are so fertile that the corn averages more than twelve feet in height.

The planting is as primitive as the people are. The natives punch a hole in the earth with a stick, drop a grain of corn and cover it up. In two months they can gather the ears.

After one has traveled a few miles by train one enters the oil fields. Between the hills of the rolling country one sees the derricks where wells are being drilled. When the oil begins to gush out of the hole it is diverted into pipe lines, which carry it sixty miles to Tampico.

Wonderful Wells

Geologists estimate that this country for centuries has floated on oil, but less than eighteen years ago American explorers tapped the first well. At that time there was only one company in the field. To-day there are more than a score. Then the land could be purchased for less than fifty cents an acre. To-day the cheapest available land rents for five hundred dollars an acre per year, and the owners demand royalty on oil that may be extracted. The largest well ever discovered produced a million barrels a day, but only for five days. To-day boiling water gushes out into the lake. The next largest well is that of Cerro Azul. Its capacity is estimated at two hundred and sixty thousand barrels every twenty-four hours. It has been running steadily since 1914. The best wells produce more than sixty thousand barrels a day, and no well is considered very productive that does not give up ten thousand barrels between sunrise and sunrise. There is so much oil here that it gushes out of the ground as soon as a hole from two to three thousand feet deep has been drilled into the mud, limestone and sand. Some gushers have spouted oil six hundred and a thousand feet into the air before they were capped. One well emptied more than a million barrels into one of the valleys before it was capped.

From the railroad station we rode to the camp in a buckboard pulled by four mules. As the driver drew the reins General Enriquez saluted us. At last we were at one of the headquarters of the bandits. With Enriquez were his chief of staff, an Indian general, interpreters and soldiers. The general is short, heavily built and dark complexioned. He has long thin fingers, small feet and dark brown eyes. He wore a brown army shirt, riding breeches and tan boots. Round his instep were buckled heavy, hand-engraved silver spurs. From the cartridge belt hung a forty-eight-caliber revolver.

We sauntered uphill to Enriquez's headquarters. Bill, the guide, Enriquez and I sat on the general's bed. The three chairs were occupied by his staff. Pelaez had been there for a conference the night before but had left for the Cowdray camp at dawn. The conversation began with Carranza and ended with the President. But most of the talking was done by an Indian general who had just returned from a thirty-five-day hunt for Indians and others loyal to Carranza. His imagination was as unlimited as the oil fields and he gloried in having a foreign audience. His last battle was his most thrilling one.

It happened in this way: The Mexican Government sent rifles and ammunition to General Mariel, one of the Carranza leaders along the Gulf of Mexico, who immediately armed the half-civilized Teptzintla and Santa Maria Indians. These wild men started to raid the outskirts of the oil district and Enriquez's Indian general with a band of troopers was sent out to halt them. In thirty-five days of wilderness fighting two hundred Indians were accounted for, and then the general entered a small town where he found seven bandits—he called the Carranza troops bandits—terrorizing the village. Five were killed in the first skirmish, but the general was shot four times in his right knee and one of his soldiers was killed. A Carranza soldier, he said, emptied his automatic into the side of the trooper and then shoved the pistol into the wound. When the remaining two were captured they were executed.

The general told almost unbelievable tales. He said the wild Indians in a war dance, a few days before he arrived, had thrown women into the flames as sacrifices. This is the Liberty, Justice and Law of the oil jungle!

For the benefit of the auto owner who, like myself, did not know how gasoline is produced, permit me to make this explanation: The crude oil as it comes from the earth is pumped to Tampico, where the refineries are located. Some is shipped to refineries in the United States. This oil is heated in large tanks to three hundred and fifty degrees. From these tanks it flows into cooling tanks; the heavy oil goes to the bottom and the vapor, or gasoline, flows out near the top. Gasoline is but the light ingredient of heavy mineral oil.

When the crude oil reaches Tampico the trouble begins. The Mexican Government taxes crude oil, gasoline, distillate and other by-products so heavily and the expenses of shipping it to England and the United States are so great that crude oil which costs twenty cents a barrel in Tampico must sell for sixty cents a barrel in Texas.

All the oil ships in and out of Tampico must go through the Pánuco River, which flows into the gulf seven miles from the city. The river must be dredged constantly to enable the ocean-going liners to reach the docks. Throughout the revolution all oil companies have been paying six cents a barrel bar tax to keep the river deep enough for their ships, but for nearly four years little dredging has been done.

A few months ago the central government notified the oil companies that an American dredging concern had been engaged to work in the river and that the oil companies would have to pay the costs, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars a month.

With conditions so unsettled and dangers lurking in every business deal the oil companies to-day are doing no development work. They are taking no chances. They believe that Article Twenty-seven permits the Mexican Government to confiscate their property and they declare that they cannot afford to spend more money in Tampico until they know how the government intends to interpret the constitution.

Trouble Ahead

The companies are literally between the jungle and the sea. No one knows what move the Carranza government may make. No one knows what steps the United States and the Allies will take to protect the oil country if the central government begins an invasion, as President Carranza announced it would do, in his speech before Congress on September third. At the opening of Parliament he proclaimed his intention of driving the rebels out of the oil fields. "They have been supported by foreign oil companies," he declared.. There is no doubt about this latter statement, but the companies maintain that if the fields were in the hands of the Mexican Government the government could maintain a strangle hold on the Allies—and Pelaez, they declare, is pro-Ally. The oil companies want a status quo until the war in Europe is over. Then, and perhaps sooner, the real fight about Tampico will begin. This part of the Mexican problem is not settled.

But on the surface of things in Tampico there is not a ripple. Pelaez cannot come into the city and the Carranza forces cannot go into the country without a fight. No Man's Land separates the belligerents here as it does in France.

The I. W. W. and the Germans are taking advantage of this chaotic situation, and they are preparing for eventualities. Some day there will be a clash in the oil fields or in Tampico, and when that hour comes the world will learn whether Germany's ally or the United States and her allies control the situation.

Further trouble in Tampico or in the oil districts will benefit Germany directly because it will affect the oil supply of the United States and Great Britain.

No one seems to know the solution in Tampico, but every foreigner hopes that the ammunition which the Mexican Government has obtained from the United States will not reach the Gulf of Mexico. The foreigners want a status quo until Germany is defeated. Then, then indeed, something will have to be done to settle the jurisdiction over the oil territory. Tampico oil is a world necessity. Anarchy, another German ally, cannot rule forever. Where there are smoldering flames of discontent there will be smoke.

THE FALSE FACES

(Continued from Page 5)

André Duchemin was the name inscribed in the credentials furnished him in recognition of signal assistance rendered the British secret service in its task of scotching the Prussian spy system. And the personality he chose to assume suited well the name. A man of modest and amiable deportment, viewing the world with eyes intelligent and curious, his temper reacting from its ways in terms of grave humor, Monsieur Duchemin passed peaceably on his lawful occasions, took life as he found it, made the best of irksome circumstances.

This last idiosyncrasy stood him in good stead. For the Assyrian failed to clear upon her proposed sailing date and for a livelong week thereafter chafed alongside her landing stage, steam up, cargo laden and stowed, nothing lacking but the Admiralty's permission to begin her westbound voyage—a permission inscrutably withheld, giving rise to a common discontent that the passengers dissembled to the various bests of their abilities, that is to say, in most cases thinly or not at all.

Yet they were none of them unreasonable beings. They had come aboard one and all keyed up to a high nervous pitch pardonable in such as must commit their lives to the dread adventure of the barred zone, wanting nothing so much as to get it over with, whatever its upshot. And everlasting procrastination required them day after day to steel their hearts anew against that terror which followed its furtive ways beneath the leaden waters of the Channel.

Alone among them this Monsieur Duchemin paraded successfully a false face of resignation, protesting no predilection whatsoever for a watery grave, no infatuate haste to challenge the Hun upon his chosen hunting ground. In the fullness of time it would be permitted to him to go down to the sea in this ship. Meantime he found it apparently pleasant and restful to explore the winding cobbled ways of that antiquated waterside community, made over by the hand of war into a bustling seaport, or to tramp the sunken lanes seaming those green old Cornish hills that embosomed the wide harbor waters, or to lounge about the broad white decks of the Assyrian, watching the traffic of the haven.

Daily in earliest dusk of dawn the wakeful might watch the faring forth of a weirdly assorted fleet of small craft, the day patrol, to relieve a night patrol as weirdly heterogeneous. Daily at all hours mine sweepers

(Continued on Page 86)

Roadster Top $40 For Your Ford Touring Top $60

Made Only For Ford Cars
1915-16-17 & 18 Models

Nothing yet produced for the comfort and convenience of motorists has created such a sensation among Ford owners as

The Koupet Top

For very little money you can quickly convert your Ford—either Roadster or Touring Car—into an all-year car for use anywhere, every day, regardless of the weather.

We have been building high-grade closed carriages for nearly 60 years. The Koupet Top combines all our skill and experience. Its exclusive, patented features cannot be had in any other top. The frame is of hardwood, and the top is ribbed, padded, and covered with the best quality rubberized duck. **The doors and panels are of strong, clear glass.**

The wind-shield is of the newest double-acting, ventilating type, with automatic hinges. **It fits solidly and tightly all around.**

The sliding doors and the wind-shield are easily operated and are automatically held in any position to meet weather conditions. **They will not rattle.**

The side panels and doors are easily removed. In fact, the Koupet Top in appearance [illegible] very similar to the high [illegible] and Sedan Tops.

The Koupet Top [illegible] It fits to the [illegible] your old top and wind-shield. Any "handy man" can install it.

It fits your car snugly. When closed it is wind and rain-tight and dust-proof. Write for circular or send your order now.

Roadster Top $40.00—Touring Top $60.00
F. O. B. Belleville

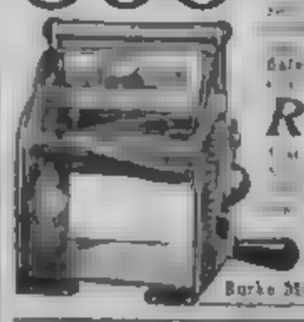
Heinzelman Bros. Carriage Co.
Estab. 1857
Jackson & "B" Sts. Belleville, Ill.

KEEP PEACE IN THE FAMILY
PAINT YOUR CAR YOURSELF WITH
Effecto AUTO FINISHES

Not a wax or polish, but a durable, quick-drying, high-luster auto enamel. Made in seven colors. Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert Co., 145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada: 9, Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

600 Shaves From One Blade



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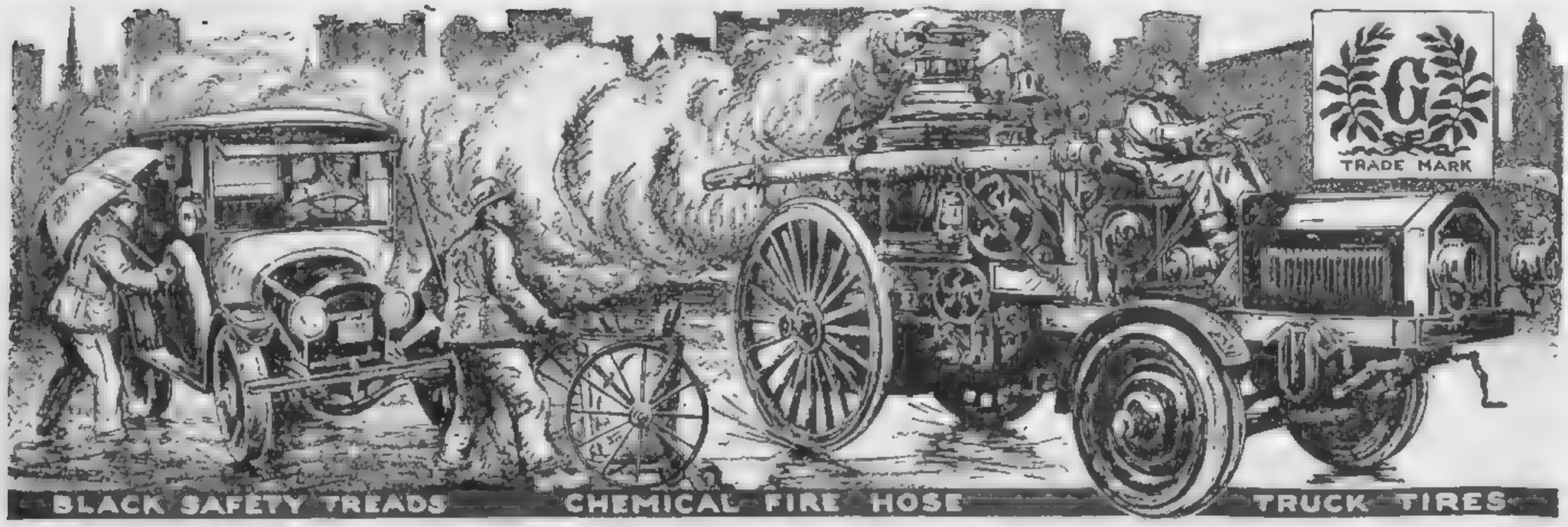
Rotastrop

10 Days Free Trial

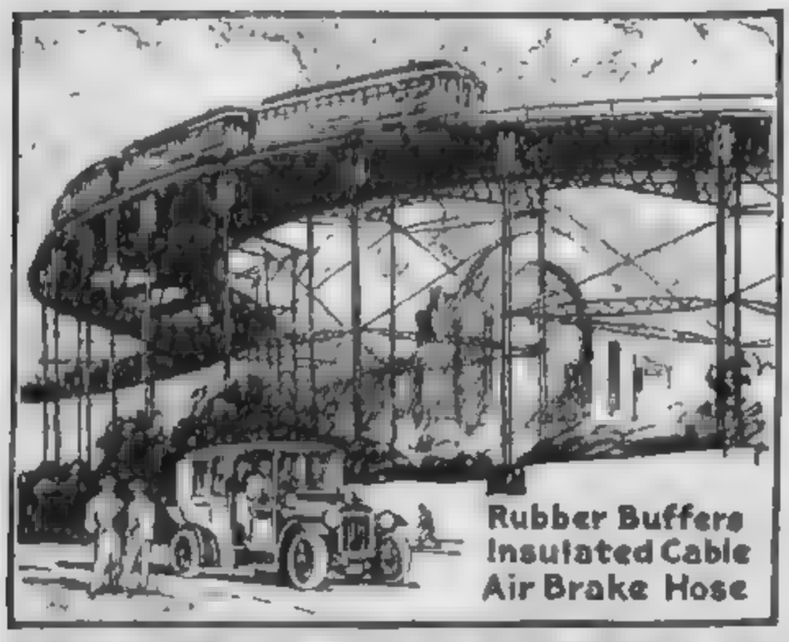
Burke Mfg. Co. Dept. 130 Dayton, O.

Salesmen! Draft Vacancies

Sales Mgr. TAYLOR BROS. CO. Rochester, N. Y.



GOODRICH



GOODRICH *and the* AMERICAN CITY

THE CITY is our civilization's most glorious achievement. It is the expression of our arts and crafts—the measure of our progress. The very word, *civilization*, at its root means "CITYLIZATION."

From the hour of the first city, the dread MENACE to it and all it means to us has been FIRE. Out of the peril, child of the city's need and service, the B. F. Goodrich Company was born. Its first product was a weapon to fight fire; a fire hose, given to fire fighters in 1871 by Dr. B. F. Goodrich, founder of the company.

Whatever claims manufacturers to-day make for their own fire hose, they readily admit that the White Anchor brand of Dr. Goodrich first met the critical needs of a fire fighting, long waged with makeshift hose.

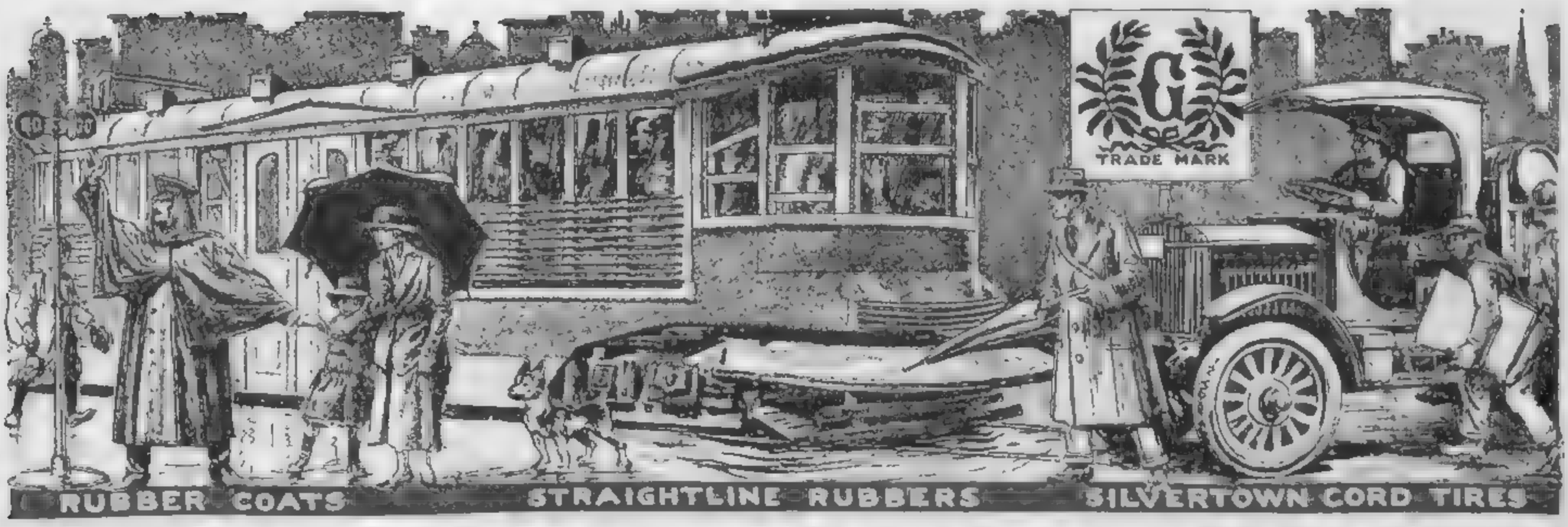
AS ALMOST half a century ago, Goodrich rubber to-day stands between the American City and annihilation by fire.

The alarm sounds probably over *Goodrich insulated wire*. The chief speeds to the call on Safety Tread Tires. Firemen spring to rubber helmets, Hipress boots, and rubber coats. Hose carts, chemical wagons, probably fitted with hose specially made by Goodrich, hook and ladder trucks go racing to the fire on Goodrich Truck Tires.

Amidst the fray of flame, the royal hose of White Anchor hose—WHITE KING and GREY KING HOSE—battle back a holocaust.

With the other arm of Public Safety, *the police*, Goodrich Rubber is the same useful citizen. The policeman may walk his beat on Textan fiber soles; and the "cop on the corner" on stormy days weathers wind and rain in Hipress boots, rubber coat and hat; and perforated mats, corrugated matting and sanitary articles are on guard at headquarters and precinct station.

FAIR LIST PRICES



GOODRICH

NIGHT AND DAY Goodrich rubber is on the job for the city, by night washing the face of the city with hose; by day rushing the routine of city affairs. For what would the City Hall do without the *rubber stamp*, and Goodrich makes stamp rubber.

The Post Office likewise enlists Goodrich rubber in millions of rubber bands. And the post man brings your mail the quicker for Textan fiber soles.

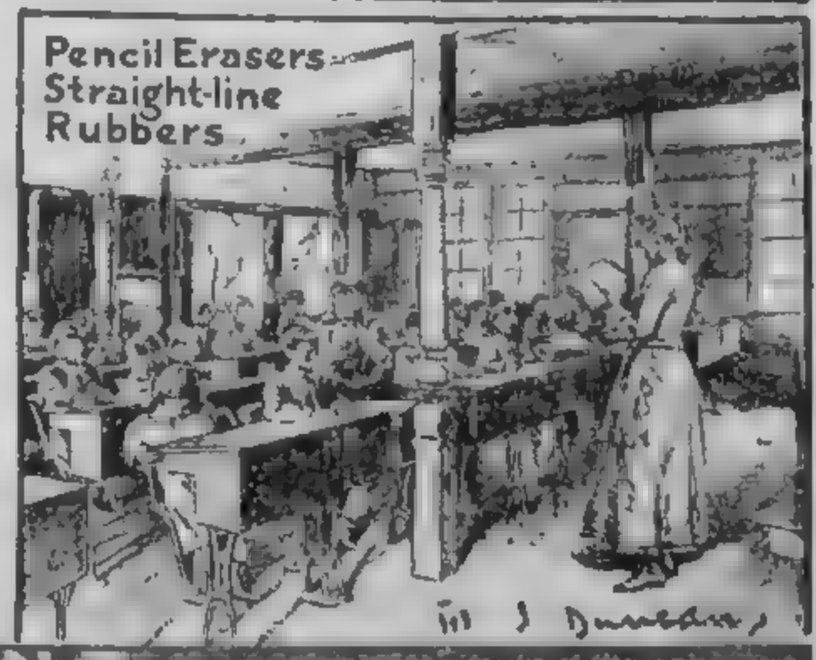
When the city cares for accident or sudden illness, Goodrich rubber is the handmaiden of mercy. The ambulance on Silvertown Cord Tires glides smoothly and swiftly to hospital and dispensary, where Goodrich hot water bottles, pneumatic mattresses, pain soothing devices, and rubber surgical articles and instruments, aid nurse and surgeon in ward and operating room.

AS THE City struggles with the problem of transportation, Goodrich rubber, in transmission belts and electrical machinery parts, as insulated wire, as air brake hose and bumpers on subway and elevated trains, as Goodrich tires on the taxicabs and busses, helps shuttle the multitude between home and work.

The future of the city is in its children, a future which must be built in the schools. With erasers to efface juvenile errors; and Straightline rubbers to keep little feet dry; with printing press blankets sending forth text books, Goodrich rubber is doing its part in the 'building' of the *future* American City.

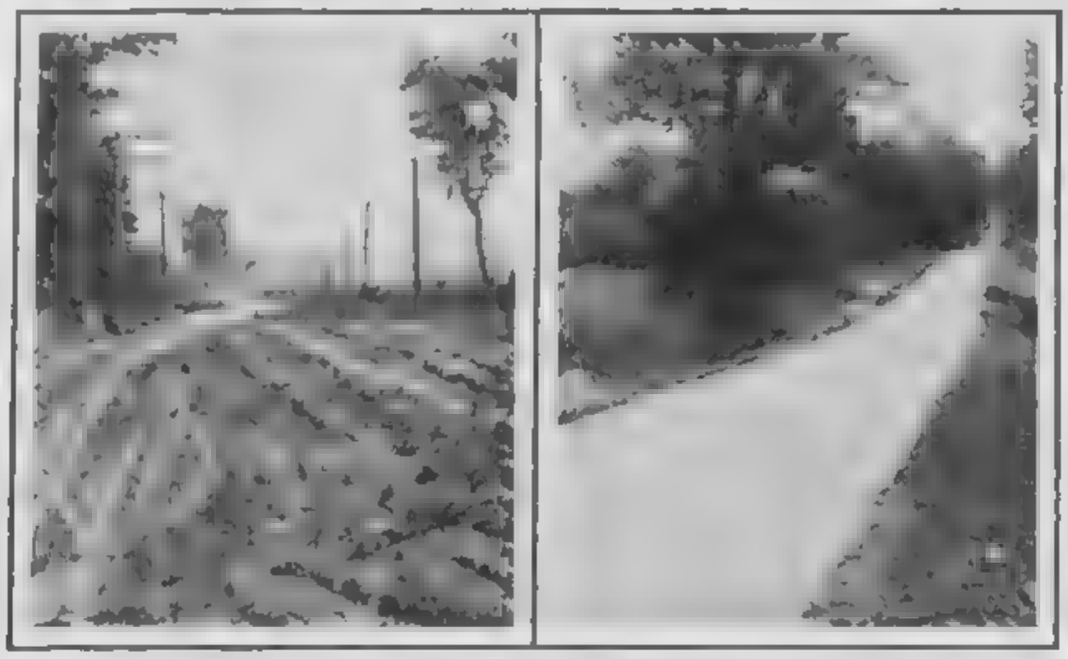
Because Goodrich rubber stands amongst men of municipal affairs for civic integrity, as well as usefulness, economy and honesty in rubber, GOODRICH is RUBBER to the American City!

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
THE CITY OF GOODRICH, AKRON, OHIO



FAIR TREATMENT

Which Road Is Yours?



An Earth Road which requires at least a 218-pound pull to each ton

A Concrete Road which requires an average pull of only 27.6 pounds to each ton

IT takes a pull of 218 pounds to get a 1-ton load over the road on the left, when you can get over it at all. In wet weather you can't get over it at all; even in dry weather it is rough and dusty. On the right, where the road has been paved with concrete, it takes a pull of only 27.6 pounds. It never takes more than that in the worst kind of weather—winter or summer—because it is hard and clean.

Which Road Do You Want?

Everybody knows that it is easier to haul on a concrete road than on any less rigid surface. But few realize how great is the difference. This has been recently determined by tests made with a dynamometer by Prof. J. B. Davidson, Agricultural Engineer, University of California, made for the Good Roads Bureau of the California State Automobile Association.

A 3-ton load was hauled over various types of roads in the same locality on the same day, the same horses and drivers being used. The dynamometer recorded tractive pull in pounds per ton of load as follows:

	Pounds
Over a level, unsurfaced concrete road	27.6
Concrete base, ½-inch skin top asphaltic oil and screenings	49.2
Waterbound macadam, level, good condition	64.3
Concrete base, 1½-inch Topeka top, level, good condition	68.5
Gravel road, good condition, level	78.2
Earth road, fine dust, level	92
Earth road, stiff mud on top, firm underneath, level	218
Loose gravel, not packed down, new road, level	263

Remarkable showing for concrete—less than half the tractive force required over a good stretch of waterbound macadam, less than one-third that required on dirt or packed gravel, about one-tenth the pull required on loose gravel.

You pull ON a concrete road, where you pull AGAINST an unimproved, rough or boggy surface. Where one wastes power, the other saves. Power costs money, whether you feed a team or buy gasoline. Your saving in power will pay your share of the cost of a concrete road.

There are 30,000,000 horse-drawn vehicles in this country, most of them on farms and 3,500,000 motor cars and trucks. The waste of horse power, of time, and motor fuel involved, not in poor roads, but in all roads less desirable for traction than concrete, is enormous. Besides this waste, the United States Office of Public Roads estimates that $200,000,000 per year is paid out indirectly for bad roads in extra cost of food. What is paid out for maintenance of roads that won't stay built is incalculable. It runs into hundreds of millions more. The excess consumption of gasoline is another huge item which motor car owners have to pay.

Can any community afford to neglect its highways in view of these facts, or to build them of any material less enduring or less desirable for traction than CONCRETE? Its construction cost is lowest in the end and its upkeep cost is lowest from the start.

Concrete Roads
Their Advantages:
No Mud—No Dust
No Ruts—No Holes
No Slipping
No Skidding
Easy Hauling
Smooth Riding
Long Life—Safety
Always Ready for Use
Low Maintenance
Moderate Cost

Be sure you know what a concrete road is. Concrete is made of portland cement, sand and pebbles or crushed stone, and water. It is hard and durable. Concrete is the material used in dams, factories, bridges and big engineering works like the Panama Canal, requiring great solidity and strength.

Let us give you some interesting figures. Write for free copies of Bulletins Nos. 107 and 136.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA CHICAGO DALLAS DENVER INDIANAPOLIS KANSAS CITY MILWAUKEE PITTSBURGH SALT LAKE CITY NEW YORK SEATTLE WASHINGTON SAN FRANCISCO

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

came and went—by twos and twos, in flocks, in schools; and daily bellowing offshore detonations advertised their success in garnering those horned black seeds of death that the Hun and his kin were sedulous to sow in the fairways; and daily battleships, both great and small, rolled in wearily to refit and dress their wounds or took swift departure on grim and secret errands.

There was, moreover, the not infrequent spectacle of some minor ship of war—a truculent gray destroyer as like as not—shepherding in a sleek submarine, like a felon whale, armored and strangely caparisoned in gray-brown steel, to be moored in chains with a considerable company of its fellows on the far side of the roadstead, while its crew was taken ashore and consigned to some dark limbo of oblivion.

And once, with a light cruiser snapping at her heels, a drab Norwegian tramp plodded sullenly into port, a mine layer caught red-handed plying its assassin's trade beneath a neutral flag. Not long after its crew had been landed, volleys of musketry crashed in the town jail yard.

One of a group of three idling on the promenade deck of the Assyrian, Lanyard turned sharply and stared through narrowed eyelids into the quarter whence the sounds reverberated.

The man at his side, a loose-jointed American of the commercial caste, paused momentarily in his task of masticating a fat dark cigar.

"This way out," he commented thoughtfully.

Lanyard nodded; but the third, a plumply ingratiative native of Geneva, known to the ship as Emil Dressler, frowned in puzzlement.

"Pardon, Monsieur Crane, but what is that you say—'this way out'?"

"Simply," Crane explained, "I take the firing to mean the execution of our nootral friends from Norway."

The Swiss shuddered. "It is most terrible!"

"Well, I don't know about that. They done their damnedest to fix it for us to drown somewhere out there in the nice cold English Channel. I'm just as satisfied it's them instead, with their backs to a stone wall in the warm sunlight, getting their needin's. That's only justice. Eh, Monsieur Duchemin?"

"It is war," said Lanyard with a shrug.

"And war is —— No; Sherman was all wrong. Hell's got perfectly good grounds for a libel suit against William Tecumseh for what he up and said about it and war, all in the same breath."

Lanyard smiled faintly, but Dressler pondered this obscure reference with patent distress. Crane champed his cigar reflectively.

"What's more to our purpose," he said presently: "I shouldn't be surprised if this meant the wind-up of our rest cure here. That's the third mine layer they've collected this week—two subs, and now this benevolent nootral. Am I right, Monsieur Duchemin?"

"Who knows?" Lanyard replied with a smile.

"Even now the mine-sweeping flotilla is coming home, as you see; which means the neighboring waters have been cleared. It is altogether a possibility that we may be permitted to depart this night."

Even so the event. As that day's sun declined amid a portentous welter of crimson and purple and gold, the moorings were cast off and the Assyrian warped out into mid-channel and anchored there for the night.

Inasmuch as she was to sail as the tide served, some time before sunrise, the passengers were advised to seek their berths at an early hour. Thirty minutes before the steamship entered the danger zone—as she would soon after leaving the harbor—they would be roused and were expected promptly to assemble on deck, with life preservers, and station themselves near the boats to which they were specifically assigned.

For their further comforting they were treated, in the ebb of the chill blue twilight, to boat drill and final instructions in the right adjustment of life belts.

A preoccupied company assembled in the dining saloon for what might be its last meal. In the shadow of the general apprehension conversation languished; expressions of relief on the part of those who had been loudest in complaining at the delays were notably unheard; even Crane, Lanyard's nearest neighbor at table, was abnormally subdued. Reviewing that array of sobered and anxious faces Lanyard remarked—not for the first time, but with renewed gratitude—that in all the roster of passengers none were children and but two were women: the buxom American widow of an English officer and her very English daughter, an angular and superior spinster.

Avoiding the customary post-prandial symposium in the smoking room, Lanyard slipped away with his cigar for a lonely turn on deck.

Beneath a sky heavily canopied the night was stark black and loud with clashing waters. A fitful wind played in gusts, now grim, now groping, like a lost thing blundering blindly about in that deep darkness. Ashore a few wan lights, widely spaced, winked uncertainly, withdrawn in vast remoteness; those near at hand, of the anchored shipping, skipped and swayed and flickered in mad mazes of goblin dance. To him who paced those vacant, darkened decks the sense of dissociation from all the common, kindly phenomena of civilization was something intimate and inescapable. Melancholy as well rode upon that black-winged wind.

At pause beneath the bridge the adventurer rested elbows upon the teakwood rail and with importunate eyes searched the masked face of his destiny. There was great fear in his heart, not of death, but lest death overtake him before that scarlet hour when he should encounter the man whom he must always think of as Ekstrom. After that, nothing would matter. Let death come then as swiftly as it willed.

He was not even middle-aged, on the hither side of thirty; yet his attitude was that of one who has already crossed the great divide of the average mortal span; he looked backward upon a life, never forward to one. To him his history seemed a thing written, lacking the one word Finis. He had lived and loved and lost; had arrayed himself insolently against God and man; had been lifted toward the light a little way by a woman's love; had been thrust relentlessly back into the black pit of his damnation. He made no pretense that it was otherwise with him; remained now merely the thing he had been in the beginning minus that divine spark which love had once kindled into consuming aspiration toward the right; the Lone Wolf prowled again to-day and would henceforth forevermore, the beast of prey callous to every human emotion, animated by one deadly purpose, existing but to destroy and in his turn to be destroyed.

Two decks below, about amidships, a cargo port was thrust open to the night. A thick broad beam of light leaped out, buffeting the murk, striking evanescent glimmers from the rocking facets of the waters. Deck hands busied themselves rigging out an accommodation ladder. A tender of little tonnage panted nervously up out of nowhere and was made fast alongside. The beam of light raked its upper deck, picking out *en passant* a group of men in uniforms. Fugitively something resembling a petticoat snapped in the wind. Then several persons moved toward the accommodation ladder, climbed it, disappeared through the cargo port. The wearer of the petticoat did not accompany them.

Lanyard noted these matters subconsciously, for the time altogether preoccupied, casting forward his thoughts along those dim trails his feet must tread who followed his dark star.

Ten minutes later a deck steward found him and paused, touching his cap.

"Beg pardon, sir, but all passengers is requested to report immediately in the music room."

Indifferently Lanyard thanked the man and went below, to find the music room tenanted by a full muster of his fellow passengers, all more or less indignantly waiting to be cross-examined by the party of port officials from the tender—the ship's purser standing by, together with the second and third officers and a number of stewards.

Resentment was not unwarranted. Already, before being suffered to take up quarters on board the Assyrian, each passenger had submitted to a most comprehensive survey of his credentials; his mental, moral and social status; his past record, present affairs and future purposes. A formality to be expected by all such as travel in wartime, it had been rigid but mild in contrast with this eleventh-hour inquisition—a proceeding so drastic and exhaustive that the only plausible inference was official determination to find excuse for ordering somebody ashore in irons.

(Continued on Page 89)

"The Quality Goes Clear Through"

DORT

Sedan $1095
Sedanet $845

(With complete) ...ables ...dows ...

Touring	$725
Roadster	$725
Canadian Price	$945

(Special Equipment Extra)

Fourseason Cars

Beautiful lines, perfect proportions and superb finish of a Dort Sedan or Sedanet insure pride of possession as well as unequalled utility.

For Autumn—Enjoy the most delightful touring months of the year without risk of health and comfort.

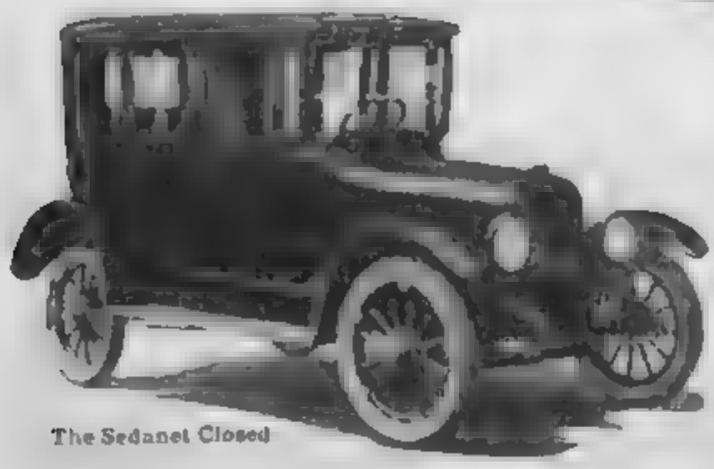
For Winter—Warm and cozy for town use—for business—call ... shopping—theatre

For Spring—Immunity from weather vagaries—from chill, rain and sudden changes.

For Summer—With heat-proof top and ample ventilation—COOLER than an open car—free from dust—clean, sociable, exclusive. See these cars at the nearest DORT dealer's.

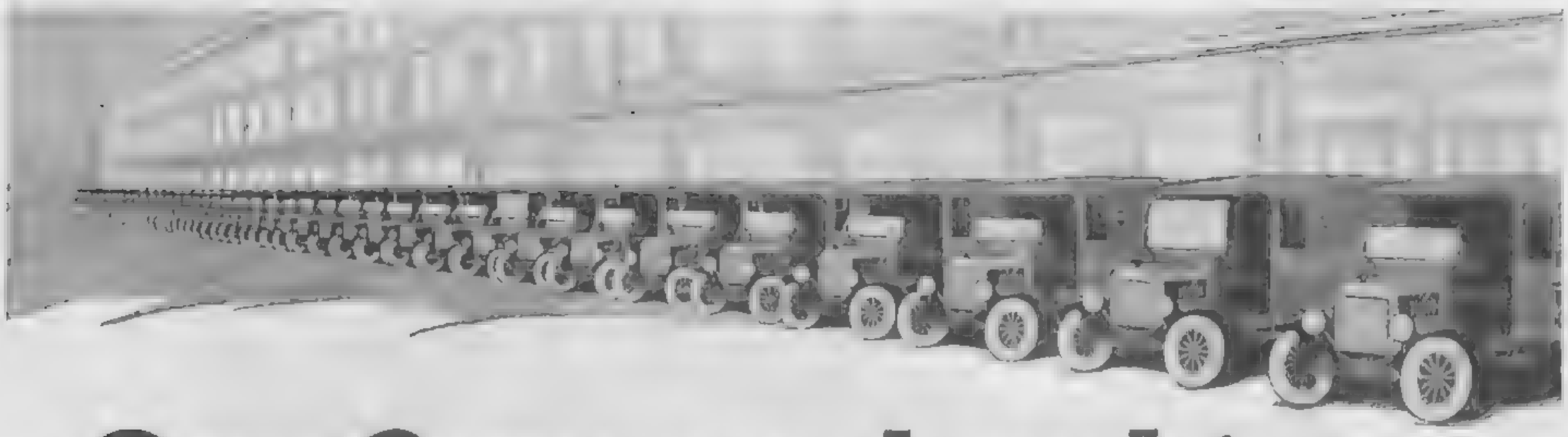
DORT MOTOR CAR CO., Flint, Mich.

Canadian Plant Gray-Dort Motors, Chatham, Ontario.



The Sedanet Closed

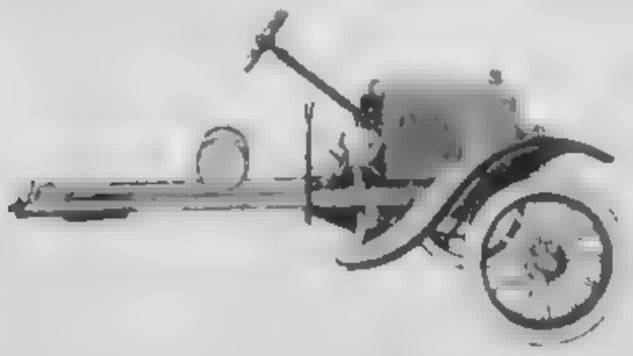
The Sedanet Open



One Company bought 40 TRUXTUNS

This sturdily built internal gear axle, shaft drive TRUXTUN (formerly Hudford) truck attachment

and this part of any FORD or other pleasure car, old or new, when combined



make this

1¼ or 2-ton truck, the lowest-priced, simplest, most efficient, most economical truck for utility purposes.

TRUXTUN Units

(formerly Hudford Units)

Model A

Makes any FORD into a 1¼-ton Truck; standard wheelbase length, 112" or 124" **$390**

Special wheelbase, 136" $410

Model B

Makes any FORD into a 2-ton Truck; standard wheelbase length, 126" **$490**

Special wheelbase, 138" $510

Prices, f. o. b. Philadelphia and Detroit

The efficiency experts who purchase equipment for large companies are not influenced in their decisions by sentiment —nor by the enthusiastic arguments of salesmen.

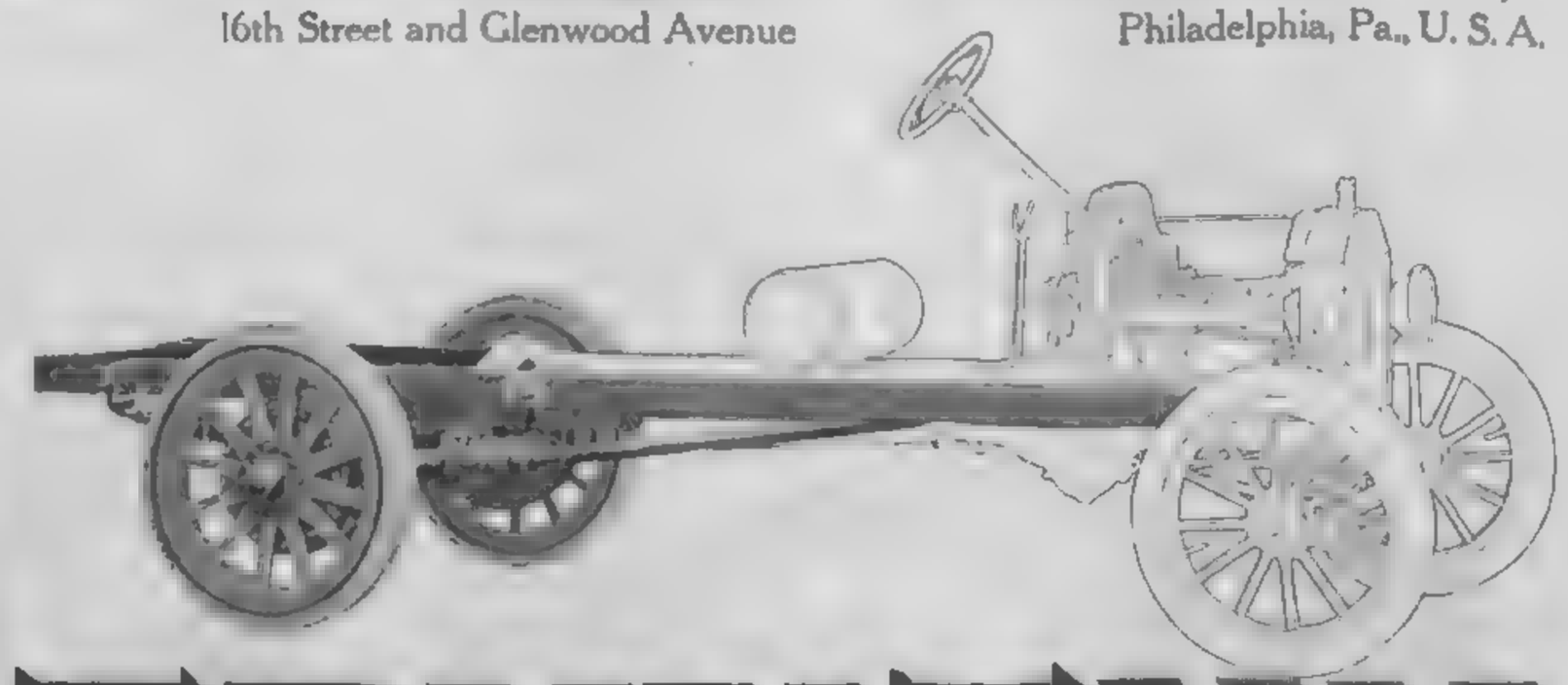
Before the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co. bought forty TRUXTUNS—formerly Hudfords—for their delivery service, the unit had to prove that it was the most economical truck this great company could use for the purpose. The same verdict has been handed down by the hauling experts of many other large concerns. The Coca-Cola interests own twenty TRUXTUNS; the New York Telephone Co. bought a dozen as a starter; Hillman's Department Store in Chicago has reduced the cost of deliveries by installing a large fleet of TRUXTUNS.

Whether your hauling is heavy or light, steady or intermittent, for long or short distances, we can prove to you just as we have to hundreds of others that the TRUXTUN (formerly Hudford) will give you quicker and more economical service than teams or any other truck.

Correspondence with those interested is solicited.

COMMERCIAL CAR UNIT CO.

16th Street and Glenwood Avenue Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



TRUXTUN

(Continued from Page 66)

Nothing was overlooked; once passports and other proofs of identity had been scrutinized, each passenger was conducted to his stateroom and his person and luggage subjected to painstaking search. None escaped; on the other hand, not one was found guilty of flagitious peculiarity. In the upshot the inquisitors, baffled and betraying every symptom of disappointment, were fain to give over and return to their tender.

By this time Lanyard, one of the last to be grilled and passed, found himself as little inclined for sleep as the most timorous soul on board. Selecting an American novel from the ship's library, he repaired to the smoking room, where, established in a corner apart, he became an involuntary and, at first, a largely inattentive eavesdropper upon an animated debate involving some eight or ten gentlemen at a table in the middle of the saloon—its subject the recent visitation. Measures so extraordinary were generally held to indicate an incentive more extraordinary still.

"You can't get away from it," he heard Crane declare; "there's some sort of funny business going on, or liable to go on, aboard this ship. She wasn't held up for a solid week out of pure cussedness. Neither did they come aboard to-night to give us another once-over through sheer voluptuousness. There's a reason."

"And what," a satiric English voice inquired, "do you assume that reason to be?"

"Search me! As far's I'm concerned the processes of the British Intelligence Office are a long sight past finding out."

"It is simple enough," one of Crane's compatriots suggested; "the Assyrian is suspected of entertaining a devil unawares."

"Monsieur means ——?" the Swiss inquired.

"I mean the authorities may have been led to believe some one of us a questionable character."

"German spy?"

"Possibly."

"Or an English traitor."

"Impossible!" asserted another Briton heavily. "There is to-day no such thing in England. Two years ago the supposition might have been plausible. But that breed has long since been stamped out—in England."

"Another guess," Crane cut in: "They've taken considerable trouble to clear the track for us. Maybe it occurred to somebody at the last moment to make sure none of us was likely to pull off an inside job."

"'Inside job'?" Dressler pleaded.

"Planting bombs in the coal bunkers—things like that—anything to crab our getting through the barred zone in spite of mines and U-boats."

"Any such attempt would mean almost certain death!"

"What of it? It's been tried before—and got away with. You've got to hand it to Fritz; he'll risk hell-for-breakfast cheerful any time he gets it in his bean he's serving *Gott und Vaterland*."

"Granted," said the Englishman. "But I fancy such a one would find it far from easy to secure passage upon this or any other vessel."

"How so? You may have haltered all your traitors, but there's still plenty of German spies living in England. Even you admit that. And if they can get by your secret service, to say nothing of Scotland Yard, what's to prevent their fixing to leave the country?"

"Nothing, certainly. But I still contend it is hardly likely."

"Of course it's hardly likely. Look at these guys to-night—dead set on making an awful example of anybody that couldn't come clean. I didn't notice them missing any bets. They combed me to the queen's taste—for a while I was sure scared they'd extract my pivot tooth to see if there wasn't something incriminating and degrading secreted inside it. And nobody got off any easier. I say the good ship Assyrian has a pretty clean bill of health to go sailing with."

"On the other hand"—yet another American voice was speaking—"no spy or criminal worth his salt would try to ship without preparations thorough enough to insure success, barring accidents."

"Criminal?" drawled the Briton incredulously.

"The enterprisin' burglar keeps aburglin', even in wartime. There have been notable burglaries in London of late, according to your newspapers."

"And you think the thief would attempt to smuggle his loot out of the country aboard such a ship as this?"

"Why not?"

"Scotland Yard to the contrary notwithstanding?"

"If Scotland Yard is as efficient as you think, sir, certainly any sane thief would make every effort to leave a country it was making too hot for him."

"Considerable criminal!" Crane jeered.

"Undeceive yourself, señor." This was a Brazilian, a quiet little dark body who commonly contented himself with a listening rôle in the smoking-room discussions. "There are truly criminals of intelligence. And war conditions are driving them out of Europe."

Of a sudden Lanyard, stretched out at length upon the leather cushions, in full view of these gossips, became aware that he was being closely scrutinized. By whom, with what reason or purpose, he could not surmise; and it were unwise to look up from that printed page. But that sixth sense of his—intuition, what you will—that exquisitively sensitive sentinel admonished that at least one person in the room was watching him narrowly.

Though he made no other move than to turn a page, his glance followed blindly blurring lines of text, and his quickened wits overlooked no shade of meaning or intonation as that talk continued.

"A criminal of intelligence," someone observed, "is a giddy paradox."

"You took the identical words right out of my mouth," Crane complained bitterly.

"Your pardon, señores: History confutes your incredulity."

"But we are talking about to-day."

"Even to-day—can you deny it?—men attain high places by means that the law would construe as criminal were they not intelligent enough to outwit it."

"Big game," Crane objected, "something else again. What we contend is, no man of ordinary common sense could get his own consent to crack a safe or pick a pocket or do second-story work or pull any rough stuff like that."

"Again you overlook living facts," persisted the Brazilian.

"Name one—just one!"

"The Lone Wolf then."

"Unnatural history is out of my line," Crane objected. "Why is a lone wolf, anyway?"

The Brazilian's voice took on an accent of exasperation. "Señores, I do not jest. I am a student of psychology—more especially of criminal psychology. I lived long in Paris before this war and took deep interest in the case of the Lone Wolf."

"Well, you've got me all excited. Go on with your story."

"With much pleasure. . . . This gentleman then, this Michael Lanyard, as he called himself, was a distinguished Parisian figure, a man of extraordinary attainments, esteemed the foremost *connoisseur d'art* in all Europe. Suddenly, at the zenith of his career, he disappeared. Subsequently it became known that he had been identical with that great Parisian criminal, the Lone Wolf, a superman of thieves, who plundered all Europe with unvarying success for almost a decade."

"Then what made the silly ass quit?"

"According to my information he won the love of a young woman ——"

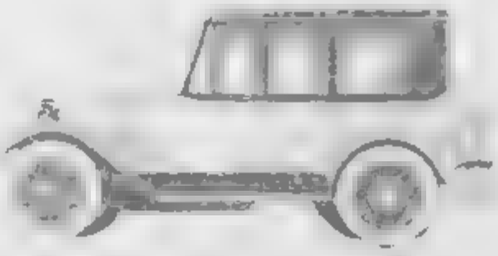
"And reformed for her sake, of course?"

"To the contrary, señor; Lanyard renounced his double life because of a theory on which he had founded his astonishing success. According to this theory any man of intelligence may defy society as long as he will, always providing he has no friend, lover or confederate in whom to confide. A man self-contained can never be betrayed; the stupid police seldom apprehend even the most stupid criminal save through the treachery of some intimate. This Lanyard proved his theory by confounding not only the utmost efforts of the police but even the jealous enmity of that association of continental criminals known as the *bande noire*—until he became a lover. Then he proved his intelligence: In one stroke he flouted the police, delivered into their hands the inner circle of the *bande noire*, and vanished—with the woman he loved."

"And then ——?"

"The rest," said the Brazilian, "is silence."

"It is for to-night anyway," Crane observed, yawning. "It's bedtime. Here comes the busy steward to put the lights and us out."



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There is only *one* Raybestos brake lining. It is readily identified by the Silver Edge. 12,000 responsible dealers and garages sell this lining. If you seek brake efficiency, buy Raybestos for your automobile.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

Bridgeport Connecticut

Before School

Millions of mothers know that a dish of Puffed Wheat is the premier morning greeting.

There is no other cereal food anywhere near like it.

Here are whole grains shaped like wheat grains, puffed to eight times normal size.

As flimsy as a snowflake—as airy as a bubble. With a flavor that suggests a nut confection.

Yet a whole-grain food, supplying all that flour food lacks. And fitted for complete digestion as whole wheat never was before. It forms the ideal breakfast.

After School

Douse any Puffed Grain with melted butter, as you would peanuts or pop-corn. Or merely salt.

Then you have a perfect food which tastes like a confection. It is toasted, fragile, nut-like, crisp, and almond-like in flavor.

Yet it is simply grain food made easy to digest. It will not tax the stomach, or kill the appetite for dinner.

Hungry boys who don't have Puffed Grains eat something not one-half so desirable, or half so likable. See how boys enjoy them.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

Noon and Night

Puffed Grains excel all other foods in milk. And two of them are whole-grain foods which everybody needs.

They are toasted and crisp and flavory, and four times as porous as bread. Above all, every food cell is exploded, so they easily digest.

Thousands of business men nowadays are eating Puffed Grain luncheons. And with millions of children this is the bed-time dish. It doesn't tax the stomach, and every atom feeds.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

There was a general stir; men drained glasses, knocked out pipes, rose, murmured good-nights. Lanyard closed the American novel upon a forefinger, looked up abstractedly, rose, moved toward the door. The utmost effort of exceptional powers of covert observation assured him that, at the moment, none of the company favored him with special attention; the author of that interest whose intensity had so weighed upon his consciousness had been swift to dissemble.

On his way forward he exchanged bows and smiles with Crane and one or two others, his gesture completely casual. Yet when he entered the starboard alleyway he carried with him a complete catalogue of those who had contributed to the conversation. With all, thanks to seven days' association, he stood on terms of shipboard acquaintance.

Not one, in his esteem, was more potentially mischievous than any other—not even the Brazilian, Velasco, though he had been the first to name the Lone Wolf.

It was, furthermore, quite possible that the mention of his erstwhile sobriquet had been utterly fortuitous. And yet, one might not forget that sensation of being under intent surveillance.

In his stateroom Lanyard stood for several minutes gravely peering into the mirror above the washstand. The face he scanned was lean and worn in feature, darkly weathered, framed in hair whose jet already boasted an accent of silver at either temple—the face of a man inured to hardship, seasoned in suffering, strong in self-knowledge. The incandescence of an intelligence coldly dispassionate, quick and shrewd, lighted those dark eyes. Distinctively a face of Gallic cast, three years of long-drawn torment had served in part to erase from it well-nigh all resemblance to both the brilliant social freebooter of ante-bellum Paris and that undesirable alien whom the authorities had sought to deport from the States. Amazing facility in impersonation had done the rest; unrecognizable as what he had been, he was to-day flawlessly the incarnation of what he elected to seem—Monsieur Duchemin, gentleman, of Paris.

Impossible to believe his disguise had so soon been penetrated. . . . And yet, again, that gossip of the smoking room . . . Police work? Or had Ekstrom's creatures picked up his trail again?

Beneath that urbane mask of his a hunted, wild thing poised in question, mistrustful of the very wind, prick-eared, fangs agleam, eyes grimly apprehensive.

A little sound, the least of metallic clicks, breaking the hush of his solitude, froze the adventurer to attention. Only his glance swerved swiftly to a fastened door in the forward partition—this stateroom being the aftermost of three that might be thrown together to form a suite. The nickeled knob was being tried with infinite precaution. On the half-turn it checked with a faint repetition of the click. Then the door itself quivered almost imperceptibly to pressure, though it yielded not a fraction of an inch. Lanyard's eyes hardened. He did not stir from where he stood, but one hand whipped an automatic from his pocket while the other darted out to the switch box by the head of his berth and extinguished the light.

Instantly a glimmer of light in the forward stateroom showed through a narrow strip of iron grille work set in the top of the partition for ventilating purposes.

Simultaneously the door knob was gently released and with another, louder click the light in the adjoining cubicle was blotted out.

Lighting his room again Lanyard undressed and turned in, but not to sleep—not for a little at least.

Who might this neighbor be who tried his door so stealthily? Before to-night that room had had no tenant. Apparently one of the passengers had seen fit to shift his quarters. To what end? To keep a jealous eye on the Lone Wolf perhaps? So much the better then; Lanyard need only make inquiry in the morning to identify his enemy.

Deliberately closing his eyes he dismissed the enigma. He possessed in marked degree that attribute of genius, ability to command slumber at will. Swiftly the troubled deeps of thought grew calm; on their placid surface inconsequent visions were mirrored darkly, fugitive scenes from the store of subconscious memory: Crane's lantern-jawed physiognomy, keen eyes semiveiled by humorously drooping lids, the extreme corner of his mouth bulging round his everlasting cigar . . . grimy lions in Trafalgar Square of a rainy afternoon . . . the octagonal room of L'Abbaye Thélème at three in the morning, a swirl of bacchanalian shapes . . . Wertheimer's soldierly figure beside the telegrapher's table in that noisome cave at the Front . . . the deck of a tender in darkness swept by a shaft of yellow light that momentarily revealed a group of folk with upturned faces, a petticoat fluttering in its midst. . . .

III

DAY broke with rather more than half a gale blowing beneath a lowering sky. Once clear of the bottle-neck mouth of the harbor the Assyrian ran into brutal quartering seas. An old hand at such work, for upward of a decade a steady-paced Dobbin of the transatlantic lanes, she buckled down to it doggedly and, remembering her duty by her passengers, rolled no more than she had to, buried her nose in the foaming green only when she must. For all her care, the main deck forward was alternately raked by stinging volleys of spray and scoured by frantic cascades. More than once the crew of the bow gun narrowly escaped being carried overboard to a man. Blue with cold, soaked to the buff despite oilskins, they stuck stubbornly to their posts.

Perched beyond reach of shattering wave crests, the passengers on the boat deck huddled unhappily in the lee of the superstructure and snarled in response to the cheering information that better conditions for baffling the ubiquitous U-boat could hardly have been brewed by an indulgent Providence. Sheeting spindrift contributed to lower visibility; two destroyers standing on parallel courses, about a mile distant to port and to starboard, were more often than not barely discernible, spectral vessels, reeling and dipping in the haze. The ceaseless whistle of wind in the rigging was punctuated by long-drawn howls which must have tilled any conscientious banshee with corrosive envy.

Toward midmorning rain fell in torrents, driving even the least fearful passengers to shelter within the superstructure. A majority crowded the landing at the head of the main companionway, close by the leeward doorway. Bolder spirits marched off to the smoking room—Crane starting this movement with the declaration that for his part he would as lief drown like a rat in a trap as battling to keep up in the frigid inferno of those raging seas. A handful of miserables, too seasick to care whether the ship swam or sank, mutinously took to their berths.

Stateroom Twenty-seven — adjoining Lanyard's—sported obstinately a shut door. Lanyard, sedulous not to discover his interest by questioning the stewards, caught never a glimpse of its occupant. For his own satisfaction he took a covert census of passengers on deck as the vessel entered the danger zone, and made the tally seventy-one all told—the number on the passenger list when the Assyrian left her landing stage the previous evening. It seemed probable, therefore, that the person in Twenty-seven had come aboard from the tender, either with or following the official party. Lanyard was unable to say that more had not left the tender than appeared to sit in inquisition in the music room.

By noon the wind was beginning to moderate and the sea was being beaten down by that relentlessly lashing rain. Visibility, however, was more low than ever. A fairly representative number descended to the dining saloon for luncheon—a meal that none finished. Midway in its course a thunderous explosion to starboard drove all in panic once more to the decks.

Within two hundred yards of the Assyrian a floating mine had destroyed a patrol boat. No more was left of it than an oil-filmed welter of splintered wreckage; of its crew, never a trace.

Imperturbably the Assyrian proceeded. But not so her passengers: Now the smoking room was deserted even by the insouciant Crane, and the seasick, to a woman, brought their troubles back to the boat deck.

Alone the tenant of Twenty-seven stopped below. And the riddle of this ostensible indifference to terrors that clawed at the vitals of every other soul on board grew to intrigue Lanyard to the point of obsession. Was the reason brute apathy or sheer foolhardihood? He refused either explanation, feeling sure some darker and more

(Continued on Page 93)

Announcing

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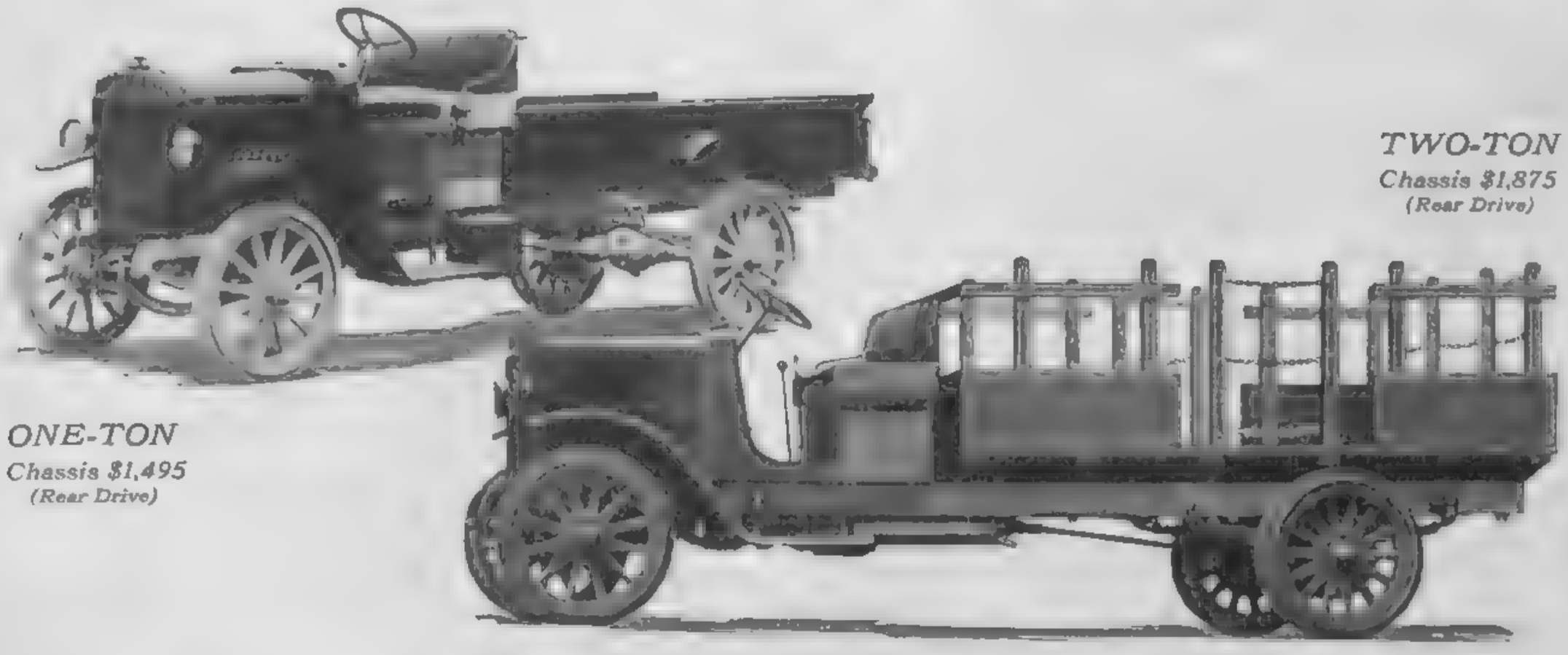

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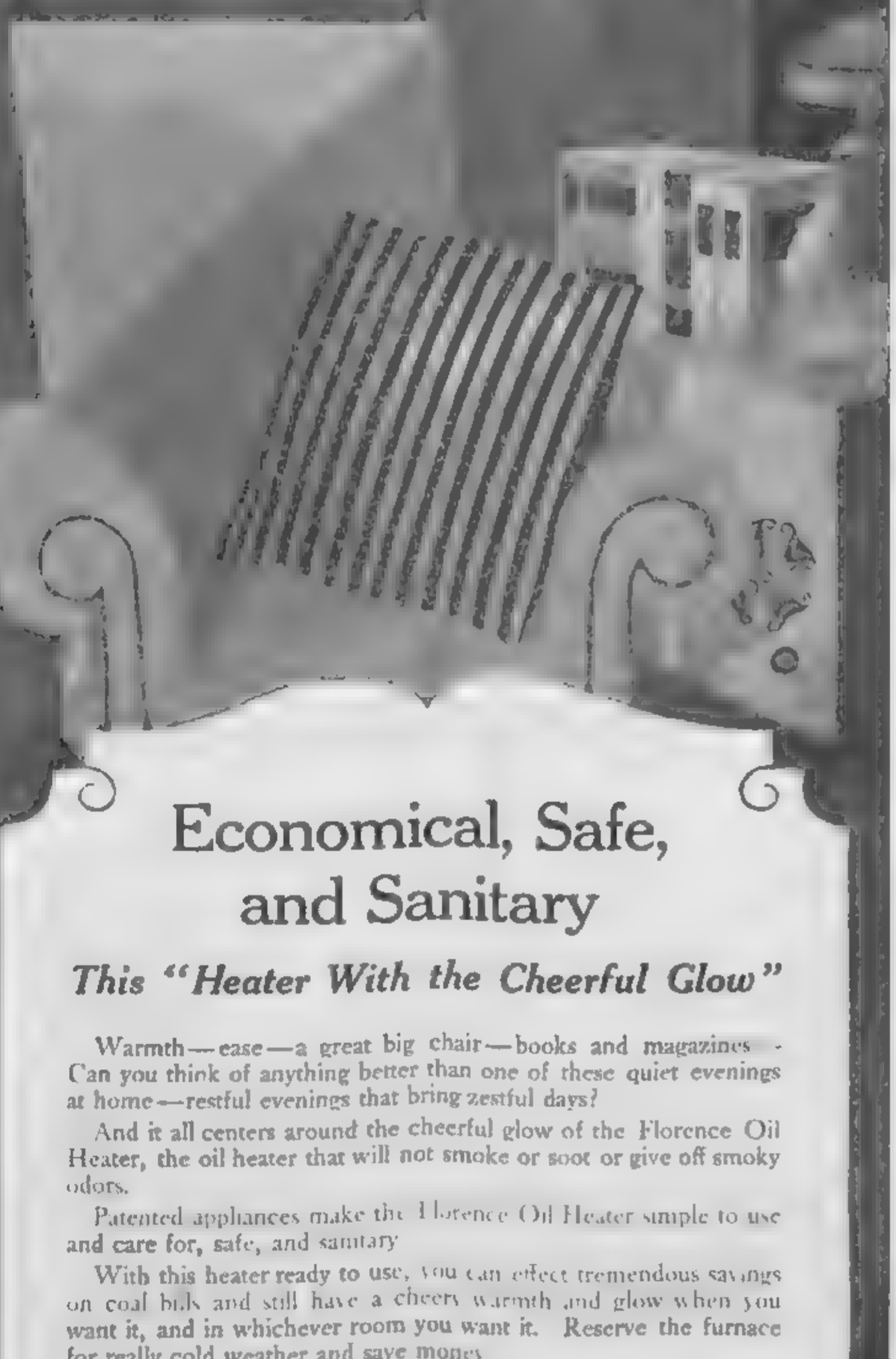

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And it all centers around the cheerful glow of the Florence Oil Heater, the oil heater that will not smoke or soot or give off smoky odors.

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(Continued from Page 90)

momentous motive dictated this obstinate avoidance of the public eye. Exasperation roused by failure to fathom the mystery took precedence in his thoughts even to the personal solicitude excited by last night's gossip of the smoking room

With no other disturbing incident the afternoon wore away, the wind steadily flagging, the waves as steadily subsiding. When twilight closed in there was nothing more disturbing to one's equilibrium than a sea of long and sullen rolls scored by that pelting downpour.

Perhaps as many as ten venturesome souls dined in the saloon, their fellows sticking desperately to the decks and contenting themselves with coffee and sandwiches.

Daylight waned, terrors waxed; passengers instinctively gravitated into little knots and clusters, conversing guardedly, as if fearful lest their normal accents bring down upon them those Apaches of the underseas for signs of whom their frightened glances incessantly ranged over rail and searched the heaving wastes. The understanding was tacit that all would spend the night on deck.

Dusk at length blotted out the shadows of their guardian destroyers, and a great and desolating loneliness settled down upon the ship

One by one the passengers grew dumb; still they clung together, but seemingly their tongues would no more function.

With nightfall the rain ceased, the breeze freshened a trifle, the pall of cloud lifted and broke, giving glimpses of remote, impersonal stars. Later a gibbous moon leered through the flying wrack, checkering the sea with a restless pattern of black and silver. In this ghastly setting the Assyrian, showing no lights, a shape of flying darkness, pursuing a course secret to all save her navigators, strained ever onward, panting, groaning, quivering from stem to stern, like an enchanted thing doomed to perpetual labors, striving vainly to break bonds invisible that transfixed her to one spot forevermore, in the midst of that bleak purgatory of shadow and moonshine and dread.

Sensitive to the eerie influence of the hour, Lanyard interrupted the tour of the decks that he had steadily pursued for the better part of the evening and rested at the forward rail, looking down over the main deck, its bleached planking dotted with dark shapes of fixed machinery. In the bows the formless, uncouth bulk of the gun squatted in its tarpaulin. Its crew tramped heavily to and fro, shivering in heavy jackets, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched up to ears. Farther aft an iron door clanged heavily behind a sailor emerging from an alleyway; he approached the ship's bell, with practiced hand sounded two double strokes, then turned and sang out in the weird minor traditional in his calling:

"Four bells—and a-a-all's well!"

Even as the wind made free with the melancholy echoes of that assurance, the spell upon the ship was exorcised.

Overhead from the foremast crow's nest a voice screamed, hoarsely urgent:

"Torpedo! 'Ware submarine to port!"

Many things happened simultaneously or in a span of seconds strangely scant. The gunners sprang to station, whipping away the tarpaulin, while their lieutenant focused a binocular upon the confused distances of the night. Obedient to his instructions the long, gleaming tube of steel pivoted smoothly to port.

From the bridge a signal rocket soared, hissing. The whistle loosed stentorian squalls of indignation and distress—one long and four short. Commands were shouted, the engine-room telegraph wrangled madly. The momentum of the Assyrian was checked startlingly; her bow sheered smartly off to port.

A rumor of frightened voices and pounding feet came from the leeward boat deck, where the main body of the passengers was congregated, hidden from Lanyard by the shoulder of the forward deckhouse. A number of men ran forward, paused by the rail, stared, and scurried back, yelling in alarm. At this the din swelled to uproar.

Scanning closely the surface of the sea Lanyard himself descried a silvery arrow of spray lancing the swells, making with deadly speed toward the port bow of the Assyrian. But now both screws were churning full speed astern; the vessel lost headway altogether. Then the engines stopped. For a breathless instant she rested inert, like something paralyzed with fright, bows on to the torpedo, the telegraph ringing frantically. Then the starboard screw began to turn full ahead, the port remaining idle. The bows swung off still more sharply to port. The torpedo shot in under them, vanished for a breathless moment, reappeared a boat's length to starboard, plunged harmlessly on its unhindered way down the side of the vessel, and disappeared astern.

Amidships terrified passengers milled like sheep, hampering the work of the boat crews at the davits. Ship's officers were raging among them, endeavoring to restore order. Half a mile or so dead ahead a tiny tongue of flame spat viciously in the murk. A projectile shrieked overhead and dropped into the sea astern. Another followed and fell short. The U-boat was shelling the Assyrian.

The forward gun barked violent expostulation, but without visible effect, the submarine lobbing two more shells at the steamship with an indifference to its own peril astonishing in one of its craven breed, trained to strike and run before counter-stroke may be delivered. Its extraordinary temerity, indeed, argued ignorance of the convoying destroyers.

Coincident with the second shot, however, these unleashed searchlights, slashing the dark through and through with their great white, fanlike blades, till first one, then the other picked up and steadied relentlessly upon a toy-boat shape that swam the swells about midway between the Assyrian and the destroyer off the port bow.

Simultaneously the quick-firers of the latter went into action, jetting orange flame. In the searchlights' glare spurts of white water danced all round the submarine. A mutter of gunfire rolled over to the Assyrian, abruptly silenced by an imperative deep voice of heavier metal—which spoke but once.

With the lurid unreality of claptrap theatrical illusion the U-boat vomited a great, spreading sheet of flame. Someone at the rail, near Lanyard's shoulder, uttered a hushed cry of horror.

He paid no heed, his interest wholly focused upon that distant patch of shining water. As his dazzled vision cleared he saw that the submarine had disappeared.

Unconsciously in French he commented: "So that is finished!"

Likewise in French, but in a woman's voice of uncommon quality, deep and bell-sweet, came the protest from the passenger at his side: "But, monsieur, what are we doing? We turn away from them—those poor things drowning there!"

That was quite true; under forced draft the Assyrian was heading away on a new course

"They drown out there in that black water—and we leave them to that!"

Lanyard turned. "The destroyers will take care of them," he said—"if any survived that explosion with strength enough to swim."

He spoke from the surface of his thoughts and with a calm that veiled profound surprise. The woman by his side was neither the American widow nor her English daughter, but wholly a stranger to the ship's company he knew.

The training of the Lone Wolf had been wasted if one swift glance had failed to comprehend every essential detail: That tall, straight, slender figure cloaked in the folds of a garment whose hood framed a face of singular pallor and sweetness in the moonlight, its shadowed eyes wide with emotion, its lips a little parted.

With a shiver she lifted her hands to her eyes as if to darken the visions of her imagination.

"They die out there," she said in murmurs barely audible. "We turn our backs on them. You think that right?"

"We play the game by the rules the enemy himself laid down," Lanyard returned. "They would have sunk us without one qualm of pity—would in all probability have shelled our boats had any succeeded in getting off. They have done as much before, and will again. It is out of reason to insist that the captain risk his ship in the hope of picking up one or two drowning assassins."

"Risk his ship? How? They are helpless ——"

"As a rule U-boats hunt in pairs; always when specially charged to sink one certain vessel. It was so with the Lusitania; with the Arabic as well. I don't doubt it was so in this instance—that we would have heard from a second submarine had not the destroyers opened fire when they did."

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Because, as in a hand-played instrument, the operation and the securing of expression are inseparable and the result of the same instinctive muscular impulses, the Manualo when played through its pedals gives your musical soul the *same complete satisfaction* as when played through the keys. You enjoy the *same freedom from restraint* as the artist who plays by hand, and the music is as free from the cold mechanical precision of an automatic instrument as the lullaby of a mother's voice.

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The most desirable packing for pipe tobacco ever devised—its extra heavy foil is lined with waxed paper and *every corner sealed* against outside contact.

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The woman stared. "You think that——"

"That the Boche had specific instructions to waylay and sink the Assyrian? I begin to think so—yes."

This declaration affected the woman curiously. She shrank away a little, as from a blow; her eyes winced, her pale lips quivered. When she spoke it was, strangely enough, in English so naturally enunciated that Lanyard could not doubt this was her mother tongue.

"Then you think it is because ——"

Of a sudden she wilted, clinging to the rail and trembling wildly.

Lanyard shot a glance aft. The disorder among the passengers was measurably less, though excitement still ran so high that he felt sure they were as yet unnoticed. On impulse he stepped nearer.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said quietly; "you are excusably unstrung. But all danger is past; and there is still time to regain your stateroom unobserved. If you will permit me to escort you——"

He watched her narrowly, but she showed no surprise at this suggestion of intimacy with her affairs. After a brief moment she pulled herself together and dropped a hand upon the bent arm he offered. In another minute he was helping her over the raised water sill of the door.

Like all the ship the landing and main companionway were dark; but below, on the promenade deck, the second doorway aft on the starboard side stood ajar, affording a glimpse of a dimly lighted stateroom.

With neither hesitation nor surprise—for he was already satisfied in this matter—Lanyard conducted the woman to this door and stopped. Her hand fell from his arm. She faltered on the threshold of Stateroom Twenty-seven, eying him dubiously.

"Thank you, monsieur——"

There was just enough accent of inquiry to warrant his giving her the name: "Duchemin, mademoiselle."

"Monsieur Duchemin. Please to tell me how you knew this was my stateroom?"

"I occupy Stateroom Twenty-nine. There was no one in Twenty-seven till after the tender came out last night. Furthermore, your face was strange, and I have come to know all others on board during our week's delay in port."

The light was at her back; he could distinguish little of her shadowed features, but fancied her a bit discountenanced.

In a subdued voice she said "Thank you" once more, a hand resting significantly on the door knob. But still he lingered.

"If mademoiselle would be so good as to tell me something in return ——"

"If I can"

"Then why, mademoiselle, did you try my door last night?"

"It was neither locked nor bolted on my side. I wished to make sure ——"

"So one fancied. Thank you. Good night, mademoiselle ——?"

She was impervious to his hint. "Good night, Monsieur Duchemin," she said, and closed the door.

Now Lanyard's quarters opened not on this fore-and-aft alleyway but on a short and narrow thwartships passage. And as he turned away he saw out of the corner of an eye a white-jacketed figure emerge from this passageway and move hurriedly aft. Something furtive in the round of the fellow's shoulders challenged his curiosity. He called quietly:

"Steward!"

There was no answer. By now the white jacket was no more than a blur moving in that deep gloom. He called again, more loudly:

"I say, steward!"

He could hardly see, but fancied that the man quickened his steps. In another instant he vanished altogether.

Smothering an impulse to give chase, the adventurer swung alertly into the narrow passage and opened the door to Stateroom Twenty-nine. The room was dark, but as he fumbled for the switch the door in the forward partition was thrust open and the girl's slight figure showed, tensely poised against the light behind her.

"Monsieur Duchemin!" she cried in a voice sharp with doubt.

Lanyard turned the switch. "Mademoiselle ——" he said, and coolly crossed to the port, drawing the light-proof curtains.

"This door was locked all day—locked when the firing alarmed me and I went out to the deck."

"And on my side, mademoiselle, it was locked and bolted when last I was here, shortly before dinner."

"Whoever unfastened it entered my room during my absence and tampered with my luggage."

"You have missed something?"

Gaze intent to his, she nodded. He shrugged and cast shrewdly round his quarters for some clew to the enigma. His glance fastened on a leather bellows bag beneath the berth. Dropping to his knees he pulled this out and looked up with a quizzical grimace, his forefinger indicating the lock, which was uncaught.

"I left this latched but not locked," he said. "Perhaps I, too, have lost something."

Opening the bag out flat he sat back on his heels, with practiced eye inspecting its neat arrangement of intimate things.

"Nothing has been taken, mademoiselle," he announced gravely. "But something I think—has been generously added. I seem to have an anonymous admirer on board."

Bending forward he rummaged beneath a sheaf of shirts and brought forth a small jewel box of grained leather with a monogram stamped on the lid—C. B.

"The lock is broken," he observed, and handed it up to the woman. "As to its contents, mademoiselle herself knows best."

The woman opened the box.

"Nothing is missing," she said in a thoughtful voice.

"I am relieved." Lanyard closed the bag, thrust it back beneath the berth and got upon his feet. "But you are quite sure ——"

"My jewels are all in order," she affirmed without meeting his gaze.

"And you miss nothing else?"

"Nothing."

Was there an accent of hesitation in this response?

"Then, I take it, the thief was disappointed."

Now she glanced quickly at his eyes. "Why do you say that?"

"If the thief had found what he sought he would never have presented it to me, mademoiselle would never again have seen her jewels. Failing in his object, after breaking that lock, and interrupted by your unexpected return, he planted the case with me, hoping to have me suspected. I am fortunately able to prove the best of alibis So then," said Lanyard, smiling, "it would appear that, though we met ten minutes ago for the first time—and I have yet to know mademoiselle by name—we are allies in a common cause."

"My name is Brooke—Cecelia Brooke," she said quietly—"if it matters. But why allies?"

"It appears we own a common enemy. Each of us possesses something which that one desires—you a secret, I a good name. Duchemin, indeed, I have always held to be an excellent name. I shall not hesitate to call on you if my treasure is again violated. May I venture to hope mademoiselle will prove as ready to command my services?"

"Thank you. I fancy, however, there will be no need." She moved irresolutely toward the communicating door, paused in its frame, eying him speculatively from under level brows. He detected, or imagined, a tremor of impulse toward him, as though she faltered on the verge of some grave confidence. If so, she curbed her tongue in time. Her gaze dropped, fixed itself abstractedly on the door. "This must be fastened," she said in a tone of complete abstraction.

"I will speak to the chief steward immediately."

"Don't trouble." She roused. "It doesn't matter, really, for to-night. I shall leave what valuables I have in the purser's care and stop on deck for the rest of the night."

He gave a gesture of bewilderment. "You abandon your seclusion—leave your secret unguarded?"

"Why not?" She shrugged slightly with a little *moue* of discontent. "If, as you assume, I had a secret, it was that for certain reasons I did not wish my presence on board to become known. But it seems it has become known; my secret is no more. So I need no longer risk being cut off from the boats in event of any accident."

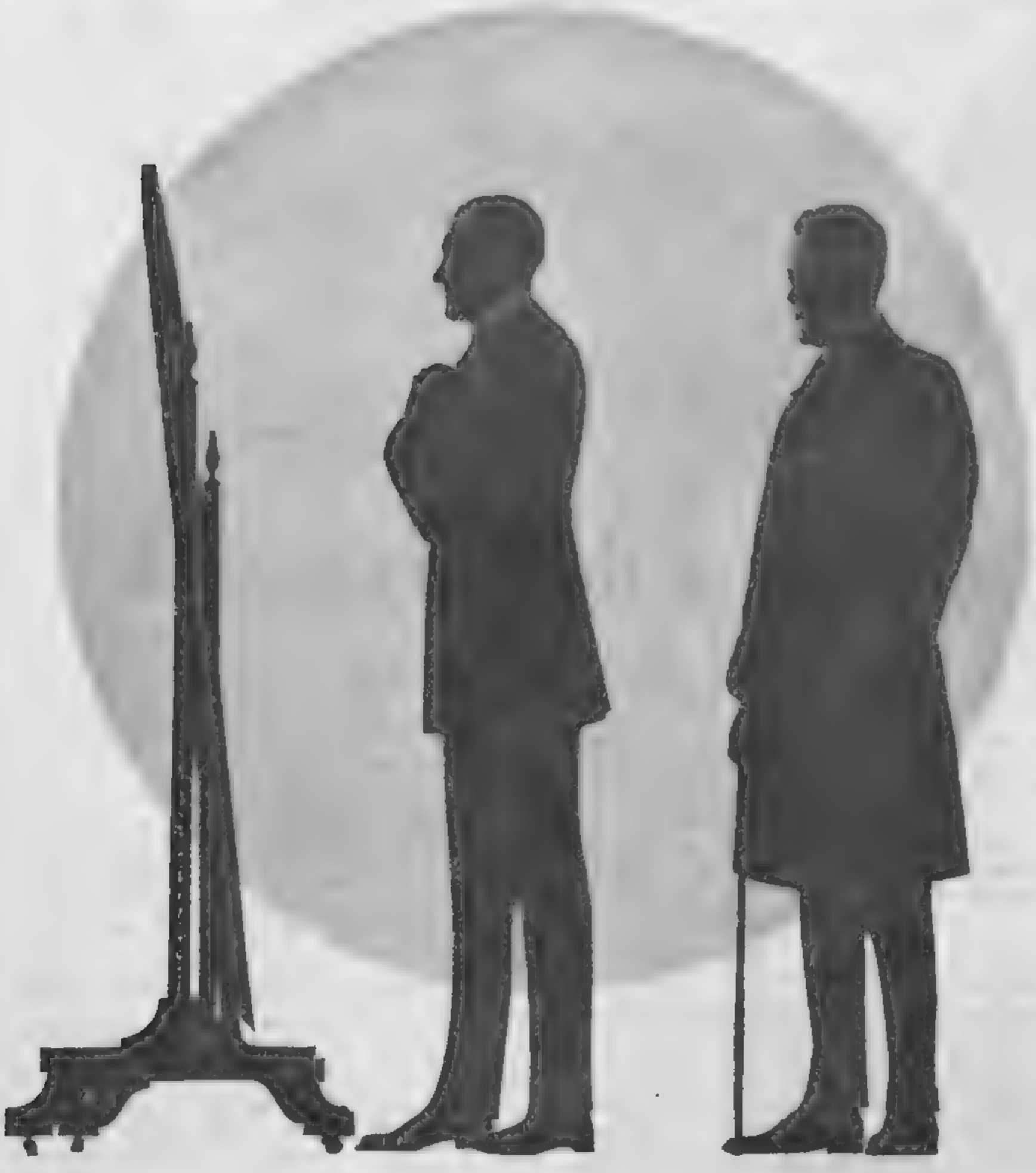
Momentarily her gravity was dissipated by a smile at once delightful and provocative.

"Once more, monsieur—good night!"

After some moments Lanyard, with a start, found himself staring blankly at a blankly incommunicative communicating door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES



The largest selling suit in America is Clothcraft Blue Serge Special No. 5130.

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Figured conservatively, the *added* efficiency of the Controlled-key, shown in comparative tests made by Comptometer users on their regular work against machines without this feature, averages close to 8%.

The knowledge of security afforded by the Controlled-key enables an experienced operator to go at top speed—without the strain of constant watchfulness against slighted keystrokes. The Controlled-key takes care of all that.

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How the Controlled-key takes up lost motion

A test between machines with and without the Controlled-key, on the adding and extending of 1750 payroll sheets, made under the direction of Mr. G. R. Lucas, Auditor, Jeffery Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, showed a clear saving of 8½% in favor of the Controlled-key.

In a similar test made by Mr. W. B. Evans, Chief Clerk, Corn Products Refining Company, Argo, Illinois, the *extra* efficiency of the Controlled-key was demonstrated to be 11.7%. Which means—assuming that the machine lasts only five years and salary of operator for that period is $60 a month, or $3600—a saving of $421.20.

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CONTROLLED-KEY

Comptometer

ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co.
1723 N. Paulina St., Chicago

"OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS!"

(Continued from Page 17)

"Windsor?" repeated Vera vaguely. "How much do they cost?"

Billy and I looked at each other and made ready to see John pass out of the picture. In the Abbot code Rule Two—and the rule on which the whole code was founded—was never to mention a sum of money; never to speak of the cost of a thing. We could see John flinch; but he came to the mark.

"About twelve hundred," he answered, gulping; and blithely Vera went on:

"A friend of mine has a car the chassis of which alone cost seven thousand."

"Is that so?" asked John with frigid politeness, so frigid that even Vera began to suspect. To make peace she added with kindly patronage:

"But these little cars are wonderful for the money."

John's only answer was to step on the throttle until the wonderful little car was going about sixty. It was lost on Vera.

"How fast did we go then?" she asked when John's burst had spent itself.

"About sixty," answered John deprecatingly.

"Did we—really?" replied his dream lady. "I once went eighty-four."

Beside me I heard a snort.

"Dust in my eye," explained Billy.

That remark, in fact, was the last one made by our party until we were well up the river, when a sudden warm smell from a hayfield brought us up sniffing. Even John mellowed.

"You like the country, don't you?" he asked hopefully.

Vera at once was ecstatic.

"Oh, I adore it!" she cried. "I'd love to live in the country—but I should like to be able to get into town whenever I wanted."

"Of course," replied John to this brilliant sally. "I was brought up in the country," he added religiously.

Both Billy and I had heard John say that before. He had said it to visiting Englishmen, who received it with reverence. To him and to them it conveyed a picture of county families and fox hunts and ancestral halls; but Vera looked at him with shrill surprise.

"You were brought up in the country?"

John nodded.

"Well," said Vera, "you don't look it. You must have lived in New York some time."

"I have," replied John; and the back of his shoulders showed that he wished Billy and I were anywhere except in that car.

His dream lady, however, was off on a rural reverie.

"I like the country in some ways," she mused judicially. "But I'll tell you this: I would never take another house there unless it had a gas range. Do you know what it has cost me for coal this summer? Ninety-eight dollars!"

At last Vera had found a topic that really absorbed her, and she was off with a rush. She put her soul into it. At last, in all truth, she ceased to be Vera the actress. She forgot herself and became Vera the woman.

"Ninety-eight dollars for five weeks," she said, her voice rising higher and higher. "Think of that! And that isn't the worst of it: You can't get a cook to-day to stay ten minutes in a house where there isn't a gas range. That is the first question they ask: 'Is there a gas range?' Honest, I don't know what the servant class is coming to! There's not one of them that knows their place. It gives me a pain in the neck! The more you give them the more they want. The common classes haven't brains enough to know they're common. They all want to be ladies. Why, I had a cook come to me—and what do you suppose she wanted? A separate dining room! I told her to go plumb straight to hell!"

At last it had come, as Billy and I had known it would come. John Verrill shook from the jolt; but, all unconscious, Vera was still in a riot of indignation at the ingratitude of the lower classes. Fully ten minutes later she exploded:

"Don't you think I was right?"

"Without a doubt!" replied John stiffly; and a moment later we drove into the gates of Vera's place on the Hudson—a perfectly good house on the streets of Tarrytown.

III

THIS promised a respite; but peace was not yet, for on the lawn of the Fontaine cottage was a noisy party—a general effect of tweeds and white skirts gathered round the car and shouting ribaldry. Billy and I had hunted with that pack of old, but John had to meet it one by one.

There was Maisie Fontaine, a ridiculously younger edition of Vera; Claire Fontaine, a pathetically older edition, and Jack Bixby, Claire's husband. The three sisters represented a curious evolution. Claire had been a star, Vera was one now, and Maisie hoped to be one some day. And all looked the parts. Jack Bixby was the typical ex-star's husband—that is to say, he had something to do with the moving-picture business.

Finally a mother developed—a theatrical mother—rather reserved, but giving the impression of a great deal of very white hair very painfully done. In her presence you were conscious of nothing except that white hair. You couldn't escape it. It got to annoy you.

The mother disappeared, but the rest of us were wished into a clock-golf tournament. Maisie was running it, and she seemed to take it for granted that we all wanted to play, which none of us did. It was a very noisy tournament, for Jack Bixby was one of those men who think it funny to cheat at games, and he and Maisie got into a fight over it—a very vehement fight. Vera soon joined in on Maisie's side, and Claire naturally sided with her husband. Voices grew louder and shriller, and several people talked at once.

"He hit it twice! I saw him hit it twice," said Maisie in a voice that carried.

Jack denied it with equal vehemence, and then the whole pack gave tongue:

"No, I didn't; and besides, it was out of bounds."—"Anyway, if it was out of bounds you have a right to hit it in."—"No; we decided that last Sunday when Alice was here."—"We did not!"—"We did so!"

Claire was quieter than the rest; but at last, with the authority of an older sister, she broke in sharply:

"Now shut up—everybody!"

Strangely everybody did, and amid a dead silence Claire proceeded to lay down the law:

"Now listen to me: Jack's ball was in the long grass. He had a right to hit it in, anyway. But, leaving that aside, if you tap it and it doesn't really move you have a right to hit it again. That's a rule of golf."

This was too much for Maisie. She burst in, shouting:

"Oh, tap it my neck! That ball went a foot if it went an inch."

"Then call it out of bounds," retorted Claire; but Vera came in:

"Well, look here, Claire: Who gave you the right to say just what we shall do and just what we shan't do? I'd like to know who bought that game!"

"Who bought it!" shrieked Claire indignantly.

"All you bought was the game," retorted Vera the divine. "Two dollars and a half! The clubs are mine. Every one of them cost more than that."

I caught sight of John's face. It was a study. But a minute later Maisie gave in like a martyr:

"Oh, have it your own way! I don't give a hang. But I was right—wasn't I, Mr. Abbot?"

"I—I don't know," replied John; he seemed very tired.

After three more squabbles the game gave out from inertia and we all adjourned to the porch. As the only stranger, John was given the place of honor in the navy hammock beside Vera; and, in the comparative calm, he revived again.

"It's really very charming round here," he said in his best easy manner.

"Yes," replied Vera. "But the rents are high."

John swallowed, but tried again in a tone of polite reminiscence:

"The last time I was up this way was at a house party over beyond Dobbs Ferry; and one of the most curious things I ever knew happened there. The first evening, when we all came down, I was presented to a girl named Angel ——"

"Yes," said Vera, looking at John, her soul in her eyes.

"Naturally," said John, "as that was a curious name, I noticed it; and then I remembered that years before, at a very similar house party in Scotland, I had met

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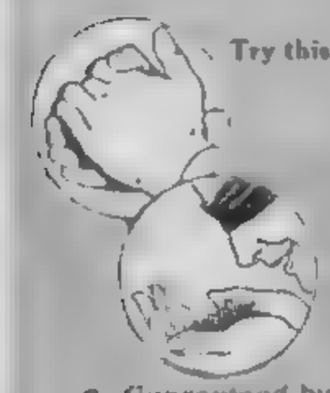

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a girl named Angel. On the first opportunity I asked this girl whether she had ever been in Scotland. She said she had not. But here is the funny part of it: Two years before she herself had been at a house party here in America; and this sounds impossible, but it actually happened—this girl ——"

"Squiggsy!"

It was Vera's voice ringing out. She appealed to us: "Oh, isn't he darling?"

She leaped to her feet and ran out to the lawn.

"Squiggy! Squiggy! Squiggy, come here to your mother!"

Squiggles, it seemed, had done the utterly unheard-of thing of picking up a golf ball and holding it in his mouth. Vera brought him in for us all to admire. She resumed her seat, now plus Squiggsy.

John bit his lip, but began again:

"As I was saying, this girl was at a house party in America and she had met a man named Abbot; and so, of course, she asked me ——"

"Say, who wants a cocktail?"

This time it was Maisie's voice, and after a general discussion she went away with a very substantial order.

"Well, as I was saying," began John again, "two years before, while I was in Scotland ——"

"Jack," called Vera suddenly, "did I tell you that I'm going to do a picture for the Folly Films?"

"You won't get your money," said Jack curtly, walking across the veranda.

And, suffice it to say, John's remarkable story has never been told, for a few minutes later we went in to luncheon, and the whole lunch time was taken up with a discussion of the solvency of the Folly Film Corporation; no, not exactly a discussion—three simultaneous monologues. A few words only did John manage to insert. Trying to bring himself to the level of the conversation, he cleared his voice and said:

"By the way, I understand they are going to put on Merry Wives of Windsor in the movies."

"They've done it," replied Vera contemptuously. "I could have played it if I had wanted; but there's nothing in that highbrow stuff."

IV

I CAUGHT Billy's eye, and on the lawn after luncheon I caught his ear. Claire and her husband had left and the party was waning.

"John Verrill Abbot looks groggy," I said. "I think he is going to collapse."

"Yes," answered Billy; "I doubt whether he lasts the full ten rounds."

Little did we imagine how literally our prophecy was coming true, for a minute later I heard a tumult of voices. Then came a bump, and turning round I saw two gray-tweed legs stretched on the floor near the navy hammock. Billy and I rushed forward; but Vera, a transformed Vera, brushed us aside almost brusquely. She knelt on the floor and put her hand on John Verrill's forehead, which was ashy gray. Then quietly and decisively she spoke:

"Maisie, get some aromatic spirits from my bureau."

Her own hands moving like lightning, she snatched a pillow from the hammock, adjusted it under John's head, and then, with a newspaper, began to fan vigorously. For a minute John opened his eyes and Vera smoothed back his hair.

"You're all right, old boy," she said soothingly.

John tried to rise; then fainted again. Vera looked up at us swiftly, as if choosing the least incapable from among us.

"Billy—Tom—pick him up! Put him in my room."

I started forward; but the next thing I knew an elevated train was crashing through my brain. I saw green circles like flashes of lightning, and each circle seemed to snap a blood vessel. The circles grew faster and faster, until one snapped particularly loud. Then a great white curtain lifted and I found myself, miraculously cool and comfortable, tucked in a snowy bed, with Maisie's anxious face about six inches from mine. A minute later a huge doctor, with a horsey mustache, came tramping in. He pulled back my eyelid and felt of my pulse.

"This one's all right," he said. "I'll see to the others."

"Others?" I asked weakly. "What is this—a plague?"

"Don't try to talk," said Maisie gently. "Just Billy and Mr. Abbot and you. You've all been horribly sick."

I tried to sit up very cautiously; then decided I had better not, for when I moved my arm I found I was in a state of extreme negligee. I decided to make sure of my facts before committing myself; but Maisie divined my intent and exclaimed:

"Don't worry! You've got on mother's nightdress." Then, seeing the possibilities of her remark, she blushed and added: "Mother put you to bed. I—I only sort of helped."

I sat up farther and inspected my harness of lace and blue ribbon.

"Just wait until Billy sees me in this!"

"Ho, you should worry!" retorted Maisie. "He's got on mine."

She adjusted a pillow behind my back, and I had to confess that I felt perfectly well, which seemed to disappoint her.

"Now tell me ——" I began; but at that moment I heard shrieks in the hall, and in walked Billy, very mussed, very pale, and dressed as Maisie had described, but smoking a big black pipe.

He picked a quilt from my bed, plumped himself in a chair, and fastened Maisie with an eagle eye:

"Was I very bad?"

"You were no worse than Tom. The worst was to get you upstairs. Vera carried Mr. Abbot up alone. She has been with him ever since. He really is sick."

She paused a moment, then said:

"We have found out what's the matter. It's that dashed Jack Bixby with his infernal jokes! You three drank Scotch after lunch. A week ago Jack fixed up a bottle of Scotch with some stuff that would make a person sick, meaning it for Fred Fulton; but Fred never came and we forgot all about it. The stuff was harmless then, but it wasn't after it had been in alcohol for a week."

The door was pushed open and in came the horsey doctor.

"I guess you're cured," he said. "But your friend —— Has he ever had anything wrong with his heart?"

"Not that I know of," said I.

"H'm!" said the doctor. "Well, has he lately been under some great strain? Has he had some shock to his nerves?"

I looked at Billy and Billy looked at me.

"Yes," said Billy; "he has. A bad shock to his nerves."

The doctor went out; but Maisie had intercepted our glance. She demanded an explanation. More than demanded—insisted.

"Well, Maisie," admitted Billy at last, "the truth is, our friend John Verrill Abbot was very much enamored."

"With Vera?" replied Maisie. "Don't you suppose I knew that?"

"And John"—I tried to explain, like the great horse that I am—"dreamed of Vera as a sort of combination of Joan of Arc and Pallas Athene."

"What do you mean—Pallas Athene?"

"Well, she was a Greek goddess, with very lofty ideas."

I thought I was easing it over, but Maisie never missed a stroke.

"And then, just because Vera pulled a little rough stuff ——" she demanded.

"With a few damns and hells from your own chaste lips," I added.

I thought I was being funny; but Maisie's eyes suddenly filled with tears. She sprang to her feet.

"The poor, poor boy! If that isn't a damn' shame!"

With that she was out of the room; and I looked at Billy in dismay.

"You poor nut!" he said. "She's gone to tell Vera." He rose to his feet. "I think it is time," he went on, "that you and I resume the garbage of gentlemen."

We did so, and a few minutes later established what we called the convalescent ward on the veranda. Evidently, however, we were regarded as out of danger, for no one came near us, until at last there was a sense of Maisie fussing round in the sitting room. When she came out she was cheery, but rather subdued.

"Well, old darling," said Billy, coming to the point at once, "did you tell Vera of the budding romance?"

Without smiling Maisie arranged the magazines on the piazza table.

"There wasn't much telling to do. There was quite enough hand holding and brow smoothing going on there already!"

As if really affected, she left us without another word; and Billy looked at me in astonishment. For a long time neither of us spoke. At last I said:

"Do you know, it is just beginning to dawn on me that I don't know all there is to know about life, even yet!"

"That's just what I was thinking myself," replied Billy.

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THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 25)

that had choked off Tom's proposal upon the mountain still operated effectually to gag him. Pauline herself had not offered him any further opportunity. She had assumed an air of indifference. She was, in fact, listless and miserable.

"Didn't he speak to you?" had demanded her mother on their return to the yacht.

Pauline shook her head.

"He didn't and he won't!" she answered disconsolately. "Something's come over him."

"I never heard of such a thing!" retorted Ma Selby with a maternal resentment. "I should have thought he would have just jumped at such a chance. Of course he will, soon. All he needs is a little help. Young men never know just how to go about a thing like that. Why, I had to ask your pa myself!"

Mr. Selby was even more outspoken. The young jackanapes! Hadn't he popped yet? What did he think they'd asked him off on the yacht for, anyhow? He'd stir him up, he would! Of course it was just laziness. At this, Pauline, however, protested vigorously. There was no use trying to force people; and, after all, she had only known Tom two months. He was a dear boy, but she could get on without him if need be. They must promise to leave the whole thing to her. And this they somewhat reluctantly did.

Tom had written to his mother from Bar Harbor that he expected to look for a position in New York; and that as soon as he should be successful he would run on to Boston to see her. Meantime, he said, his address would be the Waldorf, where the Selbys had an apartment, and where they had asked him to come to them for a few days at the end of the cruise. As nothing had occurred which would justify the withdrawal of this invitation, and as both Pauline's parents, whatever may have been that young lady's private opinion, confidently expected Tom to make good at an early date, no reason existed for any change of plan. This was indeed a fortunate solution of Tom's difficulties, since he was entirely devoid of funds and would otherwise have been obliged to seek shelter with Mrs. Jones, at Roslyn.

Tom accordingly arrived at the Waldorf under circumstances which might well have induced the belief that he was or, at least, was about to become a permanent adjunct of the Selby ménage—a consummation which, in the eyes of the clerks, head waiters, hallboys, bartenders, porters and other attendants, was devoutly to be wished, and which rendered him an object of their tenderest regard. For Pa Selby was well known at the hostelry, not only as a distributor of fabulous largess, but as a giver of tips upon the market, which had enabled more than one employee to retire upon a fixed income.

A smiling valet welcomed Tom to a suite directly across the hall from the apartment occupied by the Selbys. His evening clothes were already laid out for him in faultless order upon the bed, and a bath was ready for him in the adjacent white-tiled bathroom. There was even a tiny sitting room, with upholstered chairs, and a mahogany table upon which, under a glass lamp, had been placed the evening papers. It was, he thought, almost as swell as Beausejour. He bathed, dressed with luxurious deliberation, and, having a few minutes to spare before the dinner hour, bethought him of calling up Lulie's apartment, of which she had given him the number, on the chance of finding her in New York.

Rather to his surprise she answered the telephone herself; and, to his relief, he discerned nothing in her tone to indicate that she resented his having abandoned her to go yachting with his present host. The sound of her low voice over the wire thrilled him as it had done the first evening he had met her at the Scotts'. She had found herself lonely at Newport, she told him, and returned to the city for the autumn. Lonely for whom? Perhaps he could guess. Anyhow, telephones were such horrid, public things! Wouldn't he come up to see her at her apartment that evening? She was tired and wasn't going out.

Tom, who had business to talk over with Mr. Selby, for once permitted discretion to prevail over inclination, and invited her to dine and to go to the play with him the following evening, instead. Then, with a few whispered partings—so low that even an experienced telephone girl would have had difficulty in interpreting them—he hung up the receiver, his veins throbbing riotously.

The Selbys were on the point of going down to dinner when he joined them in their elaborate drawing-room. Tom, who had never been in a big New York hotel before, was amazed and even rather dazzled at the crowds of people, the lights and the noise; and it is probable he might have felt somewhat ill at ease had he not been personally conducted by Mr. Selby, who was received by the head waiter with magnificent and, at the same time, with affectionate distinction. With an all-embracing wave of his hand, intended to indicate that whatever they saw was theirs, he led the way to an orchid-decked table in the center of the room, simultaneously inquiring with solicitude after the health of Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle Selbee.

Pauline's drooping spirits seemed to revive in this friendly atmosphere, like withering flowers under a warm rain. Evidently she was quite at home in hotels—and a general favorite in this one. She chatted familiarly to the "captain" who took their order about various Alphonses, Pierres and Victors, and ordered special dishes, her penchant for which was obviously well known to him. Before long she had engaged the almost undivided attention of five waiters; had ordered a window opened and the door closed. But the readiness with which all her demands were acceded to was fully explained by the size of the bill which Mr. Selby left beside his finger bowl at the conclusion of the meal.

Once more Tom congratulated himself that he was getting a free ride. He wondered what the cost of a dinner could be when you gave the waiter five dollars at the end of it. Glancing stealthily at the menu under the guise of selecting a dessert, he rapidly calculated that they had certainly eaten at least thirty dollars' worth. If he was going to keep up his end with Lulie he should have to begin to get busy!

They left the table, the ladies carrying with them most of the decorations, which had been pressed upon them by the attendants, and Mr. Selby suggested that Tom and he should have their coffee in the foyer, where they could see "all the folks." Accordingly they strolled through Peacock Alley, where Tom secured his first glimpse of that bewildering concatenation of humanity which makes a New York hotel one of the most interesting places upon the globe, and finally came to anchor in the café, where the waiter brought Mr. Selby his own special box of cigars from the humidor.

Mr. Selby had been carefully considering the problem of Tom's relations to Pauline ever since the yacht had left Bar Harbor, and had concluded that the secret of Tom's hesitancy lay in the fact that, as yet, he, as prospective father-in-law, had said nothing definite regarding the material future. He remembered perfectly what he had told Tom about the brokerage business and attributed his tardiness in declaring his intentions to a natural desire to be at least apparently self-supporting. Therefore, after he had finished his cognac, he approached the subject with characteristic subtlety by remarking:

"Well, I suppose you want me to make good on what I said about giving you my business."

To the credit of our hero it must be here asserted that Tom had never consciously associated Mr. Selby's offer of financial assistance with his daughter's future matrimonial arrangements. He did not do so now. On the contrary, he merely attributed to Mr. Selby a generous friendliness toward himself, entirely divorced from any interest that he might be supposed to have in Pauline.

"I'll be mighty grateful," he answered readily enough, "if you give me any of your business. It would be pretty tough starting out here without any backing."

"Bet your life!" agreed Pa Selby succinctly. "A hard crowd to break into—believe me! But I can fix you up. There ain't many brokerage firms that would turn down my business. I'll give you a letter right now to Westbury & Wheatland, my brokers, and tell 'em to make you a special partner."

"Oh, do you think they'd do that?" asked Tom, aghast.

"We'll see whether they will or not!" declared Mr. Selby. "Maybe you don't appreciate what a pull I've got downtown.

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The manufacture of metal beds strikingly illustrates the advantages of oxy-acetylene welding—the decided savings of time, labor and materials. Parts formerly riveted required boring, which decreased strength and increased labor costs. By welding, these parts are now fused into one piece of uniform strength. The welding process, as used today, has virtually revolutionized metal bed manufacture.

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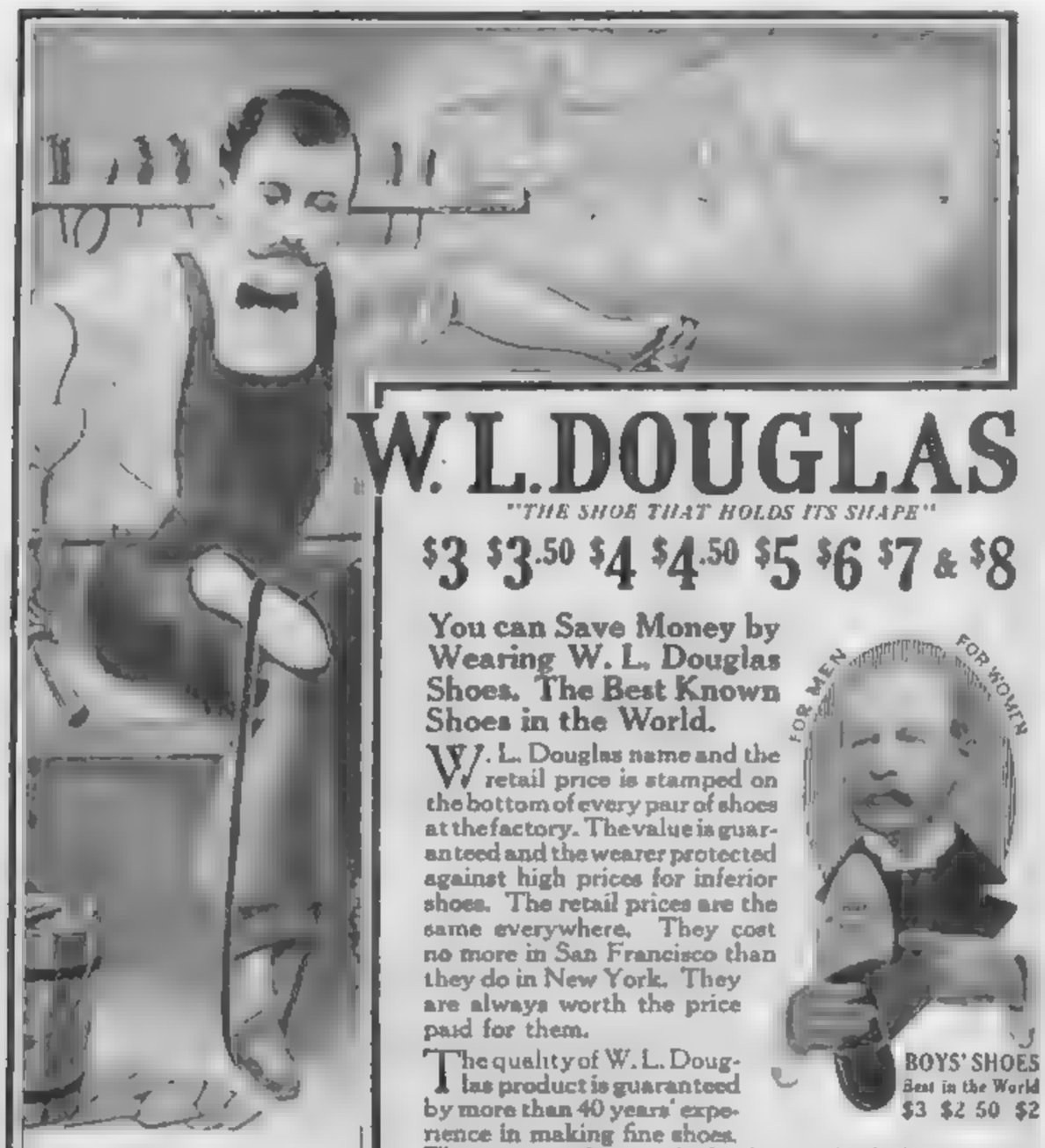

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And my pull is yours. See? That is, if we pull together," he added significantly.

Tom, however, did not grasp the connotation.

"I guess there won't be any difficulty about that!" he assured his host, with enthusiasm.

Mr. Selby's expression relaxed and his face beamed.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, son!" he exclaimed. "Put it there!"

And he held out his hand.

On Wall Street Tom experienced some difficulty in finding the brokerage office of Westbury & Wheatland, to whom Mr. Selby had given him a letter of introduction. In spite of the self-confidence engendered by his successful social career at Newport, he could not help feeling somewhat insignificant amid the throng upon the sidewalks. But, at any rate, his frame of mind was entirely different from that of the famous Dick Whittington on his arrival in London with his mousetrap in his pocket. Whittington had intended to be lord mayor of London; but to be mayor of New York would not have satisfied Tom in the least. His vision rather resembled that of Lord Rosebery, with the slight difference, however, that Mr. Tom purposed to marry not only one of the richest but also one of the most beautiful women in the country.

Nevertheless, with all his self-assurance, he did not create any noticeable stir upon Broadway, and could hardly be said to have attracted any attention at all except from two yellow-haired young ladies who were drinking soda water at the fountain of a corner drug store, and for whose approving regard our hero felt duly grateful.

He had rather anticipated that the abode of Westbury & Wheatland would turn out to be a stately building of Carrara marble, with plate-glass windows through which the passers-by could discern at a respectful distance the partners themselves, moving among their customers arrayed in frock coats and tall silk hats. That, at least, had been the impression conveyed to him by Mr. Selby; but the number in Wall Street which corresponded with the one upon the envelope in his hand proved to belong to a dingy brownstone structure whose narrow hallway was paved with dirty marble and whose stairs were cramped and winding. Westbury & Wheatland were not even upon the ground floor.

They were up only one flight, however; and Tom, having climbed the necessary distance, found himself in a sunny suite of old-fashioned, green-carpeted offices, full of deep-seated leather chairs and sofas, and hung with railroad maps.

A group of men were standing round the ticker by the window, and at one end of the room a clerk in an alpaca jacket was busily hanging up little square figures to indicate the prices at which the various stocks were selling across the way in the big Exchange.

There were perhaps ten persons in the entire place and Tom looked vainly for some employee to whom he could state his business. Nobody appeared to wait on him, however, and as the youth hanging up the numbers hardly seemed free to run errands Tom had no choice but to grapple with the situation himself. Accordingly, still wearing his hat, since he noticed that most of the other persons in the office were wearing theirs, he approached the ticker and accosted the first back he saw there.

"Beg pardon, could you tell me where to find Mr. Westbury?" he ventured.

The particular back at which he had directed the inquiry remained seemingly oblivious of his existence. It was a well-shaped back, with broad shoulders, and covered with what the Cambridge tailors had been accustomed to describe as a "nobby suit" of black-and-white check. The back proving unresponsive to merely verbal approach, Tom unhesitatingly tapped its owner on the shoulder.

"Can you tell me ——" he repeated; but the completion of the sentence was interrupted by the sudden turning round of the man to whom the back belonged.

"Eh?" he began. He gazed quizzically at Tom out of not altogether friendly gray eyes. "Well, I'll be damned!" he concluded.

Tom recoiled abruptly. He had not expected thus to encounter Lulie's husband at the threshold of his budding financial career. He found himself growing uncomfortably warm, with his heart pounding violently. He was, in fact, quite unable to speak. Mr. Wingate seemed fully appreciative of the humor of the situation.

"Not looking for me, are you?" he asked, smiling.

Tom swallowed and shook his head. He was looking for one of the firm, he said. He had a letter of introduction, which he wished to present in person.

"That's all right," responded Wingate, "I'm a member of the firm myself. You want to talk to Westbury, I presume. Give me your letter and I'll take it in to him. Don't mind waiting a few minutes?"

Tom would have surrendered the contents of the Congressional Library, had he been possessed of them, in order to get rid of Wingate at that moment, and he unhesitatingly handed over the letter Mr. Selby had given him. It was rather a staggerer to find that Wingate was a member of Westbury & Wheatland. He wondered, as he waited, whether it really wouldn't create an impossible situation. You could hardly expect an injured husband to take his wife's corespondent into business with him, could you? Well, Selby would put him in somewhere else that was just as good. There was more than one office in Wall Street.

He began to feel better. The men round the ticker were all smoking cigars, and Tom, taking out his elegant gold case, began to smoke too—a cigarette. He was surprised at the rapidity with which the prices of the stocks changed upon the board at the end of the room. The men at the ticker did not seem conscious of his presence; and once, to show that he was quite at home, Tom strolled over and ran the tape through his fingers, quickly retreating, however, startled at his own temerity.

Wingate was taking an awfully long time! He kicked his heels together nervously. Who did they think he was, anyhow, to be kept waiting in that fashion? Presently, however, Lulie's husband came out of the inner office and nodded to him.

"All right," he said. "Mr. Westbury would like to have you step inside. By the way," he added, "when you get through with him I'd like a word with you myself if you don't mind."

Mr. Westbury, a florid, keen-eyed man with a close gray mustache, rose and shook hands with Tom and motioned him to a seat. He had the air of having all the time in the world.

"Mr. Selby says you are looking for a job."

"That's it," answered Tom with an easy assurance he was far from feeling.

Mr. Westbury tapped his desk with the edge of the envelope in his hand.

"The conditions are a bit unusual," he went on, swiftly appraising Tom with his sharp eyes. "We really don't need anybody here. We receive most of our orders over the telephone; and have our regular customers. The board out there is really only a convenience for a few of our friends who like to make our office their headquarters. But, of course, we can make room—we'll have to make room for you, if it comes to that. We can't afford to lose Mr. Selby's business."

Tom felt an access of confidence. Old Selby must be a heavy trader.

"That is for you to say," commented Tom; he did not observe that Mr. Westbury was biting his mustache.

"Putting it bluntly, Mr. Selby proposes that we should make you a special partner, your interest to be calculated on the amount of his business plus anything else you may bring in."

"Well, don't you think that a fair proposition?" asked Tom.

Mr. Westbury shrugged his shoulders.

"We cannot make you a special partner. That is out of the question, for many reasons. We are willing, however, to give you a nominal connection with our house and to pay you a thousand dollars a month salary until we see what you are going to be worth to us. How does that strike you?"

Tom assured Mr. Westbury that this would be eminently satisfactory to him.

"You can come here or not, just as you please," continued Westbury. "If you bring in other business we'll give you some sort of bonus. You ought to be able to pick up quite a lot round the clubs and hotels, particularly if you can get any tips from Mr. Selby. You can stay away as much as you like. Just telephone, if that suits you. There's really nothing you can do here, you know."

"All right," answered Tom, nothing loath to be his own master to such an extent. "When do I get my salary?"

Mr. Westbury gave a slight laugh.

"First of every month," he answered shortly. "Want any money? We'll give you an advance if you like."

(Continued on Page 105)

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As a car it pioneers that valuable union of high power, light weight, great comfort and fixed economy toward which the sensible motorist is surely turning.

It is above all things an automobile built to be *used*—to be enjoyed as well as to be admired.

It is for the man who wants in his motor car an efficiency on which he can always rely, at a cost which will serve rather than enslave him.

The overhead-valve motor in this new Oakland is of special design, simple and compact, delivering at 2600 r.p.m., 44 h.p., or one full working horse-power to every 48 pounds of car weight.

It is exceedingly sparing of fuel, and because of its extremely light weight the car is surprisingly easy on tires.

The sightly and spacious body of the new Oakland is swung on specially graded springs of unusual comfort, and is upholstered in genuine leather.

Only the soundest manufacturing principles coupled with unmatched buying power could produce this value at so moderate a price as $990.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

Proper design has contrived a full 106 inches of body room upon the 112-inch wheelbase of this new Sensible Six.

Touring Car	*$ 990*
Roadster	*990*
Coupé	*1490*
Sedan	*1190*
Roadster Coupé	*1150*

OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

(Continued from Page 102)

"Just as you say," replied Tom in a lofty tone.

Mr. Westbury pressed a bell and to the clerk who entered in answer to it remarked:

"Draw a check to the order of Mr. Thomas Kelly for a thousand dollars."

Then, turning to Tom, he said:

"Well, good luck to you! Hope you make a lot of money!"

Tom received his check in the outer office. He had hardly expected any such concrete evidence of Mr. Selby's interest so soon, at any rate. Yet he had the equivalent of a thousand dollars actually in his hand! A thousand dollars! His first real money! Enough to pay back all he had borrowed from Allyn and have a couple of hundred left besides. He almost forgot about Wingate in his excitement and haste to get the check cashed. But Wingate did not let him escape.

"Well," he said pleasantly, "now that business is over, can you give me a few minutes? What do you say—shall we sit down here? Or perhaps we had better go into my private office, eh?"

"Suit yourself," answered Tom, distrustful of any Greek bearing a gift.

He followed Wingate down a narrow passage until they came to a small room at the end of the suite. It was a cheery place, with a fire burning in an iron grate and the sun pouring in through a single huge window, beneath which stood a desk. On top of the desk was a large framed photograph of Lulie! At sight of it Tom hesitated and almost dropped in his tracks. Wingate—with his wife's picture! Lulie's girlish face looked out archly at both of them—the husband and the boy.

"Good picture of my wife, isn't it?" said Wingate quietly, sinking into a revolving chair and motioning Tom to an adjacent sofa.

"Very good indeed, I should say," replied Tom, redder now than ever, and endeavoring to assume an air of light indifference.

"Of course that picture was taken over ten years ago," continued Wingate critically; "but she's hardly changed at all. She was the prettiest girl of her year—in fact, for a good many years."

Tom was becoming more and more uncomfortable. Wingate had him at a disadvantage and was making the most of it, though Tom did not ask himself what the other's purpose was. It was enough for poor Tom that under the circumstances it was quite impossible for him to demand what all that was to him!

"You may be surprised at my speaking to you this way, but I can't help it. I know my wife pretty well. I know how beautiful and how damned fascinating she is. But I know something more about her or I wouldn't be sitting here in my office with you, young man! And that is, that my wife never went wrong with any man, and never will."

Wingate's honest gray eyes were fastened upon Tom's face. He was speaking gently, almost tenderly of his wife.

"I was madly in love with Lulie—have always been in love with her. I guess I'm in love with her now. I think she used to love me. She still loves me sometimes. But I wasn't clever enough for her, and I bored her. I'm only a stockbroker. I never went to college. Maybe I'd have bored her just as much if I had. But she was one of those girls who get a bad start, because she never knew anything about real life. New York and Newport are full of them. I don't wish to tire you, but I think you ought to have a word of explanation about Lulie. I appreciate it's not all your fault.

"But then, it isn't all hers, either. It's partly the fault of conditions. You see she has never had to do anything for herself in her entire life. She was brought up on governesses and French maids, and always had her breakfast served to her in bed on a tray. But her mother took good care of her and she was strong. How she could swim! The only things Lulie ever knew she got secondhand from novels and other girls, who had them off their maids and hairdressers. Sweet trick for a mother to play on a girl, isn't it? Smoke?"

Tom nodded.

"That isn't giving a girl a fair chance! Her mother brought her up to believe that the only kind of life worth living was what you get down on Long Island; taught her to look forward to nothing but dances and dinners and flirting all the rest of her days; and incidentally that children were just a nuisance. Honestly, Lulie hasn't any idea of a home without half a dozen footmen in powdered hair and knee breeches. What chance has a girl got, I ask you?"

He inhaled a deep breath of cigarette smoke.

"And then they brought her out, with a great fanfare of trumpets. For two years she went to a ball every night and stayed in bed all the next day. For two years she was the center of a whirlwind of artificial excitement. Every unmarried man made love to her—and a good many married men. She was fed up on it. Then she married me."

He laughed amiably.

"I suppose I was rather a comedown for Lulie, though I filled the bill so far as money and what you call social position goes. But her mother was satisfied; and so was she for a while. Then it got to be an old story. You see, she'd become convinced that she would hold the center of the stage all her life. She'd been flattered and adored and petted until she had to have admiration or die of drought. And suddenly, after this hectic two years of débutante life, the whole thing dropped with a thud. She was married; she refused to have any children—the idea filled her with disgust and horror.

"She had to have some outlet for her energies; so she began to take on a few admirers. She told me all about 'em—laughed at 'em with me. But she was so pretty—is so pretty—they used to lose their heads over her. I can't blame her or them very much. And the thing grew on her! She just couldn't live without it. I can understand it easily enough. Her mother had made her think that her whole life was going to be one triumphal procession—and then the procession petered out. She ceased to be a débutante, but she still had the débutante point of view! She had to be made love to in spite of the fact that she was married already and wasn't willing to pay the price of love."

He knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"We had rows—not because she'd done anything really wrong, but because she was getting herself talked about and making me ridiculous. She went back to her mother half a dozen times; and then, when she got tired of that, started in again with me. Of course it's grown on her, but it's not so bad as if she drank or took drugs. But sometimes I don't think she's quite all there." He tapped his forehead.

Tom had started to his feet, his eyes blurred with indignant tears. Wingate waved him sternly back.

"I've been speaking in defense of my wife and in behalf of a lot of useless, miserable, neurotic women who can only play at being alive. I've got more to say, though. As I tell you, I know that Lulie never did a really wrong thing—you know what I mean. And she never will. Why, that night you met her in the hall we'd been talking things over—you among 'em. I'd met her at the Welfleets' not long before and we'd had a jolly chat in the garden and patched it all up. Then you came along and spilled the beans.

"Of course I had to stand on my dignity in the household; but I know Lulie wasn't to blame then. The trouble is, they're all against her now. No use explaining. I didn't want to make a fuss, so I got out. Six months from now Lulie will come round again and we'll fix things up. I want to say two things to you: First, I want to warn you against ruining your young life chasing after my wife. She'll play with you and then throw you away like a rag doll. She doesn't care a damn for you or any other man alive! She cares only for herself. She's as hard as nails and as cold as ice. And she's as wily when she's playing her game as a heathen Chinee.

"For instance, she's not above trying to make you think I'll divorce her and name you as corespondent. My God! You! Ha! Ha! That's the kind of thing she does to put ginger into the game. Yet she knows that I wouldn't divorce her under any conditions. She's my wife and I'm going to protect her, no matter what! See?"

Wingate had thrown away his cigarette and was leaning forward, pointing a long forefinger at the now utterly humiliated and partially frightened Tom.

"And that brings me to the second thing I've got to say to you, young-feller-me-lad! I don't care how much you burn your fingers letting Lulie pull the wool over your eyes. You are free to play the game and make anything out of it you can—which won't be much. But"—and he rose and stood threateningly over Tom—"if you once do

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or say anything—you understand, anything—in public or elsewhere that compromises my wife in any way, I'll thrash you until I break every bone in your body, and I'll leave you so your own mother wouldn't recognize you. Is that plain enough?"

Tom slipped out of his chair and got upon his feet. He was thoroughly scared, for Wingate had by this time quite lost control of himself.

"Get out!" Wingate finally blurted.

Tom did not delay in carrying out his order. He "got out," as he picturesquely expressed it to himself, "while the getting was good." In fact, the precise method of his departure remained a permanent blank in his recollection. Once downstairs and out upon the street, he realized forcibly, however, that it would be most embarrassing to be associated in business, after what had occurred, with a firm of which Wingate was a member. The mere thought of climbing the stairs again and explaining matters to Mr. Westbury filled him with dismay. Wingate would probably be prowling round somewhere and be disagreeable if not dangerous. It would be much more tactful and far safer to write a letter and return the check, which now, of course, it would be quite impossible for him to keep.

He fingered it with regret, representing as it did the largest sum he had ever had within his control. There was no help for it. He should have to send it back. He should simply have to go to Selby and get from him letters to another brokerage firm. The hands of the clock on Trinity Church pointed to half past twelve. There was just time to reach the Waldorf comfortably before luncheon.

He found Mr. Selby amusing himself by looking out of the window and smoking one of the long black submarine cigars he affected. The ladies, he said, had gone out shopping, and purposed lunching anywhere—wherever they happened to be taken hungry. He listened with interest while Tom gave an emasculated narrative of his experiences of the morning, nodding commendation or scowling disagreement, as the case might be. But when his guest endeavored to explain why he could not associate himself with the firm in question Mr. Selby was clearly mystified. Tom took the position that as he was an intimate friend of the Scotts it would be manifestly improper, or at least exceedingly awkward, to be connected in business with Wingate, who, as a matter of common knowledge, was separated from his wife. If nothing else, such an association would certainly prevent his getting any of the Scott business, which might be large.

Mr. Selby, however, couldn't see it at all! Half the men you knew were separated from their wives! Business was business—and matrimony was matrimony, or bad business, as you chose to regard it. He chuckled at what he regarded as a very good joke. Tom, in his opinion, was making a mistake.

Tom, however, was obdurate. Unable to tell Selby the real cause of his refusal to join Westbury & Wheatland, he merely insisted upon the assumed one and requested Mr. Selby to give him letters to some other firm. This his host was disinclined to do. He didn't like the idea, he explained, of having Tom rush all over the street turning down good jobs for fanciful reasons. In the long run it would be bad for him. Westbury & Wheatland were his regular brokers and he didn't want to leave them. The old fellow was obviously quite distressed at the situation. He wanted, he said, more time to think it over.

However, he had a suggestion. Why should not Tom see what he could do for himself? He would agree to give him such business as he might have until further notice and Tom could place it where he chose—with any responsible firm. Moreover, he'd give him a tip and Tom could see what he could do with it. Chicle was going up—not right off, maybe, but before very long. It was good for seven or eight points, anyhow. They had luncheon together, from which Selby departed hurriedly for a matinée, leaving Tom with an unoccupied afternoon before him.

Lighting a cigarette, Tom sipped a cup of coffee and then sauntered through the corridors on the ground floor of the hotel, idly watching the people who occupied the armchairs that lined the walls. Presently his eye caught a sign reading Wertheim & Wertheim, and he found himself at the open door of what appeared to be a brokerage office connected in some way with the hotel. There was the usual board at one end of the room, upon which the prices of active stocks were being recorded, and in front of which reclined an audience of rather prosperous-looking men and a few women. At the other end of the room stood a couple of tickers and about them was congregated the usual crowd of traders. A tall alert-looking young Hebrew who had been standing by the window turned as Tom entered, nodded and came forward.

"Glad to have you drop in on us, Mr. Kelly," said he affably.

Tom was nonplused.

"You're a little surprised at my knowing your name? That's nothing. We make it our business to know who is at the hotel. Glad to get a little of your trade, you know. Besides, of course, your being a friend of Mr. Selby's ——"

"I see," remarked Tom.

It had suddenly occurred to him that here was a chance to test the value of Mr. Selby's influence and support.

"Doing anything in the market?" further inquired Wertheim easily.

"How's Chicle?" asked Tom in a low tone, hardly aware that he had uttered the words.

Wertheim glanced at the board.

"Forty-one," answered the broker in the same key, but manifestly interested. "Anything doing?"

Tom nodded mysteriously.

"It's good for a rise," he remarked confidently. "Not at once, necessarily. But it's good for seven or eight points—believe me!"

Mr. Wertheim became instantly agitated.

"Is that straight?" he whispered.

"Straight from Selby—within ten minutes."

"Look here," responded Wertheim. "Come into our inside office, won't you?"

He grabbed Tom's arm and hastily pushed him through a glass door into a small room, empty save for a table with a telephone upon it.

"Suppose we take a flyer?" suggested the broker eagerly. "I'll carry you for a thousand—for the tip."

Tom, who had not the remotest idea what being "carried for a thousand" meant, nodded.

"I don't mind," he answered.

Wertheim unhooked the receiver of the telephone and murmured into it rapidly. Then he hung it up.

"You just leave this all to me," he said to Tom. The bell rang and Wertheim took up the receiver again.

"Got it!" he exclaimed. "Forty-one and an eighth."

"Got what?" inquired Tom.

"Two thousand shares of Chicle," answered Wertheim, with a puzzled look. "Say! It's all right, isn't it?"

"Why, of course it's all right. I told you it was going up," replied Tom.

"Well—I think I'll start her along now," answered his new friend. "You wait here—or, if you prefer, get over by the board and see what happens."

Tom, entirely at sea as to what it all meant, started out among the crowd, watching while Wertheim moved from group to group. The man at the board suddenly changed the card under CHI to 42. A few moments later he altered it again to 42¾.

Wertheim came over to where Tom was standing.

"She's moving!" he whispered.

There was no doubt about it. Chicle was moving—jumping, in fact. Before many minutes had elapsed Chicle—whatever Chicle might be—had gone successively from 42¾ to 43; to 43½; to 44¼; to 45; and then to 45¼.

At that point Wertheim hastened again to Tom and dragged him once more into the office.

"Look here!" he cried. "I'm for getting out quick. What do you say?"

"I would," agreed Tom, for no reason in the world save to be agreeable.

The broker used the telephone once more, his face pale with excitement. Then he sank back with a deep suspiration of relief.

"Sold it—at forty-five!" he ejaculated. "Congratulations!"

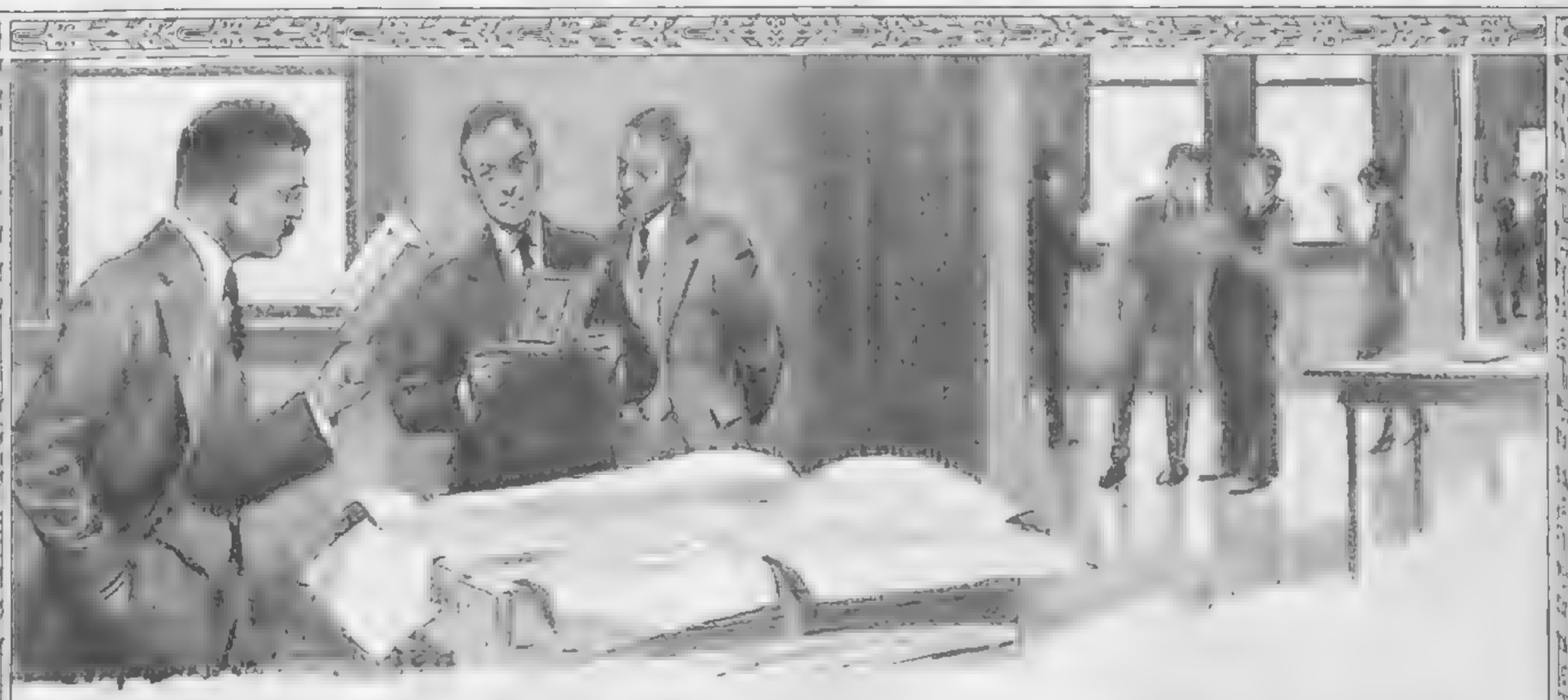
He opened a pocket check book, wrote rapidly and tore out a piece of paper.

"Here you are!" he said, tossing a check in Tom's direction. "A thousand thanks! If you get any more like that, let us know."

"What's this?" asked Tom, gazing stupidly at the check in his hand.

"Your profits, of course. I've given you my own check. I'll put it through as a personal transaction. No use complicating matters."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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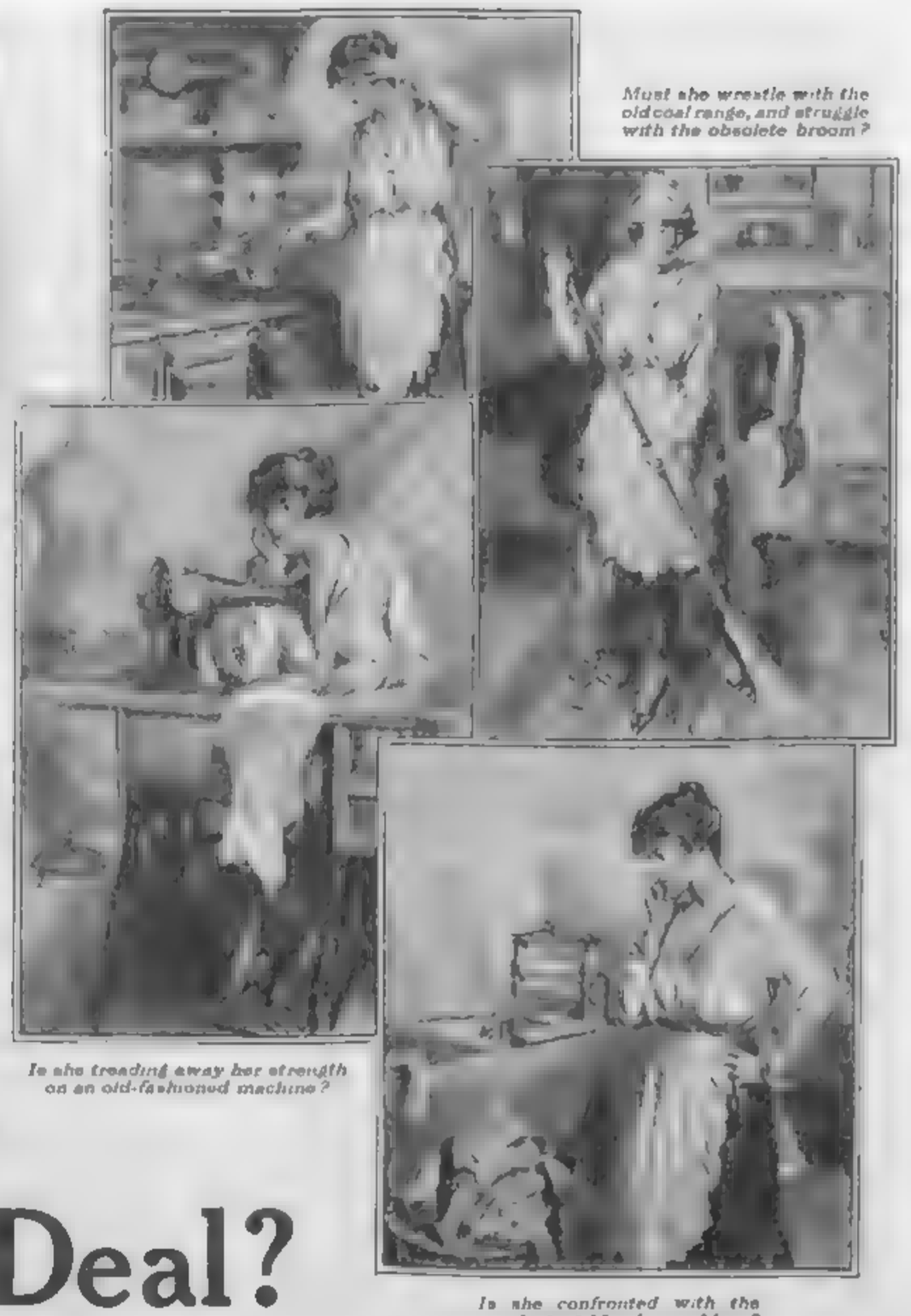
Must she wrestle with the old coal range, and struggle with the obsolete broom?
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Vacuum Cleaner makes the work lighter and the rugs last longer

Electric Ranges are coming into general use—save time, labor and food values

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Try your hand at washing the dishes tonight and then you will know how tiresome and disagreeable a task this is. Then ask us to tell you how it is made quick and easy by the Western Electric Dishwasher. Four cents' worth of current washes the dishes for a week.

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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Western Electric

SCATTERGOOD KICKS UP THE DUST

(Continued from Page 13)

int'rest in a young feller that kin refuse a wad of money when he can't pay his board bill. Maybe 'twa'n't jest a nice way, but I had to find out. The man I'm needin' has to have a clost mouth, and somethin' a mite better'n that—gumption not to sell out. Git the idee?"

"I—yes, I guess I do—but ——"

"Any objections to workin' for me?"

"None."

"All right. Keep the money. When you've worked it up come for more. And, young feller, if things turns out for me like I think they will, you're goin' to quit bein' a lawyer one of these days. I'm agoin' to need you in my business. Come over to my store."

At the store Scattergood spread his maps before the young man and pointed to a certain spot: "There's about fifty different passels of timber in that crotch. I don't aim to need 'em all to-day, but I calc'late on gittin' a sort of fringe round the edge." He drew his finger down the East Branch and up the West Branch in a sort of horseshoe. "Your job's to git options on the fringe—in your own name. Git the idee?"

"Yes."

"Git 'em cheap."

"Yes, sir."

"There's five thousand dollars on deposit in the bank in your name. Use it." When Scattergood trusted a man, he trusted him.

"And now," he said, "I calc'late to raise a little dust so's you won't be noticed."

Scattergood's little dust consisted of allowing to be inserted in the local paper an item announcing that Scattergood Baines had bought all the stock and contracts of the Bailey Provision Company, which concern was purveying food supplies to all the camps of Messrs. Crane and Keith. . . . Then Scattergood settled back to watch the dust rise.

The dust rose and filled the eyes and noses of Messrs. Crane and Keith, as Scattergood expected, with the result that Mr. Crane was a passenger on Scattergood's stage, to Coldriver village.

"Howdy, Mr. Crane," said Scattergood as that gentleman belligerently entered the hardware store. "I was sort of lookin' forward to seein' some of you folks."

"Look here, Baines," said Crane, "what are you butting into our game for? We let you get away with that other thing, but this last deal of yours makes it look as if you were hunting trouble. You bought that provision company to get a lever on us."

"Maybe so. Maybe so. But I wouldn't get het up about it. You see, it's like this: You folks kind of did what I expected you'd do on that dam-and-boom deal, and come pretty close to doin' me out of some valuable property. I didn't get het up, though. I jest sort of sat round and waited—and it come out all right. Now didn't it?"

"Bullhead luck."

"Maybe so. Maybe so. Now here's how I figger things to-day: You and Keith hain't amiable about that deal, and you don't aim to let my dam-and-boom company make any money out of you. I expect you can manage it. If I was in your shoes and was the kind of a man I judge you folks be I'd fix it so's the dam-and-boom company couldn't handle the drive. Buy up the men, maybe, and start fights, and be sort of forced to take charge so's to get my drive through. And then I'd sue for damages. That's how I'd do. I calc'late that's about what you and Keith has in mind, hain't it?"

Crane was purple with rage, but underneath his rage was a clammy layer of unpleasant surprise that this mound of flabby fat should have such uncanny vision into his hardly creditable plans.

"You're crazy, man," he blustered.

"Maybe so. Maybe so. Anyhow, I took out a mite of insurance agin sich a happenin'. I got me this here provision company to feed your men. Ever happen to think what would happen in the woods if your lumberjacks run short of grub? Eh? And suppose it happened, and your men come hdin' out of camp, sore as bears with bee stings. What then, eh? Couldn't git another crew this winter, maybe. Eh?"

Crane blustered. He threatened legal measures, but Scattergood pointed out no legal measures could be taken until he failed to deliver supplies. Also he directed Crane's attention to the fact that the provision company was a corporation, and liable only to the extent of its assets. "So, even if you got a judgment, you wouldn't collect enough to make no profit. And your winter's cut would be off, and what logs you got cut would rot in the woods. I calc'late you'd stand to git damaged consid'able."

"What's your proposition?" spluttered Crane.

"Hain't got none. You jest run back to Keith and repeat as much of this here talk as you can remember. I'm going to be busy now. 'Afternoon!"

VI

FOR two weeks Scattergood disappeared, and though Crane and Keith sought him with fever in their blood he was not to be found. He filled their minds; he dominated their conversation; he gave them sleepless nights and unpleasant days. Their attention was effectively focused on the emergency he had presented to them. Scattergood had kicked up an effective dust.

At the end of two weeks Scattergood appeared in town again and went directly to Johnny Bones' office. Scattergood now called his lawyer Johnny.

"Got 'em?" he asked.

"Not all. There's a fifteen-thousand-acre strip cutting right across your horseshoe, from East to West Branch, and I couldn't touch it. I got all the rest. That one belongs to a woman, and a more unreasonable woman to try to do business with I never saw."

"Um!" said Scattergood. "Know where I been, Johnny?"

"No, sir."

"Gittin' married."

"What?"

"Yes. Me 'n' the lady, we met by arrangement in Boston, and got us a preacher and done the job. Marriage, Johnny, is a dog-gone solemn matter."

"I've heard so," said the young man.

"Some day," said Scattergood, "I'm agoin' to marry you off. Calc'late I got the girl in my eye now."

"I hope," Johnny said, "that you'll be—er—very happy."

"Guess we'll manage so-so. Now about them options, Johnny. You make tracks for the city and sort of edge up to Crane and Keith. Might start by showin' 'em a deed for a mill site down across from theirs at the railroad. Then you might start askin' questions like you was lookin' for information. Guess that'll git up their curiosity some. Then you kin spring your options on 'em. When you've done that, come off and leave 'em sweatin', and don't mention me. I hain't in this deal a-tall."

But before Johnny could get to Crane and Keith, Crane and Keith came to Scattergood.

"You've got some kind of a proposition in mind," said Keith, who did the talking because he could keep his temper better than Crane. "What do you want?"

"Make me an offer," said Scattergood.

"We'll buy your provision company, and give you a decent profit."

"Don't sound enticin'," said Scattergood, reaching down and loosening his shoe. It was too cold to omit the wearing of heavy woolen socks, so he could not twiddle his toes with perfect freedom, but he could twiddle them some, and that helped his mental processes.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'll sell the provision company's stock of provisions—but nothin' more. At a profit. You got to buy, 'cause you can't make arrangements to git in grub before I bring on a famine for you. And I got the grub stored in warehouses. That's part of it. Second, I'll lease you my river for three years. You wasn't calc'latin' to pay for the use of it. So you be obleeged to pay in advance. I figgered my profits on drivin' at about two thousand this year. Give you a three-year lease for five thousand. I hain't no hog. Yes or no?"

There was a brief conference. "Yes" was the answer.

"Cash," said Scattergood.

"You'll have to come to the city for it," Keith said, which Scattergood was not unwilling to do. He returned with a certified check for twenty-six thousand five hundred

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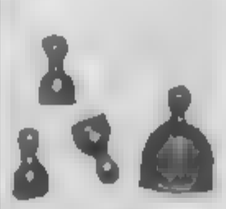

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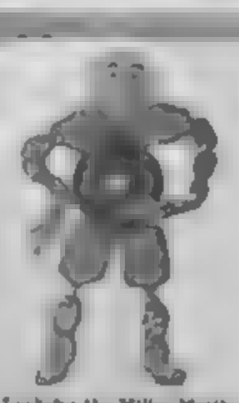

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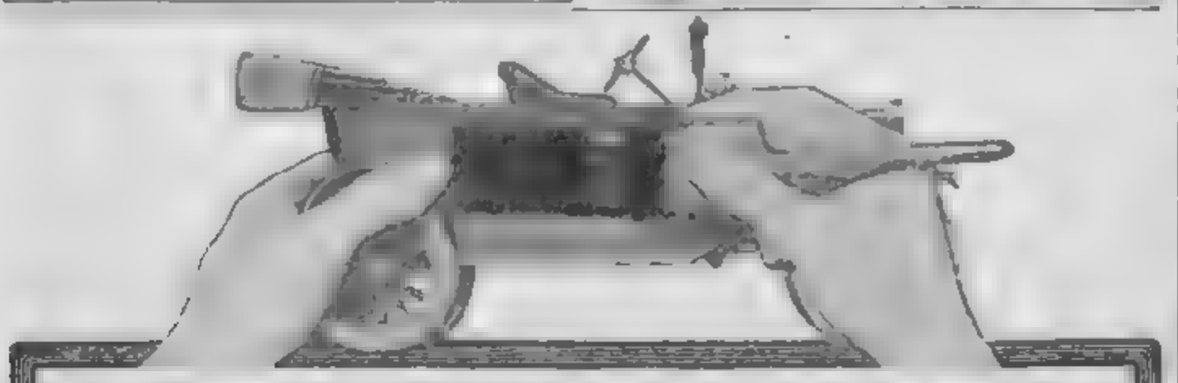

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and twenty-four dollars and nineteen cents, of which five thousand was rental for his river, and four thousand and odd dollars was his profit on his provisions. Not a bad profit from a dust-throwing project!

Meantime Johnny paid his visit to Crane and Keith, and came home to report.

"It hit them between wind and water," he said.

"Uh-huh! What did you judge they had in mind?"

"They wanted to buy me out. Of course I wouldn't sell. My clients wanted that timber and were going to work to build their mill. The last they said was that they were coming up to see me."

"Uh-huh! When they come, you mention about that strip of fifteen thousand acres you couldn't buy, eh? Let on you couldn't get it."

Johnny held Scattergood as he was going out.

"I want to account for that five thousand dollars you placed in my name."

"Go ahead. I hain't preventin' you."

"I got options on eighteen thousand six hundred acres of timber. The options cost me twenty-one hundred and seventy dollars, and my expenses were sixty-one dollars and a half."

"Um! . . . Cheap enough. What did the land cost an acre?"

"Averaged a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"Huh! . . . Not so bad. Now tend to Crane and his quiet friend."

They arrived in due time, accompanied by their lawyer.

"Mr. Bones," said the lawyer, "you have certain options that my clients wish to purchase. Undoubtedly they were taken in good faith, but we would like to know whom you are acting for."

"You can deal with me. I have full powers."

"You decline to disclose your principal?"

"Absolutely."

"Do I understand the project is to build a mill at once and start to cut this timber?"

"That is my information."

"Aha! May I ask how much land you have?"

Johnny exhibited a map, on which was blocked off the timber in question. "You see," he said, "there's one fifteen-thousand-acre strip I couldn't get hold of. It cuts right across the triangle from river to river."

Crane looked at Keith, and Keith looked at Crane.

"It belongs to a woman who wouldn't sell," Johnny added.

"What figure did you pay for the land?"

"That is hardly a fair question."

"What do you ask for your options? That's a fair question, isn't it?"

"They're not for sale."

"But we may make an offer. It might be profitable for your principals to sell. My clients feel they need this property, lying as it does between their holdings."

"I'll listen."

There followed whispered arguments among the three, resulting in an offer of a dollar and seventy-five cents an acre for the whole tract—exactly what Johnny had agreed to pay.

"I said I'd listen," said Johnny, "but I don't seem to hear anything."

Another conference and a bid of two dollars. Johnny shrugged his shoulders. Two dollars and a half an acre was finally offered, and then Johnny leaned forward and tapped with his finger on his desk:

"If you gentlemen mean business let's talk business. I've got what you want. You can't get it unless I want to sell, and I don't want to sell. I and my clients know what that timber is worth to us, but any business man will consider a quick profit if it is enough profit. In five years that timber will be worth five or six dollars standing; in fifteen years it will be worth fifteen to twenty. But if you want to buy to-day you can have it for three dollars through and through."

"We've got to have it," said Crane; and Keith nodded.

"Cash," said Johnny, for cash was a hobby of Scattergood's.

"Our bank has made arrangements with your local bank to give us what money we need," said Keith.

And then clattering upstairs came a small boy. Without ceremony he burst into the room. "Mr. Bones," he shouted, "I was sent to tell you that strip of timber you tried to buy from the lady is for sale." Then he whisked out of sight.

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "Costs me some profit," he said. "Confound that woman! Well, we can go to the bank and close this up. Then you fellows can buy that last fifteen thousand acres."

"You bet we will," said Crane savagely.

At the bank fifty-five thousand eight hundred dollars in the form of a certified check was deposited in the hands of the cashier to be paid to Johnny when he should deliver proper deeds to the property sold. It represented a profit of twenty-three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Now for the other parcel," said Crane, and getting the information as to ownership he and his companions took a buggy to the spot. It was a comfortable farmhouse, white-painted and agreeable to look upon, but the pleasure of the view was ruined for Crane and Keith by reason of a bulky figure standing on the porch in conversation with a woman.

"Baines!" ejaculated Crane. It sounded like a swearword as he said it.

"Madam," said Crane, not deigning to recognize Scattergood's presence, "you own a tract of timber—fifteen thousand acres. We hear it is for sale. We want to buy it."

"This gentleman was just making me an offer for it," she said, pointing to Scattergood.

"We raise his offer twenty-five cents an acre," said Crane, and drew from his pocket a huge roll of bills.

"That makes two dollars an acre," said she, and looked at Scattergood.

"Two and a quarter," said he.

"Two and a half," roared Crane.

"Two-seventy-five," said Scattergood.

"Three dollars."

"Three-ten," said Scattergood.

"Three and a quarter," said Crane. He glared at Scattergood. "If you want it worse than that," he shouted, "why, confound you, you can have it."

"I don't," said Scattergood placidly.

The woman figured a moment. "That makes forty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars," she said. "I kind of like even money. You can have it for an even fifty thousand."

Scattergood looked at her and grinned.

"Done!" said Crane. "We'll get into town and close the deal, ma'am, if you don't mind."

"Your buggy seems to be crowded," said Scattergood. "I'll drive the lady in if you want I should."

"We want nothing from you at all, Baines."

"All right," said Scattergood placidly, and getting into his buggy he drove away. He drove rapidly and alighted at Johnny Bones' office. Presently he emerged carrying a legal-appearing document in his hand—and went across to the bank, where he handed the document to the cashier.

Presently the parties appeared, entered the bank, and the cashier, upon being directed, executed a certified check to the lady for fifty thousand dollars. Then he handed it to her and the deed to Mr. Crane.

"You see," said he, "we have the deed all ready for you."

"Yes," said Scattergood, stepping through the door, "I had it fixed up for you. I aim to be prompt when I'm tendin' to my wife's business matters. Gentlemen, I guess you hain't met Mrs. Baines real proper yet."

It was not a happy moment for Messrs. Crane and Keith, but they weathered it—not suavely, not with complete dignity, but after a fashion.

"Well, Scattergood," said Mandy, "it was a real good deal."

"The way you histed 'em to fifty thousand was what got my eye," he said proudly. "I wouldn't 'a' had the nerve."

"I knew they'd pay it," she said. "Seems like a reasonable profit, though the land's been alayin' there unproductive for thirty years. Father he give a thousand dollars for it, and the taxes must 'a' been a couple of thousand more. Say, forty-seven thousand dollars' profit."

"And I come out of the other deals perty fair. Made twenty-three thousand off of the options and nine or ten off of the other things. Guess the Baines family's a matter of seventy-five thousand dollars richer by a good day's work."

"But it can't lay idle," she said.

"Not a minnit. We'll buy that sixty-thousand acres way back up the river for sixty-six cents, like we planned, and have some workin' capital. And, Mandy, Crane and Keith hain't got that timber for keeps. It's comin' back to us some of these days; I feel it in my bones."

"Kind of a nice wind-up for our honeymoon," said Mrs. Baines practically.

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A NATURAL OVERSIGHT

(Continued from Page 22)

In Twenty-Four Hours She Would Raise Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, She Said

for Detroit. She found that if she drove fast—her car waited below—without stopping for so much as a hairpin, she could catch the next train. She caught it.

At a quarter to eleven the next morning she was back in the office, and Opdyke was with her. Her telephone call had got him out of bed at half past one in the morning. He had found her in the railroad station at a quarter past two, and they had had nearly an hour to talk before the night express came through; and after an early breakfast on the train they had talked all the way in.

They knew Opdyke had been shown a forged cablegram, and who except Plimson could have forged it? They had discussed the check marks on Reiner's letter, and Opdyke remembered that Plimson had once brought him a German letter about the business to read; so Plimson himself could not read German. No doubt he'd had the letter translated.

Opdyke was positive that Plimson was no such blockhead and greenhorn as to get the works into its present state through inadvertence. In view of the forged cable, he was positive Plimson had taken the steel stock.

Once he declared wrathfully: "He's been lying to you all round. He's no more sick than I am. He means to slip away, and he's been telling you about ill health to prepare you for it."

All the same, the more they studied it the greater seemed the difficulty of translating their opinion of Plimson's guilt into anything that a legal institution would treat with the slightest respect. Undoubtedly he had destroyed the forged cablegram, but even a forged cablegram proved nothing respecting eight hundred shares of steel stock. What they had to go on was an opinion and four little pencil marks on an old letter. It was plain enough that a crafty man might have found a million opportunities of disposing of that stock and secreting the proceeds. With ample time they might possibly discover means of tracing the stock certificates through a labyrinthine course back to Plimson's hands; but there was no time. If the works was to be saved the money must be in hand by three o'clock.

It was exactly this hopelessness of the problem that exasperated Opdyke intolerably. It was quite unbearable that a stringy-necked, thin-lipped, soft-footed old bone like Plimson should calmly walk off with five hundred thousand dollars which were immediately necessary to save the McEldowney name from humiliation, and this tall, blue-eyed young woman at Opdyke's side from pain and beggary. It had occurred to him more than once that nothing else in the world was so blue as her eyes; and her dark hair came out in a little puff at either side under her broad-brimmed hat.

Yet the intolerable thing was happening under his nose.

He could fairly see Plimson's mirthless but triumphing grin. He'd thought and thought; and always when it seemed hopeless his inner fire flamed forth in some such speech as this:

"The man's a thief! There never was a thief that didn't leave a trail! There's got to be a clew somewhere! There always must be! We'll hunt until we find something to confront him with! There's got to be something!"

And with no more plan than that this able man had journeyed from Detroit to Chicago.

II

IT WAS a quarter past twelve and they had searched everywhere. Behind a closed door Opdyke had inserted a thin strip of steel beneath the roll-top of Plimson's desk and forced the lock. He had forced the lock to the one fastened drawer. They had examined every scrap of paper in the desk.

They had gone into the vault and searched there. She, at least, was tired. Their hands were soiled with the dusty papers they had fingered over. Absent-mindedly wiping the perspiration from his brow Opdyke had left a broad smudge over his forehead and across one cheek. She perceived that this was comical, but the perception was quite mirthless; there was no laughter left in her.

It was patent to the simplest reasoning power that their enterprise was like searching for a needle in a haystack. Saying Plimson had taken the stock, endless opportunities of disposing of it and secreting the proceeds evidently lay before him. They hadn't really the faintest indication to go upon. Opdyke insisted that there'd simply got to be an indication somewhere. In the urgency of the case he had plunged head first into the stack, as though his wrath could somehow recover the needle by main force.

Well, they had searched, and they had found nothing whatever. As they came out of the vault Miss McEldowney stifled a little sigh of weariness and fear, and looked at the smudged man with a silent question to which there seemed no answer. Opdyke was frowning. He had no notion of giving up. The muscles of his jaw were set with a mulish will to tear the secret out of the very walls.

He went over to the violated desk, sat down at it and began doggedly examining its contents again. There was a check book, half used up. It had dashed him when he first looked it over because, rapidly turning the stubs, he saw that all the checks were drawn for small amounts—sums such as a thrifty superintendent on a salary of five thousand dollars a year would naturally be disbursing.

There was no indication that the drawer of the checks possessed a fortune of half a million, and the computation on the last used stub showed that Mr. Plimson's balance at the bank was only nine hundred dollars.

Nevertheless, Opdyke stubbornly took up the check book anew, scanning each stub. He had looked at a score, and came to one for thirty-two and a half dollars. His eye took in the name of the payee and his mind was suddenly illuminated. He read the name again and sprang up, his eyes shining, exclaiming:

"Here it is! We've got him! We've got him!"

Some fifteen or twenty minutes later he abruptly changed the subject of their conversation by saying explosively:

"I treated you like a dog! I shouldn't have taken it for granted that that wire was genuine! I should have stuck anyway! I acted like a dog!"

III

ENTERING the office that afternoon, Mr. Plimson was wondering what had caused Miss McEldowney to telephone that she wished to see him there as soon as

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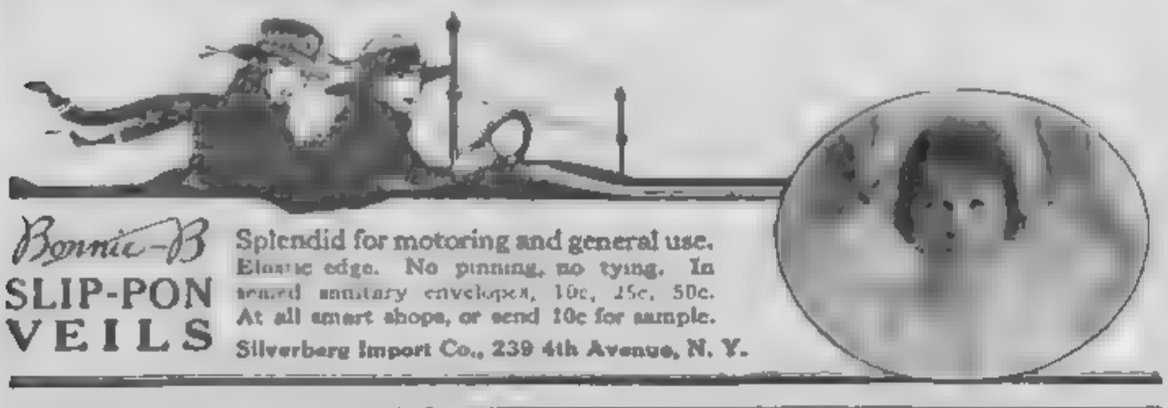

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possible—wondering in a rather incidental way as one does over a matter which finally is of slight importance.

He may have looked a bit more stooped and stringy and sallow than he did on the day he had Michael Reiner's letters translated; his cheeks may have been a little hollower; the bony structure of his face more conspicuous. Yet one who had seen him often in the interval would scarcely have noted a change—unless possibly an acute observer might have thought his close-set eyes had turned dull and filmy.

He walked across to his room and halted on the threshold, his heart leaping to the base of his throat. He had expected to see Miss McEldowney, who was standing at the farther side of his desk. He had not expected to see Opdyke, who was sitting at the near end of the desk—looking, it seemed, particularly brawny and good-natured. That large figure was the last one in the world that Mr. Plimson would have chosen to see in his room—with Miss McEldowney. Both of them regarded him urbanely, yet his hammering heart misgave. He seemed to feel a heavy, fateful hand upon him.

"I asked Mr. Opdyke to come here, Mr. Plimson," said Miss McEldowney calmly, without waiting for conventional greetings, "because I want him to look over our balance sheet and see whether he can suggest something that will help us."

That sounded quite plausible and reassuring, yet Mr. Plimson could find nothing to say. The hand seemed to grip him. He gave a little cough, walked over to the desk, placed his derby hat on top of it, mechanically smoothed his sparse graying hair and sat down silently. The balance sheet was in his desk.

Looking steadily at that object rather than at the persons beside it he got a bunch of keys out of his trousers pocket, selected one, applied it to the lock and pushed up the roll-top.

"I think you dropped something from your pocket, Mr. Plimson," said Miss McEldowney.

Mr. Plimson pushed his chair back a bit, bent over and looked at the floor; then felt in his pocket. While he was doing this Opdyke bent forward and looked at the bunch of keys sticking in the desk lock.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," said Miss McEldowney. "I thought something fell."

"Guess not," said Mr. Plimson dryly, and turned to the desk, putting out his hand to take the keys from the lock.

This little interlude occupied perhaps half a minute; and as Mr. Plimson's fingers closed on the keys Opdyke's large right hand went out and closed over Mr. Plimson's hand with a grip like a trap. Opdyke was leaning across the desk, looking Mr. Plimson hard in the eyes.

"I want that key to your box in the Wall Street Safe Deposit vault," he said. "I see it there on your ring. You're paying thirty-two and a half dollars rent on the box. Your check book shows that. That will rent a box big enough to hold a bushel of bonds. We're going to find out what's in your box.

"We know you had Michael Reiner's letters translated. You may as well give me the key peaceably. Otherwise I'll have the police here in ten minutes."

Mr. Plimson felt his triple-walled, steel-sheathed defenses tumble like a house of cards. His hold on the keys relaxed. He shrank in his chair.

"I bought good bonds," he said toneleasly, his head drooping on his stringy neck. "They're all in the safe deposit box. I haven't even clipped a coupon."

Opdyke had hardly expected so swift a collapse. He pressed the advantage. "Turn over the bonds and we'll forget the rest—your rotten contracts and all your lies. You can sneak away as soon as you please, only without the loot. Now you must come with us to the bank and tell Mr. Madison half a million of good bonds will be turned over to Miss McEldowney as soon as we can get to New York. No questions need be asked."

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Plimson, after a moment.

"Good!" cried Opdyke, and looked over at Miss McEldowney with a great triumph. She smiled back at him, colored slightly and her eyes fell.

Mr. Plimson saw that; perceived the great meaning in the look that passed between them, and realized where he had made a fatal oversight—an oversight natural enough to a person of his temperament. If he had suspected they were in love he wouldn't have forged that cable, for if they were in love they'd probably be getting together, somehow, sometime.

He gave a little cough and arose. The three went downstairs and entered Miss McEldowney's car. They drove to the bank in silence, each busy with thoughts. When the car wheeled up to the curb Mr. Plimson broke the silence, speaking with inevitable dryness:

"It wasn't all lies—as it turned out. One thing is quite true: I have got Bright's disease."

GENERAL BELL

(Concluded from Page 27)

than 1036 officers who were his seniors. When his promotion was announced he was holding a commission as brigadier general in the volunteer Army; but that did not affect his rank in the regular service.

General Bell is a West Pointer, of the class of 1878. Shortly after he donned the army blue—there was no khaki in those days—he saw much active service in the Indian campaigns on our Western frontiers. Later, in the Philippines, he won the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry in action. When he was made brigadier general he was the youngest general in the Army. In 1906 he became Chief of Staff, his successor, four years later, being General Leonard Wood, who in turn has made place for him at Governor's Island.

General Bell has a remarkably fine record and is a soldier of the very highest type.

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES, HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

device, and all were thoroughly mingled after each experiment.

I am of the fortunate few who have been permitted to see ourselves as others see us. Reports from six Southern states show that I am a good looker, talker and dresser; traveler and linguist, intimate with the great; artist and scholar, refined, cultured; also a *poseur*, egotistical and vain, given to teafights and public dissertations about my own stories.

I was a little surprised. I had not thought of myself as being all of these things, or any of them; and as I had never set foot in any of those states, I suspected a case of mistaken identity. I consulted my family and publishers. My suspicions are confirmed. If the mistaken gentleman really writes my stuff I get the money for it—so I guess I can stand it if he can.

To a prominent Southern paper, which had published a full-page interview with me, glowing with my own appreciation of myself, I wrote a brief note, setting forth that I had never been in that city or state. The editor wrote back that he had been a warm friend of mine for many years, that I was a man of the highest honor, incapable of the baseness which I imputed to myself. He wound up by denouncing me as an impostor and a liar. His loyalty touched me.

In view of the above facts, any persons contemplating matrimonial or financial relations with me are advised to make inquiries.

DOCTOR KOO

(Concluded from Page 27)

English secretary to the President. When Premier Tang Shaoyi's cabinet resigned he retired with it, but before long he was called to the Foreign Office and was appointed a secretary, August 6, 1912. His rise since then has been very rapid. He served on several important Chinese Government commissions, including the high commission which conducted negotiations with Japan about the 21 demands, and, as chairman of the International Claims Commission, was principally instrumental in settling the claims of the nationals of thirteen foreign powers arising out of the revolution. In this his knowledge of international law was of great service. He was made councilor of the Chinese Foreign Office, September 24, 1913. He was appointed minister to Mexico in July, 1915, but before he was able to proceed to Mexico City was sent on a special mission to England, and was transferred to his present post, October 26, 1915.

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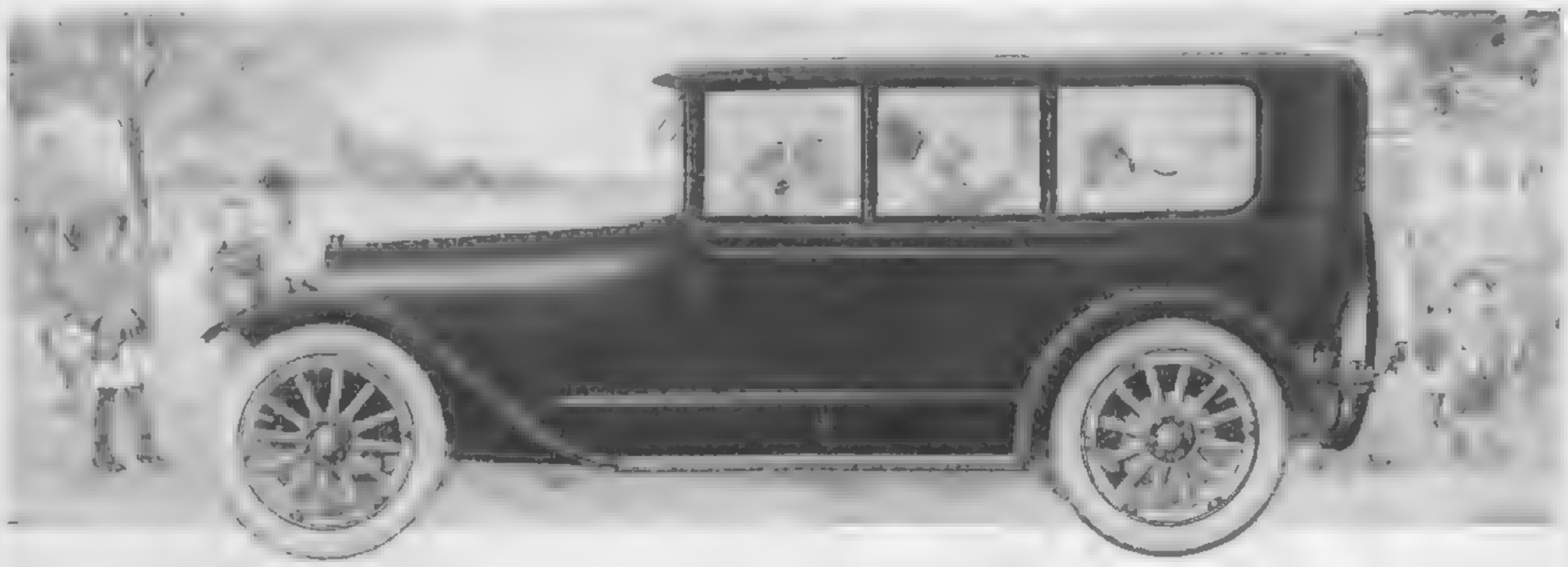

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This all-season car is attaining a tremendous vogue. In winter it is warm and cozy. In summer it protects from dust and rain.

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The Mitchell Coupé is a study. The Town Car and the Limousine show wonderful distinction. All these new styles mark the last word in artistic body building.

Many Unique Attractions

The latest Mitchells have 31 features which nearly all cars omit.

They all have Bate shock-absorbing cantilever rear springs, which never yet have broken. They make these cars ride like aëroplanes—almost.

The finish is fixed by heat, so the cars stay new.

Every vital part is built to the standard of 100 per cent over-strength. That is twice the usual margin of safety.

Yet these superb cars much undersell other like-class cars. The reason lies in our factory efficiency. We build the complete car—chassis and body—under John W. Bate's efficiency methods.

You will find in our latest models all that 14 years have taught us. And every attraction that a car can offer. They will give you new conceptions of what a fine closed car means.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

$1525

Mitchell—a roomy 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly developed 48 horsepower motor.

Three-Passenger Roadster, $1490 Club Roadster $1560
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Also Town Car and Limousine.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell Sixes

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Mitchell Junior—a 2 or 5 passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40 horsepower motor. ¼-inch smaller bore

Club Roadster, $1280. Sedan, $1950. Coupé, $1850.

All Prices f. o. b. Racine

COME ON WITH THE PUNCH!

(Continued from Page 7)

and about .14 of a cord in summer. Striking a rough average, an army of half a million men would consume round 75,000 cords a month.

By the way, American standards of heating for soldiers are ten times as high as the French and about four times those of the British. In all other directions also we provide more liberally for our men. It is probable that these fuel requirements will have to be shaved and that the troops will be obliged to content themselves with less than our usual prodigal use of wood and coal, for the fuel allowance that can be obtained here by the gangs cutting timber will not exceed 20,000 cords a month. It will take a thousand foresters to provide that alone.

Thus there remains a deficit of about 55,000 cords a month to be filled. This will be met by supplying coal or coke or oil. In round numbers we shall have to ship to France 51,000 tons of anthracite coal a month; or its equivalent, 33,600 tons of coke; or 2,650,000 gallons of oil—just for the heating of billets and barracks, and for cooking purposes. Probably whichever is the most easily obtained will be provided. A recommendation has been made to use briquettes instead of bituminous coal, which much handling in loading and unloading converts into dust.

France has been struggling along gallantly on a coal supply that falls 625,000 tons a month short of normal; she has been waging war and running her industries despite this handicap. So we shall need not only to be self-sustaining in the matter of coal but ought to be in a position to aid her. England has plenty underground—an island of it—but she lacks the labor and facilities to get it out. Consequently our coal supplies will have to come from America.

Do these big figures scare you, or merely give you a headache? After investigating our winter's job I was blue over the prospect for a couple of days; but faith returned. We have always prided ourselves on the size of our undertakings; nothing has ever loomed too vast for the United States. Prussianism is a veritable Goliath, but never forget old Bob Fitzsimmons' maxim: The bigger they are, the 'arder they fall.

Thus far we have merely scratched the surface. Now we come to labor, which will play as important a part over here as the men actually in the trenches.

The quartermaster department of our half million army will require 100,000 laborers—stevedore battalions to unload the ships, ordinary labor battalions and such. This department takes care of food, clothing, fuel, transportation, supplies, salvage, pay—whenever there's the slightest doubt as to what department should tackle a given job they wish it on the quartermaster. If you don't believe it ask the first quartermaster you run across. He will admit they do all the work of the army.

Laborers Needed

For work on railroads and wharves we must bring over close to 49,000 men. The forestry department, as mentioned above, needs 15,500 men; the signal corps demands 12,500 specialists—telephone linemen and electrical experts; and miscellaneous labor adds 12,000 men to these figures. The grand total for labor is 189,000 men; and that is a conservative estimate.

The British have a fine system of labor employment. They are divided into three classes—A, B and C—which in turn have subdivisions. Roughly speaking, Class A men are fit for work in the front lines; the second class are not of such high standard and are used behind the lines; the Class C men are those whose fitness for the strain of work in France is questionable. These are kept in England to keep things moving there.

Now let us consider the feeding of our army, an all-important item. An underfed soldier fights that way. The commissary estimates that each soldier eats five pounds a day, which figure includes all the boxes in which the food is transported. He doesn't eat the boxes, but in arranging for tonnage they have to reckon everything. For 500,000 men it would take 2,500,000 pounds of food daily.

However, they do not plan for days, but for periods of months or half years. Here are a few statistics that may interest you; if not, skip them.

The army we plan for would eat 13,350,000 pounds of beef a month; 3,375,000 pounds of bacon; 1,375,000 cans of fresh roast beef, hash corned beef, corned beef and salmon; 13,350,000 pounds of flour; 2,266,000 pounds of hard tack. It may be an eye opener to frugal housewives to learn that in the same period the army would use 150,000 tins of baking powder.

Other items of issue are corn meal and beans; potatoes—they will eat 14,830,000 pounds of spuds monthly; baked beans, rice, tomatoes, prunes, apples, peaches, jam, coffee, tea, sugar, condensed milk, salt, lard, butter, lard substitute, oleomargarine, sirup and spices. The British Tommies are strong on tea, but the quantity drunk by American soldiers is insignificant compared with their consumption of coffee. Whereas 40,000 pounds of tea will suffice half a million of our men for a month, they will use in the same period 1,046,600 pounds of coffee.

When you include rock salt and soap—of which they use 600,000 pounds every thirty days, not counting hand soap—candles, matches and housewives, the stuff of regular issue begins to loom a sizable pile. The one item of sugar alone amounts to 3,000,000 pounds monthly. With shipping so scarce, the army may yet come to French standards. They are mighty stingy with sugar over here.

In addition to the staples enumerated the commissary is obliged to keep on hand all sorts of things that come under the head of "sales articles." The men buy these extras to supplement the regular rations. The list is about ninety feet long; in it is everything from cigarettes to ginger ale and candy.

The Signal Corps

To store one month's supply for 500,000 hearty American stomachs requires a couple of million cubic feet of building. The stuff would fill eight buildings, 50 feet wide by 500 feet long, when piled to a height of ten feet. And they call this the field ration! The garrison ration would be half as much again.

Every soldier starts out with two suits of clothes—meaning uniforms—three suits of underwear, two pairs of shoes, blankets, poncho, overcoat and other equipment. But those articles speedily wear out, especially under the hard usage of trench life. So it takes 1,050,000 pairs of breeches; 323,000 woolen coats; 1,050,000 pairs of overalls; 210,000 pairs of rubber boots; 1,070,000 shirts; 1,470,000 pairs of leather shoes; 504,000 blankets; 1,890,000 pairs of socks; 1,373,000 fatigue and service hats; 3,444,000 suits of underwear; 210,000 overcoats; 168,000 ponchos; 113,400 slickers; 323,400 shelter-halves; 418,200 cots; 15,400 pickaxes, and so on, to make good the wastage every six months. All of which has to come from the United States. It must be in storage over here before spring.

I have almost overlooked the horses and mules. While the demand for these varies, probably 400,000 would be required. And the forage ration is 15 pounds a day. That works out at 3000 tons every twenty-four hours, or more than 90,000 tons per month.

As for ordnance and ammunition, you can readily understand why those are matters on which I don't propose to touch. It is impossible to estimate an army's needs along these lines, so many factors enter into the calculations. But the supply of ammunition and guns must be continuous.

It is the same with gasoline, which is an increasingly important factor in war each month. It must be supplied to the engineers, medical and hospital corps, motor trucks and aviation. To show how the demand for it grows in an offensive, let me tell you of what happened at Verdun. In the last offensive on that Front the French burned in two weeks 3,500,000 gallons more than their normal consumption. The very lowest estimate of our own requirements of gasoline would be 3,000,000 barrels a month. Besides that we shall use 33,000 tons of oil and grease. The gasoline will be transported in tank steamers and stored in refineries rented for the purpose over here.

The signal corps has been mentioned a couple of times. My idea of the signal corps has always been a number of carefully trained young men who stood up and

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CARLSBAD
SLEEPING WEAR
This Is a Year to Look for this Label
WITH values changing as they are, the Brighton-Carlsbad trade-mark becomes doubly important. It guarantees style, material, durability and workmanship. It assures certain satisfaction.
In Brighton-Carlsbad, in all weights of material, you can choose from 517 styles—for men, women or children—the night garment with exclusive style and comfort features best adapted to your needs. Study these diagrams and photographs from life.
Have your dealer unpin the garment and show you its advantages. Only in this way can you see the comfort, fit, and satisfaction-value hidden within its folds.
Ask for Brighton-Carlsbad by name. If your dealer has not what you want, write for our "Night Book" and get free 80 inch kraft paper tape measure, so he will know what size to order for you
H. B. Glover Company
Desk 4 Dubuque, Iowa

He saves $5.00 a week

Mr. Charles Jackson, of Illinois, has a regular job which has provided him with a good home, an automobile and most of the comforts of life. And in addition, he can put aside $5.00 a week ($250 a year) for a "rainy day" or for later investment.

The extra money is easily earned in his spare moments by representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* among his many friends and acquaintances.

The vast majority of our successful representatives, like Mr. Jackson, have steady jobs that pay well, but not enough to supply either the little comforts of life or a good-sized balance in the bank.

So they get the extra money they want by selling us their spare hours. In times like this, it's the wise man who *saves!*

There is no better time to begin, under our plan, than *now*. Before Christmas, more than half a million Curtis subscriptions will be renewed. Hundreds of thousands of new subscriptions and gift subscriptions will be placed. You can share in the profits.

If you have a spare hour each day, we will buy it and pay you for it liberally. A postcard will bring you full details of our cash offer without obligating you in any way. Write us now.

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Keeps it always in service. Saves from 12½ to 25% in gas and oil. Increases power and speed. Harmless to metals.

Special— [illegible] ADLITE Motor [illegible] are sent anywhere in the U. S. for $1.00 prepaid

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Pecans, English [illegible] Brazil nuts, etc., extracted in whole or [illegible]

The HOME Nut Cracker

cracks all size Pecans without adjustment. New worm-drive lever [illegible] to operate. Regular [illegible] Jelly Jar from nothing [illegible] of Wood nuts, which [illegible] Grocers [illegible] If no [illegible] order, send us $1 and we will mail postpaid

$1.00

SCHROETER BROS., Manufacturers

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DEALERS—Write us for interesting proposition

waved flags or made frantic motions with their arms from points of concealment. Now flag signaling is as out of date as celluloid collars, and what the signal corps has to do in modern warfare would fill a book; we have only space to indicate it. But before I begin let me tell you of a feature of signal-corps work that bears no relation to the subject in hand, but is too human to be passed over.

You know, of course, that dogs and pigeons are in great demand for carrying messages at the Front. They are taken into the trenches and sent back with reports to headquarters. Each company has some.

The training of both is a marvel of ingenuity. Take the case of the dogs, which must be of a special temperament and of a high order of intelligence. Each dog has two masters, who must also possess the requisite temperaments. They take turns in petting the animal. One day Bill will make a fuss over Rover, while Charley mistreats him; in fact, Charley will scold and cuff, and possibly kick, until Rover gets tired of it all and runs to Bill for comfort; and Bill fondles the dog to his heart's content.

But a couple of days later his friend Bill will develop a terrible grouch. He will abuse Rover shamefully until the dog flies back to Charley for protection; and then Charley pets him. Pretty soon Rover learns that he can always find a welcome from one of the two when the other is out of temper. And that is what his masters want.

When he understands this thoroughly Bill takes him up into the trenches. There he is not allowed to grow friendly with the men. The time comes when the company commander wishes to send an important message back to headquarters. Immediately Bill's attitude toward his canine friend changes. He begins to treat Rover like a dependent relative, and the dog cannot stand it. As soon as he is released he streaks back to find good old Charley, his pal. And when he goes the message goes with him.

In some respects the dog messengers surpass the carrier pigeons, for they will travel at night and through fogs, whereas the birds will nestle down and wait for light and clear weather. Their training is based on the same principles. Of course you cannot scold or cuff a pigeon, so they hit upon another plan. Back at headquarters they have cotes for them—beautiful cotes, with everything that can appeal to a pigeon's heart and love of ease. There the birds are fed plentifully and live a glad, luxurious life. But when they are taken into the front trenches, all changes. They are cooped up in small baskets; their food is cut down to a bare living.

Now a pigeon is exactly like the human animal in this respect—he likes a good time and fine eats. So the instant they release him from the odious basket he circles round to get his bearings and then makes a bee line for the Great White Way at headquarters. A pigeon has a lot more sense than he looks to have.

The Telephone Men

But to get back to the needs of the signal corps: They have an area about the size of the state of Pennsylvania which they must furnish with adequate telephonic and telegraphic facilities. All electrical communications come under this department. They must install smooth-working telegraph and telephone systems in all the towns within this zone—in the American bases, in the advance depots.

The line of communications is a straight United States job. All signal men have been trained in this kind of work. Curiously enough, a large majority of those already on the ground come from Pennsylvania.

They call these specialists the reserve telegraph battalions, and the way they have waded into the work would warm your heart to see. They don't try to be soldiers; they will never have to shoulder rifles; but many and many a time they will be stringing lines and laying cables under fire.

As I said before, fully 12,500 of these experts will be needed for the army in France. No better American type of efficiency could be found. The signal corps say they ought to be called the Bell Battalions—that the Bell Telephone Company has coöperated with them like a department of the Government.

As the French poles and wires are already up throughout the American army zone their problem is fairly simple behind the Front. It simply means building what we regard as an adequate system, on the foundation of the French. But that will involve vast quantities of lines and the speediest kind of work.

It will be purely commercial construction up to where the enemy can blow up the lines with artillery. From there on the wires must be buried six to eight feet underground. All the wires within four miles of the Front are buried at these depths. But closer still—within half a mile of the Front—buried lines cannot be trusted, because the *minenwerfers* can drop a shell that will blow a hole 15 feet in depth. All lines are therefore duplicated within 800 yards of the Front, and are strung along the trenches. The last 300 yards is the most important of all. If the telephonic communication falls down there the whole system fails.

The signal corps has to maintain six perfect and distinct systems of communication at the Front. I wish there were time to dwell more on their work, but we have already strayed too far.

One French army corps, with sixty miles of Front to hold, has 16,000 miles of circuit. Our needs will be greatly in excess of that. With an army of 500,000 men in France we would have round 100,000 on the Front. That is about the proportion usually observed. Probably 30,000 miles of circuit would be necessary.

The wastage for such an army would run close to 4000 miles of cable a month, while occupying front lines. Often the British have wondered where the mischief all the wire goes; but wondering and the most watchful care don't seem to lessen the wastage; it goes. Most of the stuff is lead cable and all of it standardized. There are 20 to 50 circuits in each cable.

The Medical Corps

Until a week ago I didn't know anything at all about the medical department of an army, and cared less. Doctors never mean anything in my life until I smoke too much and some premonitory quivers make me take thought of the hereafter. But hark to the tale:

For a force of half a million men the United States must supply 56,500 doctors, nurses, orderlies and such—what is known as the sanitary personnel. Five thousand of these are doctors and surgeons; the others must all possess specialized training.

The medicos estimate their requirements of hospital beds as slightly less than one bed to every fourth man, or in the neighborhood of 122,000 iron beds for this army. To every bed go six or eight sheets, two pillows, four pillow cases and three blankets.

One large hospital ward will contain 40 beds. It has been proved in this war that economy is attained by large hospitals—1000-bed institutions. The British have established hospitals many times larger than that and they say it pays. Numbers of such huge hospitals will be organized at various places throughout France for the American forces. In addition to those they will need two evacuation hospitals at the Front for every 25,000 men engaged there, and each of these must have 1000 beds. Also there are four field hospitals for every 25,000 men—each with capacity for 200 patients; and four ambulance companies.

The quantities of medical supplies to be provided are staggering. They total 94,000 tons for half a million men, and an additional 20,000 tons for replacement in the first six months. They will use gauze by the millions of yards.

About the only thing it would be safe for me to say about the aviation department, with any hope of getting by the censor, is that for our 600,000-men army the air service would need 58,000 experts. As it takes about a ton a month per man to sustain this service we arrive in one jump at 58,000 tons more. One thing they will let me tell, and that is the minimum number of machines that would be needed on the line for such an army. It is 3000.

How would you like the job of transporting supplies for all these departments, when once they were landed at the ports? One day's rations have to go up every day. Of course heavy reserves of food are maintained, but they never allow them to become depleted. That means transporting 2500 tons of food daily. Then 6000 tons of forage has to be moved for the horses and mules; all sorts of supplies and equipment; and the worn-out stuff and the sick must be brought back.

(Concluded on Page 121)

How to build your own rifle range

Now, more than ever, you want to know something about marksmanship. Rifle shooting is the question of the hour. You couldn't pick a finer and more vital sport to cultivate.

Where to shoot—is that the problem that caused the delay in starting?

With a few practical hints, you will find it easy to rig up a rifle range of your own. Then you have a real, permanent foundation for hours of sport and training for your family and friends. You can make your home the center of manly sport for your boy and his chums.

The right backstop to use

The most important thing is to select a backstop that will catch and hold the bullets. Every shot must be safe.

The side of a hill makes the best backstop for a range. Dig it out square and back it up with boards on which the target can be nailed.

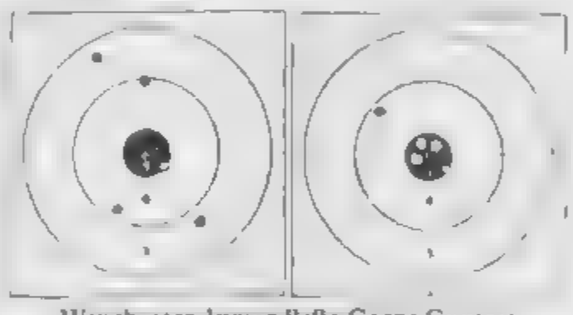
A brick or stone wall makes a safe backstop, but to protect the wall from being defaced it should be covered with boards, on which the targets should be mounted. This also prevents any possibility of the bullet glancing off or rebounding.

A target range in the basement

If your cellar or basement will give you a clear range of 50 feet, and if you can light the target properly, it will make a fine place for shooting all the year 'round, and in all kinds of weather. Here you can make a plain backstop of boards, which should not be less than 5 feet square, or a packing case with side open mounted on a table. The wood should be sheathed with tin.

"Sharpshooter" Targets

The best target to shoot at is the official bull's-eye target as used in the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Medal Contest. (See particulars of the contest in panel on this page.) Have your boy



Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Contest Targets

Marksman's Score
19 out of 25
on 15 targets

Sharpshooter Score
24 out of 25
on 10 targets

enter this contest, and earn one of these handsome medals that give him the proud distinction of being a Winchester "Sharpshooter." Your dealer can tell you more about this contest.

A little ingenuity will enable your boy to arrange swinging targets, a row of candles to snuff out, or perhaps a bull's-eye with a bell. Let these follow, however, after he has learned to plant his shots safely in the bull's-eye of the official Winchester target.

Selecting the rifle

And last, but most important of all, let your rifle be a Winchester. It will be a constantly growing satisfaction to your boy to find how fully his Winchester lives up to its wonderful reputation. You will begin to understand that note of pride and affection that creeps into the voice of hunter and marksman when he says "my Winchester."

What the name "Winchester" means

The name "Winchester" stands for the best in gun making. For over half a century Winchester has been the standard of pioneers and sportsmen. Winchester rifles built the West. As the need grew, Winchester originated a model and a caliber for every purpose.

The Winchester Company today is an organization of expert gun makers with 50 years of gun making reputation behind it.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired many times for smooth action and accuracy and is fired with excess loads for strength.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter.

The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken with Winchester ammunition. The two are made for each other.

Start the boy now

Don't delay any longer in rigging up that range and giving your boy the benefits that rifle shooting gives him.

There is a place near you, either out in the open, or at a club, where you can shoot. If you do not know where to shoot, write to us and we will tell you where and how you can, or we will help you organize a club.

You'll be surprised to find what a fine Winchester you can get for a low price. Your dealer will be glad to show you his stock of Winchesters, and give you our catalog and booklet on the proper use of a gun. If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct.

Boys and Girls!

Winchester Medals for skill with the rifle

The Gold Plated "Sharpshooter" Medal goes to the boy or girl under 18 who makes the first grade score with a Winchester .22 rifle and Winchester ammunition.

The Silver Plated "Marksman" Medal goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score.

Go to your dealer today; he will give you a sample target and booklet explaining the full conditions of the contest. This booklet also tells you how to get the best results from your Winchester. The dealer will also supply you with targets.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO
Dept. 163 New Haven, Conn

MODEL 90. Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle, 24-inch octagon barrel. The standard target seller rifle for 25 years

MODEL 06. Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle, 20-inch round barrel. Shoots three sizes of ammunition. The most popular .22 caliber repeater ever placed on the market

Take-down .22 caliber single shot rifle. A low priced, light weight gun made in two sizes.

MODEL 03. Automatic Hammerless take-down rifle. Handles only the .22 Automatic cartridge. Shoots ten shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

You have to eat three olives before you like olives

AFTER you have dictated two or three letters to The Dictaphone, it will become as natural as talking into the telephone.

In one to three days, The Dictaphone becomes indispensable to you. Every letter you dictate is an easy-going chat to your correspondent. Your letters take on the same business-like sparkle that your straight business talk has. This makes friends, holds friends, and creates new business.

Do you talk like a streak? All right. The Dictaphone will take all your speed without falter or complaint. And your completed letter will come back to you just as you *dictated* it—word for word.

Another thing. The Dictaphone chucks the wasteful pad and pencil into the desk-drawer. It makes of the stenographer a happier operator.

. Her production shoots up to 50% more letters a day. The mechanical cost of each letter shoots down one-third. Your correspondence goes out hours earlier. The office work can be finished on time.

One final point. The progressive manufacturers, who were the first to see the high-efficiency value of the adding-machine, were the first to see the high-efficiency value of The Dictaphone. Ask them if they would part with it.

Any Dictaphone expert can show you, in fifteen minutes, that The Dictaphone system of handling correspondence will mean big saving of time and money. Call up The Dictaphone man nearest to you. If you can't locate him, write to

THE DICTAPHONE

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[illegible] 1106 [illegible] St	[illegible] 1606 [illegible] St	Milwaukee 601 Caswell Block	Pittsburgh 910 Hesseiner Bldg	[illegible] 25 M[illegible]
[illegible] 401 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 412 [illegible]	[illegible] Me[illegible] Lawrence St	[illegible] 112 [illegible]
[illegible] 812 N [illegible]	Montreal 705 Shaughnessy Bldg.	Portland, Ore. 429 Washington St.	[illegible]	Toledo 628 Spitzer Bldg
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Write for "The Man at the Desk"

The word DICTAPHONE is a TRADE MARK, registered in the United States and in foreign countries

This Advertisement was dictated to The Dictaphone

(Concluded from Page 118)

We must skim over the matter of remounts and the quantities required for replacement in the construction department, such as nissen huts and hospital huts by the thousands a month; and miles of pipe; large and small shelters; wire netting; screw posts; wire entanglements; stoves; tar; roofing felt; cement; corrugated steel; canvas; bridges; locomotives and rolling stock, machinery; portable engines; shower baths; ventilating air mains; electric generating sets. When we take over a section of the Front the extension of the broad and narrow gauge roads there for our own use and that of our allies will necessitate a vast expenditure of labor and large imports of materials.

One of the activities of the quartermaster department has to do with salvage organizations. There are numerous battalions of men whose duties consist of going thoroughly over all ground that has been occupied or passed over by troops—battle grounds, roads, camps—in order to gather every bit of equipment and stuff thrown away or scrapped. They pick up every metal part they see, all the old shoes, discarded clothing and eating utensils. Nothing is missed. The junk is taken to various shops where it can be made over for use.

That is all for the present. I have been trying to show you in cold figures just how big a business an army of half a million is. Does the picture give you cold feet or does it only make you the more steadfast? And can we swing all that in five or six months?

Of course we can! Were we waging war somewhere on the American continent it would be no great undertaking for a rich and energetic people, especially if our hearts were in it, as they are in this. But our army will be about 3500 miles from its base and, owing to France's condition, must be absolutely self-sustaining. And that makes it the biggest job in American history.

Still, we shall do it. Nothing can shake my faith in the ability of the United States to do anything it goes after. We have always prided ourselves on speed; we have bragged about it to the four corners of the earth; we have beaten the big bass drum until all the neighbors held their ears and execrated us—and now comes the test.

Uncle Abner's Christmas

So very probably you will eat your Christmas dinner this year in the same spirit as Uncle Abner, an old bachelor who was invited by relatives in Missouri to spend the season of peace and good-will-to-men in their home. He went, but Uncle Abner was plumb worried. Things hadn't been moving just right on the farm and there remained a right smart of shingling to be done on the roof of the barn.

"Whatever's the matter with you anyhow, Uncle Abe?" demanded his niece. "I swan, you don't take holt a-tall."

"Oh, I keep thinkin' about the leaks in that dog-gone roof."

"Why, Uncle Ab, don't talk so foolish. Quit thinkin' about that and enjoy your vittels!"

"All right," said Uncle Abner fretfully; "I will. But I tell you right now, I'd eat a heap easier if I only had that job done."

Isn't that the way you will feel too? But do your duty this winter and next spring—do it with every ounce of strength and pluck you've got—and when Christmas of 1918 rolls round you'll be able to tuck your napkin under your chin, grin complacently at the family circle, and remark "Thank God that's done. Gimme some turkey!"

Speed and teamwork are the factors that will count between now and April. Speed production of everything an army needs, from guns to sowbelly; try to put ginger into every department of the governmental machine. You can do it—and only you.

Whenever the heads of a department of the British Army in France put in a requisition for stuff, they get it. They get it in full, for a requisition from the Front is an order, not a request. The British have come, through painful experience, to the conclusion that the men on the spot ought to know their own needs better than an official in an office back home.

The same system must be put in operation with the American force. We must not piddle along, thinking in tens and twenties, while the new order goes roaring past us in terms of millions.

Here is the case in a nutshell: If the men on the job over here aren't capable of determining what they need they ought to be instantly recalled. If they are capable then every requisition they put in should be filled without question and demands for explanation, and the stuff should be sent as soon as the shipping space can be secured.

All of which brings us finally to the nub of the whole business—shipping! It all boils down to a race between the submarine and Allied construction.

What I have outlined in this article is the minimum effort required of us before the end of March. What we may be ultimately called upon to achieve will go far beyond this. Therefore multiply my figures by four, let the magnitude of the job sink in, then take a deep breath, tighten your belt, and go to it!

The stanchest nation behind its army will win this war. So come on with the punch! It will be needed next spring.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

REQUIRED BY THE

ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1917

State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF — POST-OFFICE ADDRESS

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this seventeenth day of September, 1917. W. C. TURNER.

(SEAL.) (My Commission expires end of the next session of the Senate, 1919.)

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Division of Classification, Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

The Instant Summons

"Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;

* * * * *

As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given."

The whistled summons of Roderick Dhu, the hero of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," caused his Highland warriors literally to spring from the earth. Ere the echo died away, from behind bush and rock emerged the loyal and ready clansmen. In armed silence they awaited their chieftain's bidding and typified his might.

Today the Commander-in-Chief of our nation's armed forces and the resources behind them can, by lifting the telephone receiver, instantaneously set in motion all the vast machinery of warfare, munitions, transportation and food conservation.

Like the Scottish mountaineers, the American people must stand in loyal readiness to perform any service in furtherance of the nation's high aim. Such a spirit of co-operation and sacrificing of individual interests can alone make certain the accomplishment of the great task to which our country is committed.

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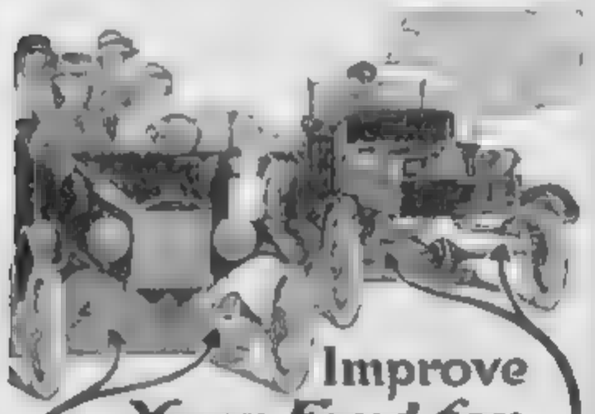

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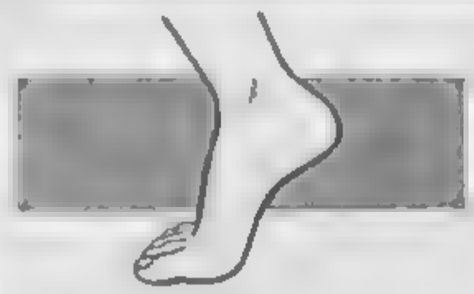

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For Ladies and Gentlemen

OUT-OF-DOORS

THERE seems to be no let-up in the development of bass baits. The pages of all the catalogues and the counters of all the stores are full of these multiple-ganged contrivances. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by American sportsmen for what are technically known as the plug baits. Though expressing the fond hope that I shall always foster useful and interesting commercial development in our country, I must also once more express my utter dissatisfaction and disgust with this sort of bass lure. A bass has a hard enough time making a living these days without having these things slammed at him, each with fifteen or eighteen hooks appended. There is not one of these contrivances in my own sporting room—and there never will be.

On the other hand, I have myself pretty much ceased from the use of live bait of any description whatever. When I was young and careless the sufferings of these little things seemed to make little difference. To-day I could not put a live frog on a hook—or a live minnow either. Why not, therefore, content oneself with one of these single-hook small spoons, for use with a strip of pork rind? If that will not catch bass enough for the camp there probably is not much use slamming battleship plugs at them. If the pork rind will not work a bunch of deer hair tied on the hook very probably will. If, however, you be not content with this simple contrivance you can prowl through the pages of any catalogue and get four hundred thousand different kinds of spoons, swivels, frog tandems, and so on.

Every once in a while some man will invent a new pattern of a fly, though it would seem impossible to do anything of that sort at this day of the world—one of the most interesting things in angling literature is a description of the origin or the invention of each separate pattern of the many hundreds known. Of course most or many of the English and Scotch patterns, delicate and beautiful as they are, were done in imitation of actual insect life. There are numerous freak flies, however, and many of the salmon patterns, which do not look like anything on the earth or in the waters under the earth.

Therefore, carefully study your sporting catalogue—not only as applying to your own region but to all the other regions; as, for instance, the catalogues put out by San Francisco or Los Angeles houses, which very likely will present some special flies that have been found killing on the Pacific Slope. These same flies introduced into the Middle West or on the Eastern streams might prove very deadly. I notice a pattern described as being killing on the Pacific Slope. It looks as though it might work in Michigan and Wisconsin, possibly in the Adirondacks and Pennsylvania. We never can be sure of these things until we try. Therefore let us extend our geographic habit of purchasing flies so that it shall include not only the local dealer and the local catalogue, but dealers and catalogues in the most remote portions of the country. For instance, I find that the Bucktail fly is now advertised in San Francisco catalogues—without credit to its Middle-Western source, of course. I have myself never seen a trout or bass Bucktail on sale that I could unreservedly approve—I can make them so much better myself. But dealers have certain conventional ideas as to what the public wants to buy.

The Knotless Leader

This season there is a great crudescence one may not call a recrudescence of the hair fly. Manufacturers all over the country are putting out freaks in floating Bucktails, double-winged Bucktails, colored Bucktails, and so on. It is commonly supposed that these columns started the craze for the Bucktail fly, which has proved so deadly all over America. That is very well, provided only that the trebles be left out of a Bucktail, and that freak patterns be discarded. If one wishes to decorate the walls these may be great additions to the color scheme.

Another thing that has come into use of late is the knotless leader. Mention of this Japanese contrivance was made in these columns some years ago. These leaders came into restricted use in America less than ten years ago. They were not made of the gut of the silk worm, but apparently of some vegetable substance—no one but the Japs knew what. Usually they were a little coarse and inclined to be brittle and stiff, though when well soaked they did the business very thoroughly. They came in unstained condition, so that one had to fish with a white leader whether one liked it or not, or else furnish the stain.

Some three or four years ago a friend who came back from Japan gave me a hank of something that looked like fine yellowish horsehair. He had found it in a Japanese fishing store. I presume there may have been a hundred or two hundred feet of this altogether, and it was continuous—not a knot in it from one end to the other! In thickness it was about the same as the gauge in silk-worm gut commonly and loosely known as Fine; that is to say, medium or less; perhaps Padrone gauge would be nearer to it in some of its lengths.

Camp Conveniences

I did not at once test this product myself, as I was sure it would prove brittle and unsatisfactory. Last spring, however, a friend and I, for curiosity, began to unravel this hank of Japanese leader, whatever it may be called. We found that, far from being a single strand, it was made up of several very finely braided strands, and was indeed a very remarkable product. It proved to be stronger than silk-worm gut, and barring the fact that it was not stained—which we remedied by means of onion leaves and tea grounds—it was a far better leader than the average silkworm gut. It was fine, tough, did not make any disturbance on the water, and about the only fault to be found with it was that sometimes the ends of the leader would become unraveled, so that it was hard to thread the eye of a hook with it—no very insuperable objection.

Now I see this seamless leader very generally advertised. I don't know what the article is that is thus advertised, nor where it comes from; but I take it to be this same curious Japanese or Oriental product, whatever it may be. Will someone enlighten the writer? It seems quite probable that these leaders will come into more general use, especially since silkworm gut and all other high-class fishing tackle are now difficult to obtain from the usual European sources. These leaders can be bought stained mist color, pale green or dark brown. They are worth looking into—at least on a basis of curiosity.

Perhaps you have not been accustomed to use a wall pocket in your tent? I confess that I never have owned one in my life. The temptation is no longer to be resisted, for I see one advertised with a dozen pockets, which will hold almost anything in the way of odds and ends in camp. The size of this is thirty by thirty-six inches. It is made of khaki, and has strings at the corners so that you can tie it up almost anywhere. If there are ladies in camp one of these wall pockets is, so to speak, a foregone conclusion.

Speaking of women in camp—God bless them!—one should add to the wall pocket of any feminated tent one of these little clothes hangers that clamp round a tent pole. This is simply a ring with little wire hooks bent out round it. It will suspend quite a weight when attached to the tent pole. Of course, if you are of wide experience in camping you will have seen some shifty friend have close to his tent, perhaps under the tent fly, a stout pole that he has driven into the ground, and which has a number of crotches left projecting from the sides. This makes a very good hall tree itself. The clothes hanger, however, is very portable, and it allows madam to have her extra shirt waists dry and handy. It looks as though one would have to add one of these to the gun-closet supplies. It might be a politic thing to do.

No doubt you have a ground cloth for your tent. Even so, an extra ground cloth made of good canvas, say seven feet square, is one of the most useful things you can take with you into camp. It serves

(Continued on Page 125)

"We'll Rally 'Round The Flag"

How the message of higher patriotism was brought home to us by the music of

THE PIANOLA

The modern pianoforte that all can play

OUR card club met last night at our house. There were eight couples—eight typical American business men, and their wives. We stopped playing, as usual, at eleven, and had refreshments. Then I sat down, also as usual, at my PIANOLA, for a little music. Sometimes I play for them to dance; sometimes popular pieces which most of us men, and some of the women, like to sing.

Last night, however, I didn't ask what they wanted. I selected the music myself—just one roll. It was a medley, called "Bugle Calls and War Songs."

What is there about the call of a bugle, I wonder, that stirs one's heart so? The clear notes of the "First Call for Assembly" hushed all conversation, and we, guests and host alike, waited listening, in silence.

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light? . . ."

Soft at first, but gradually louder, braver, more majestic, rolled forth the magnificent chords of "The Star Spangled Banner." The wonderful melody surged over me, rushed into my heart, and leaped through my pulses—and I waited with the imprisoned poet for the tale that the dawn should tell.

"'Tis the star spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

There was a stir from my audience and almost a sigh, at the close—and I knew that the deep emotion in my heart was shared by the true American hearts about me.

Now, brisk, bracing, up trilled the summons of the "Reveille," the strings of the pianoforte catching the spirit of the bugle call so cleverly that its realism was startling. From the corner of my eye, I saw several of the men lean forward with interest.

"Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again;
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

From hill, from plain, from farmyard and office-stool, I could see them coming—hurrying, crowding, eagerly pressing forward to rally 'round the old flag.

The spirit of the music bore me out of myself; and I was living the life of the nation—our nation—with a thrill of pride in the thought.

And then, as the air changed, suddenly I was with Sherman, "Marching Through Georgia." The quick, inspiring marching-tune set my head to swaying and my feet to beating time with the music.

Again the liquid-bugle call. There sounded the "Call to Quarters." Gray dusk closed down over the camp in the valley; while still hundreds and thousands marched in to quarters after the day's fatiguing advance.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching . . . " The resonant instrument chanted the old marching-song with a tenderness that gripped me.

On they came, thousands of dusty, tired, but unconquerable lads—the pick of the land, bound to defend it to the finish—coming in among the gleaming campfires—tumbling down to sleep.

And "Taps," tender, caressing, silver-sweet, hushed the great camp to rest.

"I wish I was in de land ob cotton."

Like a fresh breeze from the hills, the gay melody lifted and carried me to the Southland. Instead of the Blue I saw the Gray.

"Den I wish I was in Dixie, hoorah! hoorah!"

Through the broad streets of Richmond, the army of the Shenandoah was swinging, on its way to the beleaguered front. Lean and threadbare they were, these veteran troops of the great Confederate leader, but on their faces and in their hearts burned the indomitable American Spirit that knows no boundary lines of sectionalism, and bids all attempted foreign tyranny to *beware*.

Several people stirred. But out of the pianoforte of enchantment danced then the lively strains of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Once more the thousands of marching men, but now they are passing down the wide avenues of the Capital City—sweeping before the big, kindly President, with whom they "rallied 'round the flag." Their duty done, they were going back to the abandoned tasks. There was a bigger thrill in that. That was the higher patriotism!

I was deeply moved; and from the tense silence behind me came one or two sounds which told that the message of the music had reached home for some of my guests as well.

With a sudden inspiration, I rapidly rerolled the music to the beginning, and with a choked breath and moist eyes, of which I was unashamed, repeated the stately anthem to which all true American heads are bared.

• • • •

From the earliest days of history men's pulses have beaten more quickly and men's eyes have looked higher with the stir of music in their hearts. The love of music is not an acquisition. All are born with it as surely as all are born with emotions—for music is but the "language of emotion."

To be enabled to give audible expression to emotion—to feel constantly the inspiration of great and good music in the daily affairs of life, is of inestimable value. And as no less an authority than Ignace Jan Paderewski has said, to thus bring the blessings of music within the reach of everyone "the Pianola is undoubtedly the most perfect and really great medium."

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At the end of the rainbow,
I've been told
Thar's a fairy pot
Full of fairy gold,
But I never went thar to see.

I'd ruther sit still,
In my easy chair.
For thar's gold enough
In you chil'en's hair
To make a rich man of me.

An' thar ain't no gold
In that fairy hoard
As bright as the sunshine
The ole sun stored
In Velvet to make it ripe.

An' no gold that ever
I heard about
Is as good as the mellowness
Nature brings out
In the Velvet in my ole pipe.

Velvet Joe

Reprinted by request
from The Saturday Evening Post, Sept. 15th

(Continued from Page 122)

as a tarpaulin, may be used as a wind shield, made up into a tent, used for making up a pack bundle, and so on. It is especially useful in protecting your bed or blanket roll, which you can roll up and strap, and check with your other baggage. In this way the blankets can be kept quite clean, and yet can be opened freely at any time. If you have not one or more of these canvas sheets, get them.

Salt is a useful thing in camp, indeed indispensable, yet it is messy stuff if you don't take care of it properly. A little salt shaker left carelessly among your steel knives and forks will put them out of business before you find occasion again to use them. Here, now, one observes advertised a salt, pepper and mustard set—three little porcelain pots with countersunk bottoms and metal catches on top. Each of these has a sort of perforated flange at the side, so that a metal rod can be run through them from top to bottom. They can thus all be mounted as one article not over four and a half inches high, and weighing only above five ounces. They will not leak and are compact. Quite worth while to remember in getting together a cook outfit.

No doubt you think that your own cooking outfit is complete—or at least good enough. However that may be, it is a safe bet that you have had troubles with handles of frying pans, long spoons, pancake turners, and so on. There has never been a perfect detachable handle yet invented for a frying pan, excepting the one earlier described in these columns—the pair of steel pliers that is used by so many Westerners. They just pick up the hot pan by taking hold of the edge with a pair of pliers. The same pliers can be used for cutting a sheepman's wire fence or for mending a piece of hay wire round camp.

There is, however, at least one flapjack turner that has been invented by some man of kindly soul. You ought to have one, and so ought I. It is just a wide steel plate—which the salesman says can be used for scraping a kettle or for scaling a fish also—just wide enough to insert under the bottom of the well-known pancake. It has no handle at all, but instead has a couple of slots cut through at its upper end. You take an ordinary table knife, such as you have in your camp outfit, and stick the blade through these two slots. Presto! You have not only a turner, but a handle for your turner. It works perfectly, and dismounts perfectly. And yet very likely you have not one of these contrivances at all!

Army Clothes

The can opener comes in almost as many shapes and varieties as bass baits. The can opener, however, is usually left securely at home in the drawer of the kitchen table. Why do you not now go into your camp outfit and discover that you have left the can opener somewhere else—and go get it at once? If the missus will not let you have hers get one of your own, and see that it goes in with the aluminum dishes, the pancake turner, and so on. There is one advertised with a corkscrew at the other end—it comes from a wide-open town. It will save your hand ax and your hunting knife—though if your hunting knife is one of those long-bladed contrivances one is not sure that it ought to be saved. Such a knife is good for nothing in the world excepting the opening of tin cans.

It has been mentioned that the army outfit and the army clothing equipment are very desirable as models for all outdoor people. Of course we must bear in mind that no one is allowed to wear the army uniform who is not an enlisted man or an officer. There are, however, secondhand army and navy stores that can supply portions of the army clothing that may be worn without infringing on Government regulations—an army shirt, an army hat, a pair of army shoes, even a pair of army trousers. The latter are very well cut and useful indeed. Probably the secondhand army stores wash and mend a great deal of their stock.

Parties, all walking shoes—in fact, all articles of sporting wear—have gone up in price very sharply of late, in company with everything else American. It is to-day almost impossible to get at a fair price the old army tan-colored wool shirts that made so comfortable an article of outing wear. Our soldier boys to-day are very apt to be obliged to put up with shirts made of one-third wool and two-thirds cotton—not so bad in the summer, but very bad in winter. They must be willing to pay the old price for an inferior article in this and many other sporting accessories.

Moreover, it now seems sure that the income tax is to include all angling and other sporting outfits in its comprehensive system. Sport always was expensive enough, but in these days even the simplest of existences is something of a hardship at the first of the month.

The good old game sack of our grandpa was a handsome affair—I wish I had that leather game bag, with its netted pocket outside, which I can recall my father as carrying in the old times of prairie-chicken shooting in the West. I don't know where such a game sack could be found in the world to-day. I would give five hundred dollars gladly for that old game bag of my father, but it has vanished absolutely, and scarce anyone in the family retains even a recollection of it. It was a curious affair, large enough to carry quite a bag of birds. In the netted pocket outside one might have put either birds or a lunch, I suppose. I have seen some such contrivances in the hands of Frenchmen and Italians, but am disposed to think that my father's game sack came from England in the early days, by way of Virginia.

Game Bags and Pack Sacks

Now we carry our game mostly in the pockets of our shooting coats—father or grandfather did not know much about the swell Norfolk gabardine shooting jacket of to-day. But there is a limit even to the pockets of a good shooting coat. No doubt you have heard of the leather game-carrier strap, made of belt leather slit into thongs at the ends? These carrier straps can be looped over the heads of birds so that you can carry a dozen or more birds by the head, slinging the strap over your shoulder. I know only very few sportsmen who care to carry their game in this way while actually shooting, but I should think this sort of thing might be useful for a chap who had accumulated a big bag of mallards out in a marsh—when very weary one could slip the load off the shoulder and let it rest. I have sometimes in a wading marsh pulled out a dozen or two ducks, more or less, at the end of a leather shoe lace, floating them in the water behind me. A carrier strap would have been better—and it would have gone into the pocket of a coat. I presume every well-regulated family ought to have at least one of these.

Carry-all bags, pack sacks, mail sacks, dunnage bags, all sorts of canvas carrying contrivances that strap and lock, are to be found in any sportsman's outfit. Here, however, is another one, eighteen inches in size, which can be bought for no more than three and a half dollars—so cheap that children would cry for it. This contrivance is made like a hand bag, but has a remarkable sole-leather bottom and two wooden bars that run one on each side of the top opening. It is a sort of embryonic or immature kit bag. The handles are attached to these wooden bars, which offer rigidity, and there are a strap and buckle to close the top. A handy little thing for odds and ends of clothing and equipment in camp, and apparently very practical for pack-train use as well as ordinary transport.

Here is one catalogue man who knows what he is writing about—he is advertising black tire tape in little rolls of three-quarter-inch tape, half-pound weight altogether, for twenty-five cents. Regarding this the salesman says it is invaluable wherever a binding is necessary, will keep bandages in place, will cover a cut or mend any article in an outfit. These are words of wisdom. I have perhaps previously mentioned the universal quality of surgeon's tape, which comes put up in such good shape for the camper. I should think this black tire tape would be cheaper and almost as good in many capacities.

There is not any one article of more extended use on a camping tour than adhesive tape. There is always a little abrasion of the skin to be cared for, a wound of some sort to be protected. If the wound be in any wise infected, as by a rusty nail, it is of course not wise to cover it over with a piece of sticking plaster of any sort—but the absorbent cotton soaked in iodine placed over the wound can be held there by a strip of this adhesive tape.

Shakes, Sweeps, Suction Cleans

THE HOOVER electric SUCTION SWEEPER

Shakes loose by vibration—and dustlessly withdraws by powerful air suction—ALL imbedded grit. Instantly sweeps up the most stubborn-clinging hairs, threads and litter. The Hoover more than "vacuum cleans"—for it gets ALL the dirt. A beating proves this. The patented, fast-revolving *Hoover Motor-Driven Brush* is the reason.

Ask our dealer to show you why the Hoover cleans more thoroughly than any other vacuum cleaner made. Or write for booklet, "How to Choose a Vacuum Cleaner."

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Box 11, New Berlin, O.

The Florsheim SHOE

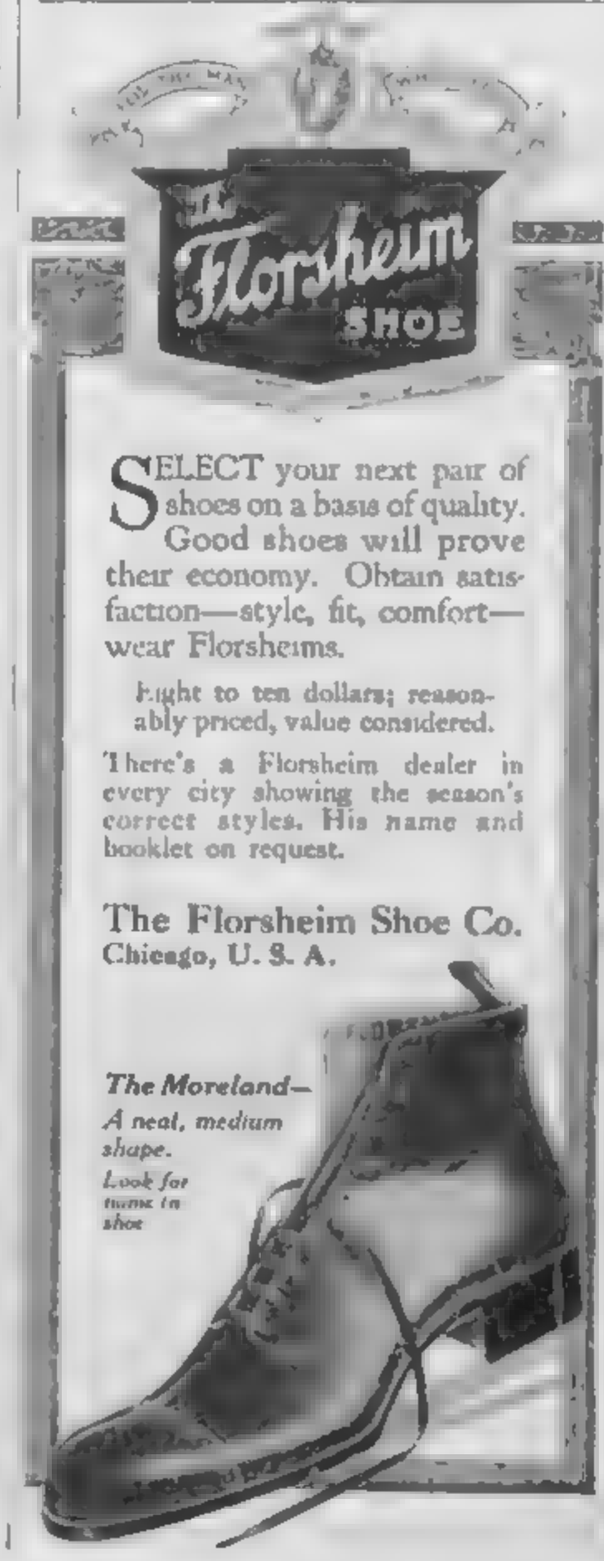
SELECT your next pair of shoes on a basis of quality. Good shoes will prove their economy. Obtain satisfaction—style, fit, comfort—wear Florsheims.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Moreland—
A neat, medium shape.
Look for name in shoe



We felt

The Road of Ambition

—Elaine Sterne's new novel—was a real one when we read it—*Now* over 300 newspapers have told *their* readers that it's

A *Great* Book

The Pittsburgh Press says: "One is awed by the bigness and vitality of this book which fairly shakes with power. It is the best novel in years."

The New York Tribune says: "A big story about a big man who did big things in a big way."

The New York World says: "A story vividly and richly human, dashing, completely convincing."

The Richmond Dispatch says: "A story of the masses and the classes—the kind that keeps the world from going back."

A big, powerful novel of today—big people who do big things—the secret of big success—the love that is enduring.

At All Booksellers $1.35 Net
(Postage extra 12 cents)

BRITTON PUBLISHING CO.
NEW YORK

Invest One Dollar and Save a Hundred or Two

The great American serial story of 1917-18 will be The Cost of Living. The only periodical in America that will cover this story in full and from every angle is *The Country Gentleman*. For the grower, the seller and the ultimate consumer, the story will be told in practical, helpful articles, from seed planting to harvest, from harvest to price fixing, from the farm to the kitchen. In the new issue that is out to-day there are such big features as these:

Why We Must Have the Horse
Foods From the Freezer
An Agricultural Somersault
A New Eight Million Dollar Crop
Perfect Pigs

This fall and winter *The Country Gentleman* will be bigger in size, broader in scope, more intensely interesting and of more vital importance than ever before. Its special correspondents and agents will cover the United States and Europe. In later issues this fall there will appear:

John Graham

whose Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son have been read by millions of people, in many languages, since their first publication fifteen years or so ago. He will write a new series, exclusively for *The Country Gentleman*, embodying his philosophy of men and other animals, that no farmer or business man can afford to miss.

The Man of the Forest

A new serial story by Zane Grey, author of Wildfire. It is a story of Western frontier days, with all the excitement of cowboys, lovable girls, and the most thrilling adventure.

Old Man Crabtree

A series of short stories by Freeman Tilden, author of The Girl of the Happy Valley. Crabtree is a shrewd farmer-financier, and his experiences with the city sharpers who come out to "do" him will interest and amuse you, and at the same time give you much valuable information about the methods of the men who want to separate you from your money.

The American people are beginning to understand that the business, the prosperity, the very life of every man and woman are dependent upon the farm. No matter what other periodicals you may take at the office or at your home, *The Country Gentleman* is the one of first importance to you, as staple as wheat.

Invest One Dollar and Save a Hundred or Two. You can do this and more by subscribing to, and profiting by what you read in,

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

5 cents the Copy $1.00 the Year

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

You can mend a fishing rod in the same way. I saw not long ago in an interesting department of a sportsmen's magazine the story of a man who broke his rifle stock, and who mended it very practically in camp by means of a couple of steel knife blades and a lot of this adhesive plaster, supplemented by some string. In the same way one could no doubt splint a broken limb and hold the splints well in place.

I have myself sometimes mended a pair of waders by the use of this adhesive tape—lacking at the time the little mending outfit that ought to have been found in my fishing bag—and that ought always to be in yours—and not having along any tire-tube patches, which will mend waders as well as tires. This tape has been used by a lady for mending the torn hem of a skirt. I see no reason why it could not be used to patch a hole in a pair of trousers. It certainly would make a practical corrective agency for a torn shooting coat, which is of canvas and would hold the tape well. If you have not in your gun closet at least a couple of rolls of this surgeon's tape or of this black tire tape, make it your first business in life to go out and get them. There is no telling how many times you may need either or both.

And now comes our interesting outfitter and advertises the Government meat-ration tin as useful for sportsmen. Perhaps you have not seen one of these in actual use. It looks something like a canteen, but in reality it is a frying pan and a plate that go together, the handle of the frying pan fastening with a clip, so that the whole can be swung without flying open.

I recall at one time, on a hard winter marching trip out in the Rockies, I was pretty near all in when night came—could not summon up energy enough to cook. There was an army private near by who all day had been carrying at his belt one of these contrivances. He opened it now—and behold! he had it full of corned-beef hash, already cooked! He simply stuck it into the fire a few minutes, and gave me a couple of spoonfuls of it. It saved my life, which has since proved of great value to my country. I don't know what became of the private, but I do know that this ration tin is a good thing to keep in mind for your outfit. And here in my own outfit there is no such thing to be found! How about yourself?

I do not see advertised in any of the sporting-goods catalogues, or elsewhere, the army trenching tool, or short-handled spade, which is now quite as important as the rifle in an infantryman's equipment for modern war. I don't see why one of these short-handled spades, something like those carried by motor tourists for emergencies, would not be a good thing to have as a parlor ornament for every American home. Many a good temper has been damaged and perhaps many a family divorce has been started through neglect to trench the tent on a rainy night. You cannot do that very well with a butcher knife or a sharpened stick or even a hand ax. With one of these little trenching tools it could be done efficiently and quickly.

Don't Forget the Iodine

Speaking of game carriers, an entirely new idea is presented in the pages of a catalogue now at hand. This is simply a readaptation of the old Alleghany meal sack. You can see in Virginia or North Carolina or Kentucky to-day many a sunbonneted woman or hatless little girl riding on a mule, with a sack of meal across the saddlebow. Some meal is put in each end of the sack so that it balances on the saddle perfectly. Any outfitter who has used horses very much knows how fine a contrivance can be made out of a simple meal sack.

The outfitter in this case has invented a subsumated meal sack bottomed at each end, with a hole cut in the middle for entrance into the two bags thus formed. He rigs this bag with two sliding rings that can be tied in place by tapes sewed to the sides of the bags. This will keep the contents of each bag from shifting. It is interesting to any student of the out-of-doors as being a plain example of adaptation of the old mountaineer's meal sack. It is called a shoulder game bag. I should fancy it would be far more useful as a saddlebag.

Something was said about the use of surgeon's plaster in camp, and mention was made of the danger of sealing up tightly any possibly infected wound. If you have the misfortune to thrust a rusty nail into your hand or foot nowadays, and go to your doctor about it, he will not close up the wound, but will open it—and he will treat it with iodine, a very generally accepted antiseptic. Tincture of iodine will do the trick—it will burn a jolly lot besides.

Now comes our sporting outfitter and offers a little sealed container that holds tincture of iodine. The end is inclosed by absorbent material, itself antiseptic. When you break off the point of the little glass tube the absorbent material becomes saturated with the iodine, and you have an antiseptic swab ready to hand. The objection to this useful little trinket is that it is liable to be broken. If you have a regular medicine chest—which few sportsmen have but every sportsman really ought to have—you can perhaps find a place for your iodine tube. Something of this sort might be useful any time in camp or round the farm or the summer cottage.

Iodine has prevented many a case of blood poisoning. It saved a forefinger for the writer less than thirty days ago—fish-tooth poisoning. A little vial of it tightly corked will do; and a little roll of absorbent cotton or absorbent gauze will take very little room in your outfit. Just as well to have them along. Probably you have not got them in your outfit as yet. Quite possibly Smith has, or Jones.

The Leather Cups

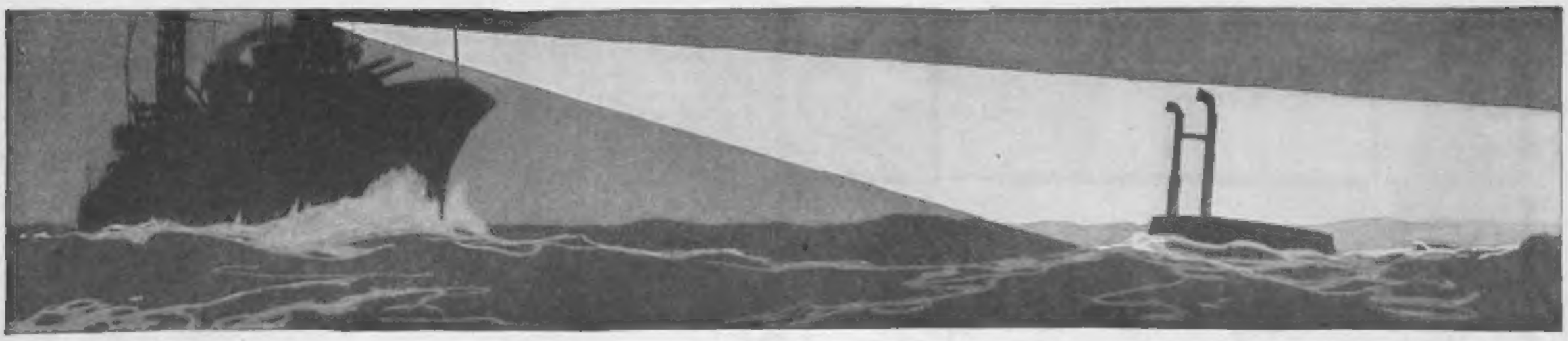
No doubt friend wife or some other loving friend has at one time or another of your life given you a collapsible drinking cup of German silver or aluminum. Sometimes these come in little leather cases, and the use suggested is that they be carried in a pocket of the hunting coat. The one trouble about these is that they are a trifle bulky and a trifle heavy—every ounce counts at the end of a long day.

Now comes a certain sporting outfitter and suggests a drinking cup made out of patent leather—with the rough face outside. This is simply two pieces of leather, waterproofed, sewed together in an ellipse, with the top of the ellipse cut off. We are confidently assured that it is practical for drinking purposes, practically indestructible and very light. It can be carried in a hip pocket, so that you will always have it with you. Perhaps you have two hip pockets. It is doubtful whether you have one of these little leather cups in your outfit; and if not you should attend to the matter at once.

Quite a problem for the average sportsman who is transmitting his precious outfit as a checked package by rail is the lock that will go on a canvas duffel bag. Of course any thief who wants to rifle such a bag can take a knife and cut it open, but there is a certain class of thieves who would not dare do this, but who would dare to reach into an open bag and fish out something. Who has not known that to happen, and who has not known the baggage-master of the road to protest his own inability to protect fools who ship their baggage wide open!

Well, here is a little lock made with a hinge that comes down like a flange on a trunk lock. This can be put over any knot in a rope or in a rawhide thong. It is made of brass. It simply clamps over the knot so that nobody can get at it. You have therefore not only a knot but a lock, and you carry the key in your own pocket. It will probably make you feel a good deal safer when you are shipping your stuff in canvas packages.

One article that you will see on every motor car in the Pacific Coast country is not often seen in the Eastern States, or even in the Middle-Western States, though motorists and chicken hunters who go out in hot weather are beginning to take up its use. Reference is made to the desert water bag, a rough flax bag that comes in capacities of one gallon to five gallons, and at prices of one dollar to two dollars and a half. One of these bags permits enough evaporation to keep the water at least fairly cool, even in very hot weather. These things are indispensable in California and Nevada and others of the states that sometimes get a little bit hard. I state with every confidence that one of these bags ought to be in the outfit of every sportsman in whatever portion of America.



Macbeth Lens

A Battleship Lens For Your Car!

Get this new *scientific* lens with the green glass visor.

It avoids wasted light and dangerous glare—complies with laws—increases safety—adds to appearance of car.

All upward rays are redirected *down on the road* where needed.

Wherever *lives* depend upon lenses, there you will find the Macbeth lenses are used.

For *coast defense* where searchlights are used!

On *battleships* where most rigid tests must be met!

For *railroad* signals where highest efficiency is imperative!

For *lighthouses* where denser fogs than encountered inland must be penetrated constantly in all kinds of weather!

Is *your* safety, driving at night, less important?

This world-famed lens specialty house has solved the lens problem for *your car*.

Despite our forty years of finest lens experience, it was not until our corps of experts had devoted four years of scientific labor that this motor car lens was perfected to the high standard of Macbeth quality.

Now that Macbeth *has* succeeded, there is no excuse for your using an inferior lens; no excuse for an only partially good lens on *your* car; no excuse for dangerous light to yourself and others.

It gives ample light in front of car and excellent side light.

The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with *scientific accuracy*.

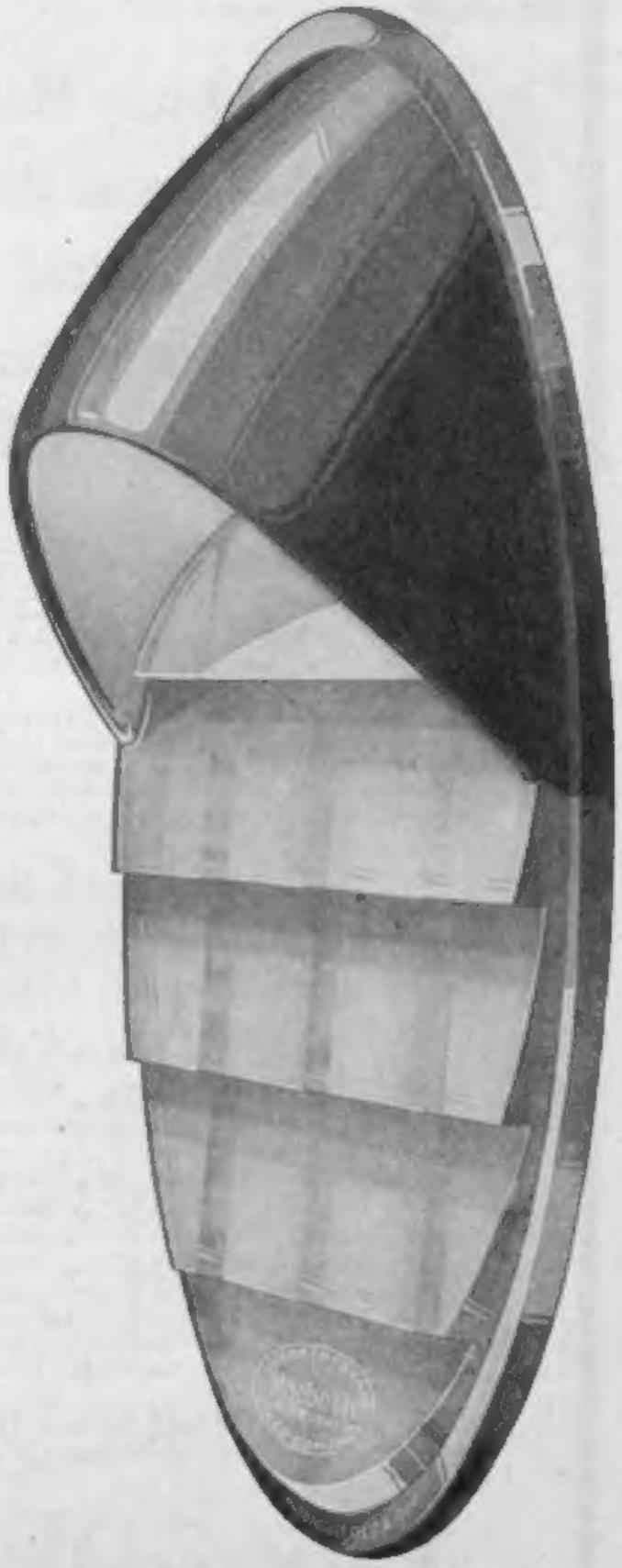
These prisms bend and redirect the rays of light so that you get a strong and *long* light *on the road*.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential *side lighting* for turning corners.

All the light, therefore, is used *right*.

It requires seventy-two hours to build one Macbeth lens. What other lens receives such skill and care?

No other lens is backed by the same world-wide lens experience, facilities and resources.



Price per pair $5—Ford Special $4

Denver and West $5.50—Ford Special $4.50—Canada $6—Ford Special $4.80

Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco; St. Louis

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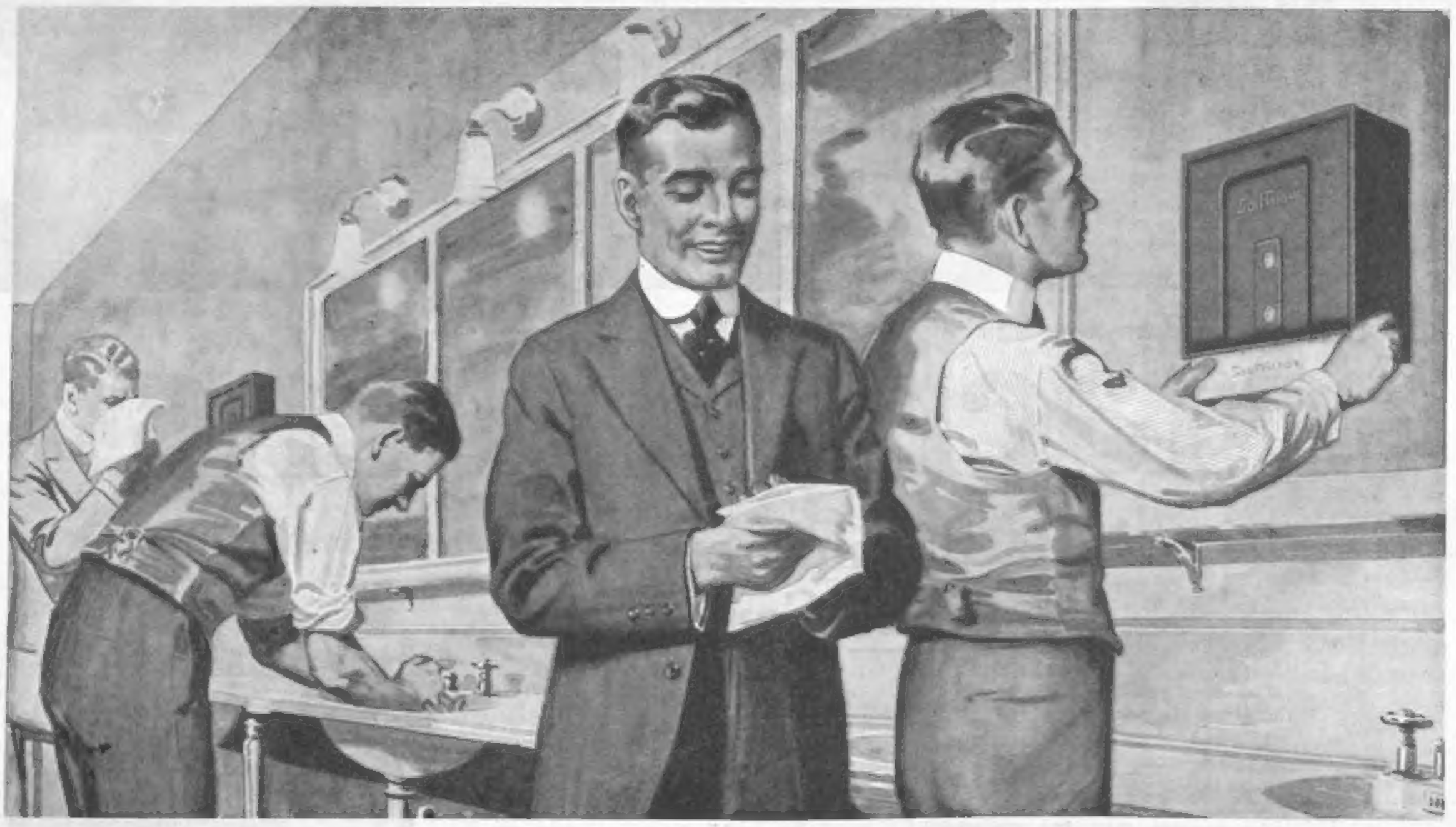

Their Faces Tell the Story

HAVE *you* ever used ScotTissue Towels? No matter what your "idea" about these towels has been, you'll quickly change your mind the first time you use *genuine* ScotTissue Towels. Get acquainted with them at your first opportunity.

Look for the ingenious ScotTissue Cabinet. Pull down the little lever — out will come a pure-white ScotTissue Towel, all folded, ready for use. The man before you hasn't even touched it. He couldn't. It comes to you freshly clean and absolutely sanitary.

Then see how the moisture disappears when that soft, absorbent ScotTissue texture touches your skin. It's clean and it's *comfortable*. There is no other towel that will give you the same sense of sure safety and certain satisfaction.

ScotTissue Towels are different. And better.

A ScotTissue Towel can easily be distinguished from ordinary paper towels not only by *use*, but by the name "ScotTissue" embossed on every towel. Look for it.

For all kinds of public and semi-public washrooms they are far superior to *any* other towel service — either paper or fabric. Wherever people gather — for work or play — there you should find ScotTissue Towels.

Heads of stores, office buildings, hotels, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools, boat lines and institutions should investigate ScotTissue and send for further interesting and valuable information.

Scott Paper Company

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Originators of the Paper Towel
Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper
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ScotTissue Towels

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR, SAY MUNSINGWEAR

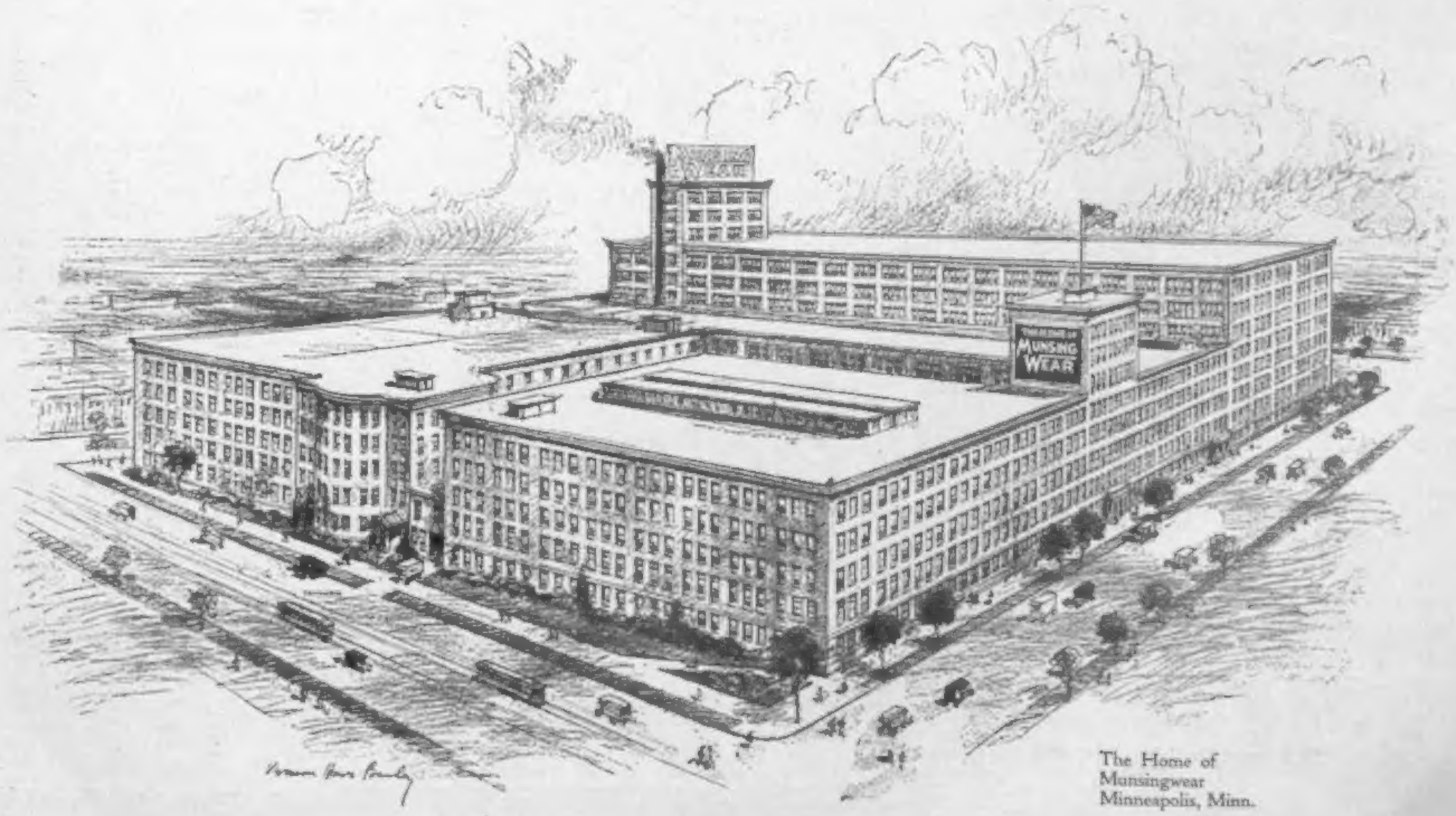
PERFECT FITTING MUNSING WEAR UNION SUITS

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

YOU will find in Munsingwear this season the same fine quality, the same perfection of fit and finish, the same durability and washability, the same exceptional comfort and value, as in previous seasons. Prices are, of necessity, higher than formerly. But the quality of each and every Munsingwear fabric is fully maintained. Ask for Munsingwear this season if you want the utmost in union suit satisfaction and service.

Because of its superior merit Munsingwear is now for sale by one or more of the leading dry goods or clothing merchants in practically every town and city in the United States. These dealers are part of the Munsingwear organization---the connecting link between the Munsingwear Mill and the public, and as such have the complete co-operation of the mill in serving their customers. Let the Munsingwear dealer in your town solve for you all your underwear troubles.

Munsing Union Suits are offered in light, medium and heavy weight fabrics in every required style and size for men, women and children. Whether you are tall or short, fat or slim, there is a "right" Munsingwear size for you. Every garment is sanitary---"Fit to wear next the skin." The mill where Munsingwear is made is one of the largest of its kind in this country and is regarded by experts as the "last word" in modern mill construction and efficiency.



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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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EPTIC
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MTENT OFFICE

An Impartial Investigation

among dentists demonstrates that Colgate's is the first choice of more dentists than any other dentifrice. The investigation covered some 12,000 dentists in every state in the Union—in cities, towns and villages. The affidavits and other documents in the case are deposited with the Title Guarantee and Trust Company of New York. An interesting story of the investigation will be mailed free on request.

* * *

Colgate's is prescribed by more Dentists than any other Dentifrice

A DENTIFRICE has but one main purpose—to clean the teeth. Dentists know this—they are not misled by extravagant claims or by exaggerated statements in favor of "over-medicated" preparations.

They prefer Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream both for what it does, and does well—and for what it does *not* do, and makes no claims to do.

You, too, should prefer it for the same reasons—for its safe cleansing action, for its mild antiseptic properties (which go as far as is safe or advisable), and for its delicious flavor which makes the twice a day care of the teeth a pleasure. Particularly in the care of children the flavor of Colgate's is invaluable in forming the habit of regular tooth-brushing.

Colgate's is sold everywhere—and used everywhere—it is "The National Dentifrice." A trial tube sent for 4c in stamps. Booklet about the investigation included on request.

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Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, luxurious, lasting, refined

GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH